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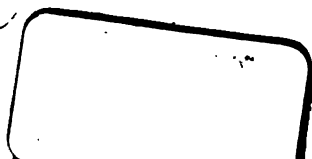
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THE
ECCENTRIC CLUB

AND ITS PROTÉGÉ,

MORTON MELVILLE,

WITH SOME OF THE NOTIONS OF ITS MEMBERS.

SECOND EDITION

LONDON & LIVERPOOL :
GEORGE PHILIP & SON.

MDCCLXXXI.



"Look at that eccentric wheel in that steam engine: what motion would you get out of it without that wheel's eccentricity—only rest. So in society, you would get precious little driving force out of it but for eccentricities having free and active motion. Let us encourage them; let us utilize them!" (Applause).—*Extract of opening speech of its first President, 1781.*

"But the images of men's wits and knowledge remain in books exempted from the wrong of time and capable of renovation. . . . They generate still and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages."—*Bacon's "Advancement of Learning."*

To T. C.

**"Hast thou a friend?—thou hast indeed
A rich and large supply—
Treasure to serve your every need
Well managed till you die."**

THE ECCENTRIC CLUB.

PREFACE.

THIS book was written in the middle of nights when I could not sleep. The year 1879 has been amongst the worst, of the last two or three, perhaps of the last thirty or forty years, to me and many others engaged in mercantile affairs. It is generally felt that scarcely any branch of trade or manufacture has prospered of late in this country, except—a dismal fact—the business of accountants to estates in liquidation. Like a well-found ship, I have weathered the storm better than I could have expected. Social and family anxieties of more than ordinary magnitude have accompanied these business anxieties. I found I had no alternative, if I wished to keep my mind healthy and cheerful, but to write; and so have written this hundred or two of pages. The composition of them prevented my mind—as is so often the case—dwelling *uselessly* on what appeared, for a time, almost a hopeless

condition of things. *Post tenebras lux.** Some of my friends may wish, after perusal, that I may recover my sleep.

NOTE TO SECOND EDITION.

ANOTHER edition being called for, I have added an additional part, which commences at page 199. Such of my friends who have had the First Edition will now know at what page to find this new matter, which extends to page 394.

March, 1881.

X. Y. Z.

* There is even yet a better remark made by Seneca, adapted to the present condition of things in Great Britain and Ireland: "*Post malam segetem serendum est.*"

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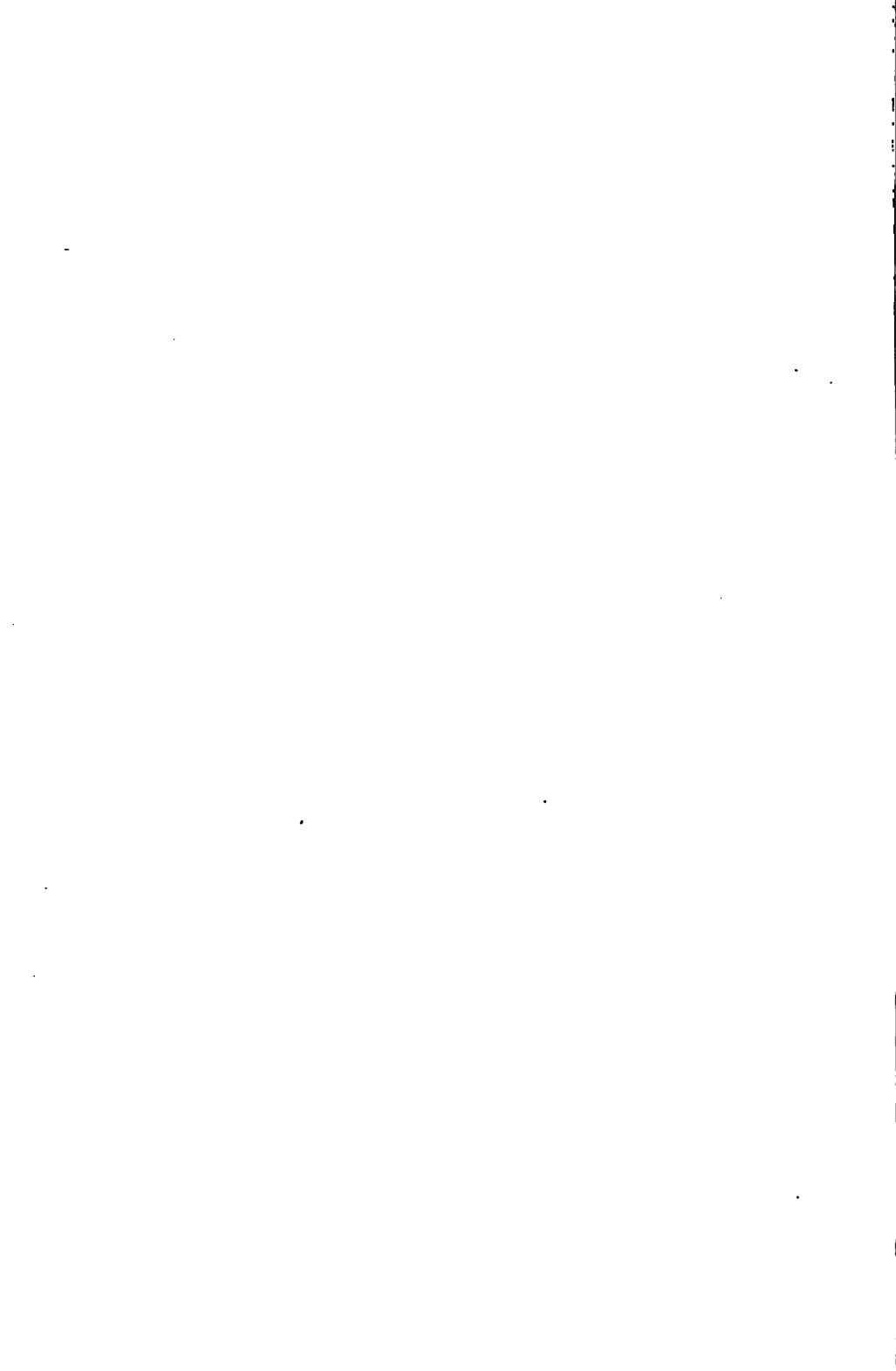
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THE ECCENTRIC CLUB.

To A. S. SMITH, Esq.,

1858.

DEAR SIR,

I am informed that you have a good large house and a building adjoining, used for a chapel on Sundays and a singing club on week days, to let in Rodney-street. My club desires me to ask on what terms you will let it? The club has existed many years, nor does its existence seem likely in any way to be imperilled by modern innovations. The members would not be willing to change its present location, but it is not so convenient as they wish, and your premises seem the very thing they require.

If you have not the premises to let, and the matter thus goes off between us, be kind enough to consider this communication in a private and confidential light.

For whilst this society is not a secret society, as such it naturally tries to shield itself from publicity in the mass, and prefers that each individual should take in his own keeping his own eccentricity in the world at large, using these premises merely for such meetings of the members of the association and committee as they require.

I may add that the society thinks itself most fortunate in having to deal with a person of your name—Smith—for it will shield itself more naturally under a name of such universality in the locality, than if it had to take its premises from a person whose very name might generate aristocratic pretensions.

Whilst I was asking about the owner of the estate, I was told your name was Adam S. Smith, Esq. It is no fault of mine that I have not given you the other name in full, but I could not ascertain that it was ever used by you. All I could learn was that it would be useful some time to distinguish you from another Adam Smith, as I am told you have walked very much in the same line of pursuits in private, that made Adam Smith eminent with posterity.

I now wait, sir, your reply, and with pleasure, subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

MORTON MELVILLE.

[REPLY.]

TO MR. MORTON MELVILLE.

1858.

SIR,

You have said a good deal about your society, but you have not said a word about who will pay the rent, rates, and taxes. I'm particular with men

of such names as yours. How can I deal with a society whose secretary I know nothing about? Pounds, shillings, and pence for me, that's the thing, properly secured, payable quarterly. I do no repairs, and if the members of your society want the premises, they must do such things themselves; only take care and leave the buildings no worse than you find them. When I see you I can arrange the rent, and take the one responsible name to whom I am to look for payment; I suppose that will do.

You may as well come with the rules in your pocket. I have a sort of indistinct feeling that I should like to be a member of such a society myself—and if I approve of them, and your brother members approve of me, why, the thing's done at once. I'm at home this evening, 7.30. Tell my servant, "Mr. Morton has called," she'll forget Melville—Melville is rather a cut above her.

Your's obediently,

ADAM S. SMITH.

P.S.—I don't use the S. in full, and so don't give it—I am Mr. Adam S. Smith, that's all, to you or anybody else.—A.S.S.

"Behanged if I give that name—why should I give it to anyone! what my foolish old grandmother was about to let me have it hanging about my neck for ever and ever, I cannot say. Mothers and fathers should be careful of giving names."

Such were the ejaculations of Mr. Adam S. Smith when closing his letter to Mr. Morton Melville, of Berkley-street—whose address on a printed envelope, had been enclosed in the letter written by him.

“By Jove, it’s a right sort of a society I think this, for me to join. See, this envelope don’t proclaim its eccentricity, it leaves that for its members to do.”

“Well, we shall see.”

Our readers will perhaps gather that Mr. Smith was a strong minded, strong willed man; subject now and then to a touch of the gout, that by no means added to the equanimity of his temper. Old Bachelor—well, not old exactly, past forty, that will do. For some years now living in his own house, kith and kin departed, father and mother dead; leaving old Jane as housekeeper, to provide all necessary wants for the aforesaid Mr. Adam S. Smith. His house was close on the one enquired about. He thought it would be convenient for his attendance. He could go or not as he liked. He knew he would be a good landlord if the society pleased him. The flattering encomiums on his labors as a political philosopher made him think that here was, perhaps, the very kind of society which might be willing to hear from his lips views, at which most societies to which he had belonged had taken offence. There need be no neglect of his

wine trade. Indeed, a society like this might probably, as consumers, add a stroke to his business, and he would be able to mix wit and wine in larger proportion than he could get for the same outlay anywhere else. We leave him for the present. At the right and proper time there will be no reason needed, since eccentricity being a requisite for membership, he had a balance largely on his side. How far it was favorable for high advance in the society might be questionable, when eccentricity, to be *the* thing, should be free from all malevolent feeling.

The eccentricity best borne with in the society was that which did good turns for bad ones—overlooked the faults of the vicious, forgave the unchaste, clad the naked, fed little ragamuffins, and gave them a start in life.

The eccentricity of the bad or hard-hearted never found a footing intentionally in the society.

But as the society had a high respect for the abstract quality of eccentricity itself, its custom was to have such persons who, by public report obtained it and were given credit for it, made members outside the society, being in all particulars enrolled as much members as the rest, only never informed that they were members. Every fact that tended to their reputation or notoriety in this respect being fully recorded in the minutes of the meetings of the association, which, at stated times, were read for the edification of its members.

THE INTERVIEW, AND WHAT COMES OF IT?

MORTON liked the letter he had received from Adam S. Smith. He conned it over, thought it would be well to have such a landlord a member of the society, and so far as the limit of openness allowed, thought he might tell him the nature of the proceedings of the society.

Morton himself often wondered how so young a man as himself had got into such a society, and into such an office. No doubt this was a very right piece of wonderment to himself, but was not any to the council of twenty-six who guided the affairs of this prosperous society.

They found in Morton a stray foundling, or nearly so, brought up by one of the oldest and most respected members, who in one of his eccentric moments picked up the little chap, and popped him into his family apartments at once, and brought him up to man's estate. He interfered little with the child's tastes, let him have his way of amusing himself. In his earliest years he never scolded him, but let him and his house-keeper settle matters between themselves.

His late wife had been a scold—silence was his protection with her, and he used it now as his discipline with Morton. In the society he was Silent Seaton with the big heart. At home he was the Silent Governor with the expressive face.

At the stone yard he was the Chief of Masons, whose chisel went into every bit of stone which had some beautiful figure lying in it only waiting for his tool to disclose to wondering gaze the active blood and sinew of his intellectual power.

Seaton followed the lad's pursuits, never idle, always reading and picking up, he seldom praised him, taught him to sketch, fitted up a small room as a little workshop for him, and would have spoiled him but for his silence. One day he took up a copy book in which Morton had been writing. Finding a few lines of poetry, he asked Morton where he'd got them. "Made them." "Oh! I see! you must join us—poetic fire is a special talent very suitable for such a society"—and sure enough, after a few years, here was the said Morton Melville doing the duties of the secretary of the society, a position, which but for the sudden death of its old occupant, might never have fallen to his lot, as it had done at his birthday.

We must not wholly dismiss the death of this active-minded well-intentioned man—the late secretary—without a word or two of regret, that his useful pen had not been longer spared. We shall from time to time, have many a minute book of the past, written in his own peculiar style, to examine and quote, as communicating a knowledge of the doings of the club. Morton tried the office at the request of his protector, Seaton. One look from this silent man's face did its usual customary

life work. That fine eye of authority and intellect beneath its shaggy brow, put confidence in Morton to take office as secretary, as easily as it would have put him out of it. Morton knew from that look that governor was satisfied.

It is singular how soon the beaming face, with truthfulness at the back of it, becomes the expounder of its own will and sentiments. How Abraham Seaton got it into such form, no one, I dare say, would know. The very look he gave at his breakfast or his dinner wanted no words from those eyes to be a grace at meat—every one could read the sentiments of gratitude, as they could every other sentiment of that fine face of the sculptor.

I dare say I have given my readers a sufficiently clear notion of these parties to my narration. I don't think it any particular business of mine, at this point, to develope more of my story than is wanted to make it understood. Each of these men—the secretary, the sculptor, and the wine merchant, have more to be told of them as they become better known.

Morton has his interview with Mr. Smith at 7.30; punctual to the minute Morton was at the door. His knock brought the housekeeper, and the housekeeper brought the dog, and the dog brought out the master, in these words, "You nasty howling brute, barking again, when I've told you not to bark; go in Smirk. Oh! it's you, so you are

Mr. Morton Melville, well, I'm glad to see you; you look young for your post. I'm Mr. Adam S. Smith—now, come in. So you are secretary to that club which wants to hire my house and that chapelfied affair belonging to it—yes. Ah well, I dare say you are prepared with an acceptable name as guarantee." "I think," said Morton, with a good humoured bright eye, meaning fun, "it's a name you are pretty well acquainted with, and one which should be acceptable; it is often highly praised and often slandered. The President says it's a name held in high esteem in the country—very much respected—and is never likely to break down into such poverty as to be a loss to you."

"Well, what's his name do you say?"

"Thomas Smith."

"Thomas Smith! What, Smith again? here's Round Smith, Square Smith, and Know-all Smith. Young one, that will do. I see you know a thing or two in this wide-wicked world. You'll do. I like your looks. What's the rent you think the society can pay?"

"We are paying £80 a year," said Morton, "but if your premises would suit, I am sure the society would give any value you could reasonably ask."

"We divide our body into committees for doing our business. I have merely to give a report of how I find matters, when the committee is selected, which is thought suitable for treating on the affair with you."

"If I were to go and say I thought you were a queer hard sort of customer, a committee suitable to such a disposition would be sent. If I said I think you to be a nice reasonable man, whose bark is like his dog's—more to be feared than his bite—then they would send you a milder description of committee, with Little Razor Blade the chairman of it, to see that the society stands fair against the wiles of the open hearted, hard hearted squeezers, who use Sam Slick's mixture of oil and soft sawder to get the best of a bargain.

"Our society has no need to *do* anybody in order to live, but it don't like to be *done*, and so is careful at the beginning of any transaction to begin rightly. I'm only a young man at my post. The other secretary held office many years as minute secretary, and latterly, took nearly the whole business of the society into his hands. I wish he had lived long enough to have done this little bit of business first. However, Mr. Smith, the very fact of your asking me to bring the rules denoted one of two things—either a wish to belong to the society, or not to be done yourself—both lines of conduct quite approved of by our society, and by one or other of its members always inculcated."

"Well," asked Smith, "so you think a trifle more would be paid by your society than £80? How much? I don't want any more than the place is worth, only if you leave before you have had the house three months, you will take care and shut the

windows, lock the doors, and bring me the keys. I shouldn't, in such case, take any rent, for if you leave in that manner it would appear I had deceived you, and that would never do. Still I'm a man of business. I'm a wine merchant—my grandfather Smith was one of the firm, my father was one of the firm, and I'm the only survivor. I know a good article, and I sell a good article. Now you know all about me, and that I will let the house on favorable terms, and expect to be treated favorably by your society.

"Now young man, what are your rules—are they printed?" Morton paused, he did not know exactly what to say. Rules they had none; but the old minutes always gave precedents when wanted. There was no rule for securing secrecy, but precedents years ago fixed secrecy as a strong bond for cementing the society together.

Morton said he thought Mr. Smith might as well walk with him to the committee meeting, and when delivering in his report he would soon see the kind of society he was joining. But stop! "What eccentric act have you done?" asked Morton.

"We don't admit without a character for eccentricity, and that of a harmless nature."

Mr. Adam S. Smith for a moment or two was lost in thought. He, the properest, most straightforward, and punctual of men to be the public producer of any eccentric act, quite enough to

keep such things private, cannot be a member, "really can't find any out of the way act of his life."

"Stop," said Morton, "haven't you told us to come and try your house for a quarter, and to leave without paying rent if we don't like it. I think the board will let you pass with such an act as this."

"Oh, if you mean such things as these, I've plenty like them," said Smith. "Tell the committee I have a man I employ who has robbed and cheated me twice, and if that ain't being fool enough and eccentric enough, I don't know what kind of folly will do more! I have also sold genuine wine all my life." "Ah," said Morton, "that's like a milkman who got his membership for selling his milk without water, but I thought you might, perhaps, from the style of your mind, have been a member of some literary or philanthropic debating society, in which you were distinguished for the length and breadth of your speeches. This would admit you at once, only you don't use the addresses with us. You keep them for such social gatherings as want them."

The colloquy came to an end. Jane the house-keeper called Mary the servant, and Mary came to let them out. Smirk followed his master, and Adam S. Smith and Morton Melville proceeded to the committee meeting of the Association, with the proposals from A.S.S., as the new landlord, for its consideration.

THE COMMITTEE MEETING.

THE punctuality of the men gave them a chance of looking round the present buildings. A few members in one room, a few in another, and everything in about the usual condition. The reading room and library gave Mr. Smith the idea of home comforts. This kind of thing will do, thought he. Morton, kind in his attentions, said he would introduce him to the president of the society. He would see the kind of man he was.

Smith thought of his guarantee, and said to himself on seeing him—"Ah, that's he, is it? Well, he don't look like a cut and run sort of chap. Rent's safe there. He'll do. So, he is your president, Mr. Melville. He looks the right kind of stuff."

"Yes, he is always at his duties. He is seeing whether that new purchase of a big book—Hogarth's Engravings—is all right. He knows every kind of book. But he don't talk out so much about them as some—many would beat him hollow in that—but don't miss that little man Razor Blade or Smiles, he'll have to do with the rent, so will the next to him, Eaves the architect.

"Eaves and Smiles you see are for being off to the committee rooms; but I must introduce you to Mr. Eaves. He will take my place in showing you round and telling you all he knows. He is a very pleasant gentleman. I'm for making up the day's

minutes. Now, Mr. Eaves, will you take charge of this gentleman, and after showing him round bring him to the committee room?"

Thus introduced to his new companion, intimacy strengthened. Eaves began, "You were never here before?"

Smith replied, "No; did not know of such a society till your secretary wrote to me about my premises in Rodney-street."

Eaves said, "Well, you see these premises are too small. The club grows. I'm afraid it is getting known too much, and that eccentricity may become fashionable. Nobody want's eccentricity a fashion—would not do. Want is natural. A man to be worthy of this society should not know he has it himself. They say I'm eccentric. I didn't know it. I'm the last man myself to believe I'm eccentric. Still I am told I am."

"Why, look at the clock! just like me; I am always forgetting time goes, I am so fond of gossip. I must take you to the committee room. President always keeps his time."

Going up stairs, Eaves pointed out the conveniences of the old premises, and hoped the new had no fewer.

Knocking, the door was opened by Morton. Eaves entered, followed by Mr. Adam S. Smith. Business began by Morton producing the correspondence.

The President thought Adam S. Smith's offer fair.

He told him they should have to see the premises two or three times before any final engagement would be entered upon. He supposed that if £80 could make them annual tenants, it would secure the option of a lease for seven or ten years, and perhaps Mr. Smith would not mind giving the society also the option of purchase. Smith readily agreed, and said he saw nothing eccentric in all this. When Melville directed the president's attention to Mr. Smith becoming a member,

The President, with becoming gravity, said :—
“ You see in this committee of what kind of men the society is composed. Not one of those selected by the several sections as members of the council think themselves eccentric, as I daresay you have been told by Mr. Eaves, yet I am bound to say there is not one who is not considered so by all the rest.

“ There is Mr. Eaves, he will tell you that only by report he believes his genius is so original, and lies in a direction unusual to others ; but to himself it is others who seem eccentric, not he.

“ Mr. Smiles, caustic on every body else ; so caustic as to be called ‘ Little Razor Blade,’ feels himself a paragon of good temper ; no increase of size could add to his importance in the scale of God's created works. I might continue to name in all of us some characteristics that make us eccentric in the eyes of one another.

"These two members, Mr. Smith, will see you to-morrow, and it will afford us all pleasure to become your tenants if the premises are considered suitable; and if, as you feel you can join us, we shall only be too glad of your membership.

"Mr. Morton Melville has told me of eccentricities of yours quite sufficient for you to be one of us. He has explained to you that we are governed by minutes of precedents more than any rules. No malevolent eccentricity finds a place in this society; it has its habitat in outside membership; internally we are made up of kindness and tenderness of sentiment to each other. It is quite true, therefore, we have no rules.

"Those who sit at the board with me are selected from the several sections, which I hope you will visit to-night. One of our most philosophic minds, Mr. Brewin, thought that, with a little skill, we could have a colorless board, a council free from bias, by following nature's mode in combining colored rays to get a white light. He has not effected all he wanted, but opposite tendencies of the various sections have been very fairly balanced, and with that kindness and tenderness to which I have referred, we seldom have scenes of rudeness here. Such scenes are left for the meetings of municipal corporations, vestries, chapels, and indeed, Parliament itself to indulge in, where one member can interrupt another by calling out, 'Reading, reading,' and can ask him with a sneer, who

wrote the paper for him that he was reading? and such other obnoxious and unkind criticisms as belong to many of that Pachydermata of society, whose bullying powers are only exceeded by their ignorance and pretensions. We have always found that when the powers of extemporary speaking, as existed in such men as O'Connell, are combined with the powers of writing, as used in the addresses of some eminent clergymen, we get the best intellectual efforts of which the nature of man is capable, and secure information of that sublime nature which continues the progress of the world.

"There are certain habits of the society which only want to be put into writing to become actually rules. Laws in Nature are no less laws because not written, and the laws in this society are no less governing principles because they are only to be found hither and thither, scattered in this minute book and that. The fact is, the society has composed itself much after its own wants. Any half-dozen members or so have the option of a room, gas, and attendance; usually, so many have been trained by the society that they know when they enter on a new sectional existence, how it should be managed. In the general miscellaneous meetings for talk and discussion on any general topic of the day, it has been the custom never to dwell on virtues of men more than from five to ten minutes, and this is often too long; ten for a swindle, but

such time may be extended to fifteen if a member himself has been swindled; twenty for a scandal, some would think a longer time should be given for members' characters attacked, but as the society thinks no one the worse for a few scandals, if such a scandal be of a spiteful nature, twenty is viewed as sufficient, though thirty might be insisted on; forty is given for discussions on cases of divorce, rape, and those general kind of vices, which by their impurity create so much righteous indignation in the public mind, and need so much consideration as to fill many columns of our newspapers. I am almost afraid a libel case some time since of two brethren in the Lord, meek and pure-minded clergymen, cost the society, at one of its meetings, sixty minutes before it got disposed of.

“However, I have just shadowed forth what has been our procedure for some long period of time. We adapt ourselves to man's nature as much as we can. Each committee has some characteristic belonging to it, and each member, by facilities given for change, can always find in one or other section a soothing influence, by either hearing his own talk or telling his own stories to a kindly receptive audience, or hearing what others have to say. As a general rule, we acknowledge men's proclivities to be almost infinitely various; our business being only of a social nature, we do all we can to let them have fair play, by bringing in contact suitable minds at suitable opportunities in suitable sections.

"Before I conclude, I may just say to the many interested in Mr. Buckle's work on civilization, that we have added to our library the second edition, just issued. Whilst others differ from me—but you know we always agree to differ in this society—you know my high opinion of this writer. This valuable work has condensed and utilized the thoughts of a thousand minds and a thousand volumes. I hope the younger portion of our intelligent members will not forget to give the subjects discussed in these volumes their attention. I scarcely think the work can itself be improved or surpassed. Only by extending the generalizations on every successive and additional discovery or invention can this be effected. We look with pleasure for his promised volumes, to be issued shortly."

"Pray, do you smoke?" the President asked, at the end of this short address.

Mr. A. S. Smith: "Why, I do a little in that way."

"Mr. Eaves, take Mr. Smith to the committee smoke room, use your diligence to enlighten our new friend; give him a cup of coffee, a piece or two of bread and butter, and I daresay your approved supply of fatted shrimps will add zest to the palate of our new acquaintance.

"There, that's our president," said Eaves, "you didn't see it! At me again about shrimps, never leaves me alone, just because I pulled a dead

man out of the river eaten away by shrimps, he twits me with it! Are you surprised, sir, to think any man would be unlikely to make a sudden resolve to eat no more shrimps, and when I said I would never eat another, ought he to keep reminding me of Anthony's shrimps, because I now and then take them?"

"But he's a good fellow, and as careful of what he eats as I am. He would not eat an *organ* on any account. Liver like *iron*, it would choke him. Verily, what's one man's meat is another man's poison.

"I have known him many a day. He is always as you see him—as colorless as the white light of which he has just spoken. You never hear him saying, I do this or I do that, I wish this or I wish that. No, I always think he ought to be called Melchisedec Smith, not Thomas Smith; he is as if he never had father, mother, or descent, so little does he talk of himself."

Mr. Smith begged Eaves not to think of giving to any man or using to any man, a nick-name—nick-names were very disagreeable. He had got called when a boy ASS, from the initials of his name, till he almost felt he was one. He did not know but this combination of letters had not injured his disposition, and disturbed the chances he once had of marrying a sweet girl he liked. It made him mad to think of it. He thought it more respectful to omit the Razor Blade, which seemed to have got fixed to Mr. Smiles' name.

Eaves took in a most kindly spirit the well-meant reproof administered by A.S.S. He thought all the better for Smith's taking notice of his remarks. It had always appeared to Eaves that for any man to trail in Scripture phrases in talk, and consider it wit to do so, showed his intellectual powers to be feeble. In this instance he had forgotten himself. Really, when he used the phrase he did, he had used it as one so fitting to the president, he could not help adapting the striking similitude to a friend whom he esteemed so highly.

"Well, Mr. Thomas Smith, it is not very often you speak to us," said Mr. Brewin, after Mr. Smith had retired to take a look round, "but when you do we like your style—you don't know how you took me back to old times. I was teaching my wife that man's nervous system was all lucifer matches, and I showed her how one match got rubbed and another got rubbed, and how they lighted. Whilst I was showing her how man's nerves got sandpapered, some by the friction of the eye, some by the ear, and so on, the box exploded all at once. She was frightened and so was I, indeed a little burned about the face, so that I could not give out the hymns as usual on Sunday.

"'There, John Brewin,' said my wife, 'if you would give up thinking man was only a match-box, you would be a little further off Lucifer.

"'What do you or the world want to know about friction of nerves being like friction of matches?'

"I said, 'My dear, be wise, and consider that our little children—our match-boxes—may have the friction of temptation to explode and ruin them.'

"Yes, Mr. President, your views and mine are alike ; we are but match-boxes."

Leaving Mr. A. S. Smith, as we have seen, to go round with Mr. Eaves, seeing what was to be seen, and finding friends he never expected in such a place, in some of the sectional gatherings, Eaves brought him to one apartment which, whilst lighted, was seldom or ever visited by any member except on certain extraordinary occasions. This apartment really had become far too small, and was the occasion of the society wanting new and suitable premises. It was the Bust Gallery of the association.

Eaves would like to have found Seaton, the sculptor, and have introduced him to A.S.S. Seaton was usually found in this apartment.

This Bust Gallery played a very important part in the association. The busts of the outside members were not few—busts of those whose acts of eccentricity brought them before the public too prominently as influenced by none of the finer or delicate sensibilities of nature—celebrated boxers, hunters, sportsmen, gamblers.

These were added one by one from the fruitful labors of Seaton. Nobody scarcely could tell how he managed to get such faithful images. It was always said he knew a given propensity

occupied a given space in every face ; and once getting the propensities, he could, with the same precision as Dr. Ferrier touches up springs of action, dissect motives most cleverly, and put them in their proper places. One bust of outside merit, Alderman Dedston's, gives a large indication of the truth of Seaton's skill. Nature had intended it for a saint's head, but it had got a twist and a drop in the neck, that could only make him the St. John of the police court. But the busts of the regular inside members were chiselled with peculiar care and skill. Every propensity had its place, and provision made for its further development.

It was to this apartment Eaves wanted entrance ; but for this evening, at least, it was impossible.

Seaton was engaged with certain arrangements and re-arrangements of the busts, estimating which should be recommended to be preserved, and which should be removed and destroyed, thus kicking up dust in all directions that had slumbered many a day on some forgotten old busts. Eaves had to apologise for intrusion, would call again, business of no immediate importance, would not have troubled him, thought he would be free.

Even the short gaze Smith had into this apartment alone was enough to interest him much. His curiosity stimulated greatly his wishes to become a member. He thought he had now trespassed enough on the time of Eaves, but Eaves

certainly wished to show him as much as he could, the debating and lecture room and the library, in which were deposited the minutes of a century. The lecture room ought to be seen at once on this visit. It had a remarkable work of art in it—one of Seaton's—which, said Eaves, I will explain. "It is the means adopted, and the way the committee stopped foolish or long-winded speakers. You notice that very peculiar but very expressive four-faced bust on the table. Mark, it has four faces on it! Well, underneath the table there are movements which any member of the committee at the table unseen can direct. If he thinks the speaker is making a fool of himself, the member can give the bust a swing, and it shows itself at once a Momus to the speaker, lolls out its tongue, laughs. If nobody turns it back, the man is usually done. He is put out of countenance, he can't speak any longer. The three faces mark what should be possessed by a speaker in public to be effective, earnest, dignified, and convincing.

"The first bust marks repose of facial expression at opening and unfolding an orderly array of subjects; there is animation and a little sarcasm and pleasantry seen in the face. On members thinking they have had enough introduction, the second bust, which marks the expositor's energy in unfolding, in demonstrating, and giving illustrations, is turned on.

"The third bust marks calmness and dignity,

and has in the expression of face fullness of power much wanted for closing past arguments, and bringing into a focus those sentiments that are used for a decorous close.

"The fourth bust, as we have seen, marks a fool's face.

"If the whole attempt at speaking is a failure, this bust does the work of telling the speaker that speaking is not his vocation.

"It has had in the past twenty years many nick-names. Momus at one time, Whalley at another, Sibthorpe and Spooner at others. It was almost the first work of Seaton's.

"I hope you catch the manner of working the machine. Here I sit; beneath me you see that ivory spot, and I put my foot on it. You see it at 3 now. You see me put my foot on it, I make it 4. The turning notion was got from one of the ordinary gas meters. You see a good many speakers are really but little more than live gas meters, possessing scarcely any more power than to move the hands, without touching the feelings.

"In the course of years, not a few members of the society have been greatly improved through the influence of these busts.

The visit of Adam S. Smith was longer than he expected. Eaves and he had become quite companionable. Eaves had shown but two or three of the apartments—the library, committee room, and rooms on the first floor.

There was a second and third floor yet to be visited. Eaves explained one of the rooms at the top of the house had been devoted to the use of a section known as the Unhappy Husbands' Club. Eaves thought Smith should visit this at once, and take the other sections as he came down. Smith hesitated ; he said he never liked to deal with the sufferings of his fellow creatures. He never liked to read of murders, nor suicides, nor accidents. Anything that had to do with cruelties of animals, or indeed with unhappiness, he never liked. Why should he like to witness the sufferings of unhappy husbands, and he free as the air and without any incumbrance.

However, Eaves had told him he would be wise, not to let sentiment prejudice the free action of personal observation. In spite of a few twinges of the gout, he got him within one flight of stairs, when from one of the rooms issued such a noise and such roars of laughter, that for the moment all the notions Smith had formed of man's miserable condition as an unhappy husband were forgotten and driven to the winds. Eaves knocked at the door. "Come in," was the answer. Smith beheld with amaze one of the most jolly parties any one could witness. Smith felt some disgust at having expended sympathy on a class of men whose cheerfulness, running into actual hilarity, made them no objects of pity, but the reverse, so easily may one be deceived by false appearances. The

most singular thing about these unhappy husbands was their little sympathy with the sufferings of each other. One, a little gifted with the *cacoethes scribendi*, had begun small accumulations of a special literature on their troubles, written most seriously by one or more of the sufferers. They produced most uproarious laughter. That great noise which had taken the ear of A.S.S., was produced from one of the passages of this series of tracts, where Mr. Softmeat, the butcher, indignant at his wife taking on herself the buying of a showy jealousy bonnet, as he called it, a bonnet of which he did not approve. He in a state of great exasperation, said, "My other old gal never wore such a bonnet, and I can tell you, young mistress, you shan't." He then put the said bonnet on the butcher's block, got his cleaver, and chopped it into a number of small pieces. It was just as he entered, he heard the words amidst the noise and laughter, "Well done, old Softmeat, well done!" which so remarkably subsided on his entrance. Smith afterwards found that those who had called out "Well done, well done," were some of those who had complained of too much petticoat government at home, whatever that may mean.

The one from which he read, No. 1 tract, was warning wives of the consequences of a neglect of household requirements. No. 2 was a tract on loss of life through the loss of a button. No. 3, the loss of a leg through a hole in a stocking. No. 4, a

case of cancer supposed to be produced by irritation. No. 5, a case of consumption brought on by a wife's deception. No. 6, sad effects of a millinery bill on a man's mercantile position. No. 7, a lent sovereign which cost a hundred to recover by law.

As these tracts were sold for small prices, A.S.S. thought the investment might give a trifling addition to his knowledge of the theoretic part of married life, which he preferred to the practical.

A.S.S. thought he had now seen enough, when his attention was taken to a room which had been formerly in great request as a prayer meeting and religious discussion room. It had not of late been so well filled. One good sort of man, William White, a printer, whose Christianity based itself on calling no man master, ran into such notions of the perfect equality of human beings one with another, that he printed a newspaper, “The Christian Brothers.” In this paper he never allowed a title to appear, or to be given to any man. Brougham, Canning, Tenterden, Huskisson were all plain names, and whilst the paper was respectful, it conveyed no notion of dignity beyond the Godhead of man's nature. It bespoke much consideration as the work of a mind deeply imbued with a highly Calvinistic religious faith. The paper was very singular—the aim in view was to show what a pure press should become. His old type he used for the ordinary run of affairs in the newspaper world. Every type to his mind was a very significant entity, and what really,

he thought, could be the nature of a man to use all manner of types for all manner of subjects. No, his innate feelings of conscientiousness made him recoil at the difference there should be between the report of a sermon and the notice of a play. The late illustrious Babbage, of calculating engine fame, thought that every brick might some day give off all the sounds, from the mere impressions such a brick retained of the motion of sound. How much more creditable to the printing profession and to human nature to keep for holy purposes its own printing types and founts, as he did in the "Christian Brothers." When he was a young man he put up "Paley's Evidences" with type one day, and used it the next for "The Age of Reason." Such a mixture! how incongruous.

White attributed this peculiarity of his notions about type to this, that when an apprentice, one warm summer afternoon, he was alone in the printing office and fell asleep. He had a dream. Every case turned into some human form, standing round the imposing stone. The chief of the office, a grave solemn looking person, seemed to take the position of a judge. "Well, Pica, what have you been doing since your existence in 1854?" He heard Pica's statement that he had been employed in a variety of work. That he had never intentionally done any mischief by distributing improper information to the public on improper subjects—that at any rate, he had certainly employed himself

better than Brevier or Minion, and that he did not select his place in the type world. The Judge said, "Pica, all you have said is no justification to you. You have done wrong, you felt you were doing wrong many times. I am sorry law is like the doctrine of election, so inexorable; but you know that the only place you are fit for"—pointing as he said so to the melting pot—"stereotype metal is suited for you." White said he felt so acutely the sentence as almost to be a sentence passed on himself, that the impression had never been effaced. "You shall hear more of my dream," he said, "some day."

He had ventured to print a few suggestions to his brother members which had singularly operated, by making many consider, who had never given the subject a thought previously, what was the efficacy of such a description of prayer at prayer meetings as was wont to be made. Some thought of trying a scheme, said to be suggested by Professor Tyndall, which was to take two wards of sick patients, one only to be prayed for, the other left to nature, and then to weigh up the results whether God's love could not be depended on without so much teasing Him. It seemed to make prayer of so much importance as to require it to be used to master God. Of course, if more were uniformly saved in one ward by prayer than in another, prayer might then be reasonably used. No one, however, had philosophy enough and freedom sufficient, to dare to

handle the subject in this section. A few others thought it best to follow altogether Ritualistic suggestions, so that as of old, a priesthood might be made a thing of necessity to minds who wished to get quit of their own moral responsibility for a small atonement, as did the Old Testament saints.

At the back of the door he found the following suggestions posted :—

ECCENTRIC CLUB.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PRAY-ERS AT PRAYERS.

I. Never pray longer in public than you do in private ; indeed, half the length is sufficient for public use.

II. Never repeat in a prayer a quotation or stereotype passage of an old prayer without an interval of some six or eight times of omission in using it. Vain repetitions are hateful.

III. Never speak of yourself as a miserable sinner without getting one of your neighbours to remind you he thinks so, and of some special faults you have that he knows you have committed. No doubt, if you wish, he will tell them in the next prayer, and ask for you to be saved from them.

IV. Always try and pray last and least.

V. Pray for the Unhappy Husband section, specially that they may be restored to domestic felicity.

VI. Keep an account of the things you have prayed for, and see at the end of a year whether

you are not better dealt with in Providence by not giving you things you wanted, than you would have been dealt with by yourself if you had them.

VII. Don't keep reminding God He is a pure God, after seeing all your foolish actions, and knowing all your dirty thoughts of a life-time.

VIII. For a copy of these and further suggestions, ask at the door.

In one of the other rooms on this floor there were a few discussing certain philanthropic objects, which being based on fiscal arrangements, were of no little interest to A.S.S. The speaker, Mr. Wilfred, said, did not the malt tax, tobacco tax, wine tax, and spirit tax produce so much revenue as to defray the costs of law, justice, and police, and criminal, divorce, and Admiralty suits; as well as paying the salaries of County Court, Chancery, and Bankruptcy judges? Were not poor rates, constables, and reformatories also all paid for out of these taxes? Surely if anything would pay for the injurious effects of drunkenness, these millions of taxes would; of course the millions of money to pay for religious elements to make men good Christians by aid of clergy, must be valued on their own reformatory merits, and be left altogether out of the question. Would not he who used most highly taxed articles be better for the country than he who used none? Was it not a profitable investment of the State? The discussion

ran on even to details of suitable structures, which would provide suitable dwellings for this class of human life. The first conditions were that they be made fire-proof. As little wood as possible was to be used in their construction, lest it might be destroyed. Stone staircases, wrought-iron grates, and iron bedsteads were to be provided as the best things for the purpose.

Everything was so contrived that if any of the tenants should drink to excess—become uproarious, and so likely to be injurious to others, which is not generally the case if the drink is a simple and genuine compound—there might be a minimum of danger in having as few loose articles as possible about with which injury to the person of the drinker or his neighbours might be effected. Now what pays the State better than a good drinker, who after earning his 15s. to 40s. a week, spends from 3s. to 10s. a week on drinks? He would leave a profit to the State of fifty per cent., and inhabit, at a high rate of rent, one of these Rygbian mansions, and what could pay the publican better, and who in this world could be more of a philanthropist? It was indeed a very trifling cost to the State to provide lunatic asylums, sick wards, and coffins, as against so much contributed by this class of society to the State for taxes, far less than paying for an inefficient clergy.

Of course, a few murders through drink cost a great deal, but it was very much the people's own

fault they were murdered, and what could the newspaper press do without them? A murder, like a fire or crime of violence, raised their circulation enormously, and made them good paying investments, when without them they would not pay a shilling. There was no question, that some newspaper owners would almost be immoral enough to pay a tax on their profits, if such a thing were demanded, to have these providential dispensations occur. They would not have very different feelings from David Hume, the historian, who, in one of his fits of spleen, wrote, "that he was delighted to see the daily and hourly progress of madness, folly, and wickedness in England, for the consummation of these qualities are the true ingredients for making a fine narrative in history."

How A.S.S. would like to have had a word on the subject. No one, thought he, had any business to speak in a tone of disparagement—whatever they might do with the newspaper press—of such a man as David Hume, of whom his namesake, Dr. Adam Smith, had written that "he considered him as near the ideal of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps, the nature of human frailty permitted." Being at present an outsider of the society, he could not interfere, or correct, or give his views on the subject, but he would not forget to demolish such arguments as soon as he had the chance.

He was too good a Methodist himself not to

believe that if a man was converted he would become a sober and useful Christian. He did not believe in total abstinence, but in a faithful Methodist ministry. He knew he sold good wine, and thought every household was the better for a moderate use of it, but for men to swallow drink as pigs take their swill, all to pay taxes and publicans, the thing was too outrageous. When discussing the matter, his favorite illustration was a pendulum. At one end of the arc it described was abstinence, at the other excess. The only secure place of safety was the middle—the point of medium motion and repose. “Look here,” he would say, “turning his walking stick down and using it for a pendulum, “here you see the only centre of rest is temperance.”

This subject so animated A.S.S., that he proceeded to say “if we did not take our views and educate our consciences from our circumstances, how could we live? I have my father’s wine business. Are total abstinence notions to destroy that which has been the income of three generations? I go in for the sale of wine fit for my Lord’s table, and expect by my support of moderation I am as good a Christian as those who sell articles of short measure and short weight. You might as well tell a stave merchant he is not to sell staves because they are to be used by distillers or brewers. I say let him do as I do; go to his class meetings as a good Methodist, and mind and attend to his own business. Those who take my wine or those who use my

neighbour's staves have their own consciences. I daresay they are uneasy sometimes, still let them do as others sometimes do, whose outcome is the gift of a cathedral from the profits of a porter brewery, a church from those of a distillery, and a park from those of short lengths, china clay, and pewtery silver. You know I have a notion that most of these public gifts might be labelled deodands for uneasy consciences, being neither more nor less than gouty pains in the conscience like mine in the feet. Many a trade wants a great deal of that kind of medicine.

"But I leave all uneasy consciences to do as they please, and I go in for a man to be a regular good respectably-dressed Christian man, with a reputation as unspotted, as far as possible, as his Sunday clothes, and whose devotion nobody questions.

"I may say privately, I almost doubt whether my Christian brother in the stave line should continue his trade. I lay all the blame of intemperance on those who sell staves; but I am very charitably inclined to think this Christian brother only sells them for the vinegar—he is acid enough—and such like trades. I ask how in the world would there be any intemperance if it were not for making and selling staves for casks? When I was a boy I knew a Methodist or Baptist Church which would not have a maltster in it because he made malt. The same I say privately, as to staves."

In coming downstairs they were for passing

almost unnoticed another apartment close to the music room, used for philosophical disquisitions and investigations. It was generally in this section that Mr. Brewin's notions got fitted for publicity. He had recently been calculating that at the great rate chemical science had been expanding, it was more than probable man would find his food ultimately in air alone. If the smallness of the whale's swallow was compared with its bulk, it was easily to be seen how minute must be the particles of its food to sustain life. If minute particles sustained the mass of a whale, how very minute might be the particles to support the life of a man. It was very clear to him the time might come when the air could be made to furnish food, if needed, on a very large scale; indeed, did not infusoria, as exhibited by the oxy-hydrogen microscope, possess every element of food in a most concentrated form? Their circulating system showed arteries, and veins, and tissue under the direct propulsion of muscular force. No stomach could do its duty without muscle, and every particle of muscle became, under proper conditions, so much food for man.

To-night he had been discussing and following out the laws of decay in old and noble families. Just as they were passing, the door opened. A.S.S. thought he should like to go in, and in they went. The comfortable, cosy apartment was all Smith could desire. Mr. Brewin had just been stating that some years ago (1817), Klaproth—so says Faraday

—had published, as a correction of pride, his analysis of the blood of a German noble and his servant, and found them identical. He (Mr. Brewin) would now go further and say that he did not like the words *blue* blood to be applied to any class of human life, for really if those who so used it only knew of what it gave suspicion, they would never do so. They would be as silent about blue blood as families were silent at having insanity or scrofula as heir-looms of their rank and distinction in society. No, it was very curious that recent microscopical observations, through the greatly increased power of Ross's glasses, had unfolded a new world of organisms. His friend, Mr. Lilly, whom all knew as an eminent dentist, had kindly secured for him small quantities of blood, so easily to be obtained in his profession, which became available for the most minute scientific examination. And what really came out of the examinations of many specimens? No less a fact than that you had a most curiously formed entozoon, which you had not in the ordinary healthy blood that had been secreted through channels nobody knew beyond the plebian names of Robinson, Smith, Jones, and company. Mr. Brewin said as the time had run away so quickly, he would now leave the subject, and take an early opportunity of submitting to the society his mounted objects. They would wonder how nature could have contrived such a destructive entozoon,

or such a constructive entozoon, the one to be found in the class of ancient nobles, and the other in the class of the feudal villanage.

The scientific observer would notice that the blue blooded or destructive species of entozoon, had its *tail* where its head ought to be found, whilst the constructive species had its *head* where its tail should be.

A.S.S. observed to Eaves coming downstairs, "I don't agree with all that. I trace my family name of Smith through many generations, and I am a younger branch myself—the most aristocratic of the Smiths. We know no decay in our nobility. Our titles don't change us, though they often hide and obscure the particular branch from which the Smith originated. The mere alteration of Smith into Smyth, Smythe, Smithee did not in any way interfere with the pedigree of the family name. One of my ancestors, born at Prescot in the year 1435, becoming a dean, changed his Smith into Smythe when he had a seat in the Privy Council, and was Chancellor of Oxford and Bishop of Lichfield."

If one part of the management may be said to have pleased A.S.S. more than another, it was the Inquiry and Advice department, combined and worked under the eye of Mr. Curry. Curry, whilst fulfilling duties as a hall porter, was really assistant-secretary; it was Curry this and Curry that. He seemed to keep the members of the

society informed of the sayings and doings of the outward world. He worked into all the little intricacies of character so often wanted to unfold the nature of a man's eccentricity. He had a very methodical mind, and his power of method had been very useful. Inquiries and recurring inquiries on various subjects got booked and compared, and a system or two evolved out of them unique. As an illustration, members many years ago were always asking what was thought of the preaching at this church and that. Curry got every church and chapel he could indexed, went and heard the preacher, and put his own estimate on the preaching. He found his mind greatly influenced by the power of good, and greatly wearied by indifferent preaching. Down one of the columns of his index he fixed the minutes at which he grew tired. Some tired him mentally in a ten minutes' sermon as much as required thirty to forty minutes from others. Members of the society had only to ask Curry what was the initial number he had fixed, when by subtracting it from the actual length of the address at any given time, you got to know what you might expect. You often got a preacher with an initial of ten, and a sermon of fifty minutes, leaving forty to the bad, or wasted; others with an initial of forty, and a sermon of thirty, gave to the good some ten minutes, but this was only an occasional treat.

It will now be seen how Curry's system gave very accurate information, ten the initial number of what a man was worth, and ten as what he did would be very good; so with twenty or thirty as what a man was worth, and twenty or thirty what he did.

Curry always had a high esteem for those who kept to their time. It was very singular, the worse the preacher usually, the longer he was about the preaching. Such a preacher often thought, in order to be honest, he should be doing quite right to make up in quantity what his sermon wanted in quality. As we have just said, a man with a figure of ten as his initial value, to go on to thirty or forty minutes, was not to be tolerated; and often did the accurate notions of Curry put inquirers on their guard, and send them to much more truthful and honest preaching.

It is not to be wondered at that such long sustained thought in so many directions, and no little excitement made him and his gout renew acquaintance. Mr. Adam S. Smith feeling acute pains coming on, left the visiting of the music room and of the basement apartments for another time, and he hurried home. He managed with difficulty to get to his bedroom, instructed Mary to ask the housekeeper for a little drop of whiskey, and bring it upstairs, which she quickly did. Oh, the weakness of poor human nature! Passion and pain will vent themselves. Smith was exasperated

at Mary leaving the door open. He let her get downstairs to the kitchen, and then rang her up again—"My girl, don't you know that doors are made to shut—shut this, and go down again." Placid Mary did this without a word. With this blow off, his pain was sensibly alleviated, and the angry passions were displaced by the more soothing recollections of an old bachelor. Seated in his easy chair, he quietly took to turning over the pages of some of the tracts of the Unhappy Husbands' Club for his amusement, and edification, and for the mitigation of the pains of the gout. No better or more quieting remedy could be provided for an old bachelor.

ABRAHAM SEATON, THE SCULPTOR.

PERHAPS of all the singular men turned out into this world of misery and shame, virtue and vice, life and death, Abraham, as it has already been almost seen, would come under the class of being one of the most singular of men. Born of respectable parents, but poor. Sent for his education to a grammar school; full of life and spirits, strongly built, and of handsome proportions, fitted for manly games and sports which required energy and strength, he made his mark quickly. Mentally he was as square and as upright as a youth could be, scorning a mean act; adding to

his knowledge constantly, and active to the last degree in studies beyond his years. He loved the acquaintance of those who knew more than himself, and was guided by a common sense unusual in one of his age. He bound himself an apprentice in a country town to a stonemason. Saving in habits from his childhood, his little fund had grown beyond reasonable expectations when his parents died. He was a great reader, and as is the case with many of us, one book was the favorite of his life. This was Cobbett's "Advice to Young Men." He liked Cobbett, and no doubt his guiding spirit made him, at the close of his apprenticeship, spend a few years in America. This book, so good a book for him, had supplied him with good principles, and helped to fix him in business in Liverpool. But this book had also, unfortunately, given a twist to his nature, never to be altered. He liked Cobbett's notions, and used Cobbett's plan for looking after a wife—tried, and caught a Tartar.

The fact was, Abraham got in love with the wrong young person—a nice, pleasant spoken girl, amiable and loving—but then she was engaged. Abraham ran straight, shied off, and took on with her sister, and married her, though he saw a very little would make Annie Moulder shunt her intended husband, Mr. Wing, on another line. Annie married her old love, and lived in Richmond, Pa. Shortly after marriage, he became a poor

paralytic patient, and she had to become the breadwinner for him and her child. Abraham and his wife used occasionally to receive letters from her. The last he received soon after the death of his wife, thanked him for the happiness his last present had brought into her humble little home. "I know," she said, "you would not feel your kindness thrown away. At first I was mortified that your friend found me in so much poverty, but on reflection, I became proud of it. As I have told you before, six weeks after marriage my husband became ill; then a flood took away all we had, and the money we had to buy a home. I was disposed to give up, but with thought and prayer, I resolved to do battle with the world. I soon found I could do more than I thought possible. After four years a little angel was added to our family. I then knew I had to double my energies, and so bought a sewing machine. After doing my school teaching all day, I would sew until 2 a.m. By that means I was enabled to get a few acres of land, and now I have a neat little log house on it, and I am proud to think that it was all done by myself alone. I would rather live in this log cabin of my own, than in a rented palace. I hope to have my home fixed a little more comfortable, but Mr. Wing's spell of sickness has thrown me behind-hand. He has been confined to the house for four months with a third attack of paralysis.

I am very ambitious for my little one, I shall not rest day or night until she is educated. My friends here think none the less of me for my poverty, but rather more for my independence. You wished me to buy some little thing as a token to keep as a remembrance, but I bought instead of it a barrel of flour, and every time I go to the token I think of my far away friend. I have some little trinkets I made from the burrs of the pine tree; I will send them the first opportunity."

It is true that Abraham, in this sister of Annie's whom he married, found that neatness, industry, and economy were not everything in a woman. A few months showed the wife off as violent in temper, a scold, and intolerably mean and selfish. He said but little, but with that pertinacity of proceeding for which he was noted, he resolved to add a new and peculiar element, but no ornament to his character—silence. Its use gradually extended, and with silence he encountered every shock of anger, every speech, every meanness of his wife, but his face was left free for its powerful expression of feeling. This did its work. Nobody thought this would have the effect it had. A year or two passed, and the thrifty, violent termagant had sobered down to a wife of respectful conduct, giving duty in place of love, mistaking service and regularity as the all of conjugal life, but in the effort to subdue herself, she died. This is not by any means a

single instance of a woman dying through having her own way. Abraham became a widower.

For months he had put on stone all her passions—chiselled her countenance in many ways to mark degrees and effects.

This active observation on the change of character had quickened vastly that native sense he had of producing facial expression, which had made his services so valuable to the society.

Securing the services of a distant elderly relative as his housekeeper, things now moved smoothly enough. His organ and his painting became his hobbies as of old.

His readings of modern books kept him up with all modern progress. About this time Carlyle was becoming known, and German philosophy studied. That annual gathering of savans called the British Association had begun the very year previous to his wife's death.

He was at its first meeting, and received a stimulus by contact with the minds of others that impelled him to those future labors in new directions, by which so much progress has been attained in the course and conduct of other young minds of that day.

Well, we can imagine the reader saying, "How in the world do you make out such a man eccentric? His completeness is his manhood." Yes, it is. But the inner life of Abraham Seaton

was a development of itself, a study. His obdurate silence, fixed and built on openness itself. Persistent acts of kindness, even to those not deserving it; love of giving lads a lift, letting them stand by him in his studio, putting them in the way of doing. "No doing, no progress," said he, "habits first, habits second, habits third—all habits; get boys right in their habits, and half life's work is done."

Another singularity had also grown into his nature. Abraham, by his American intercourse, was so democratic as to make him almost a rebellious subject of Queen, Lords, and Commons. He might be off any day to the States under some dominant sense of injured equality. Thackeray's tales, Thackeray's "Anti-Snobism," had been massed into his existence. Many a time aristocratic pride made him growl at the degradation manly nature had to submit to. Had he not shaken hands with the ruler of a people—an American president—not second to any monarch on the throne of this world? "Age and intellect," he would say, "are my two aristocracies, and anything more becomes tyranny, and is robbery and selfishness."

After a few months, the death of his wife had thrust him into a groove very suitable to his calm and meditative nature. He could stir his own fire and burn his own gas without remark. No best rooms unused, as too good for

their master. Parlour and bedroom were his new dominions—a very kingdom added to him. His habits were simple, and wanted no special service, one could do all his house work. Abraham's housekeeper used the services of a washer-woman once a week. She had always been regular in her attendance till last week, when she did not turn up. Mrs. Williams did not know what to think of it. Was she ill? were her children ill? what kept her away? Abraham said he would look round that way and inquire. He did inquire, and found Mrs. Brown had an event—a child brought to her to take care of from a certain well-to-do mother and grandmother—quite sufficient to keep her away from her weekly washing and ironing. His blood boiled at hearing the story, another instance of man's treachery, a girl's dishonor, and a mother's grief. Three or four months past, the baby grew, and accompanied its foster-mother to Abraham's on washing-days. It became a favorite, and very soon such arrangements were made for the satisfaction of all parties, that the said child, Morton Melville, should take up its permanent abode with Abraham and Mrs. Williams, to be brought up and educated in his small household. Some of Abraham's acquaintances heard of this step, and thought that a man who took on himself the bringing up of another's child, and that not respectably begotten in holy wedlock, was certainly a very eligible

sort of person to be a member of the Eccentric Club.

The habit in those days was for the society to send its secretary to sound parties who behaved in a way unusual to the world around, and solicit such to become members. Abraham was thus solicited, and he became at once one of the best, most useful, and active of its members. Busts now were real busts. Science and art could produce no better executed works, and it was Abraham who became a very corner-stone of the whole edifice of the society, club, or association, as it might be called.

There was a singular thing, too, about this membership. When the society started in 1780, the committee of the society was constituted of twenty-six members, to admit of two deaths annually, for it had assumed that if one out of thirteen died yearly, it would give this chance of two deaths for a natural change of committee-ship, and also would practically test the theory that thirteen was an unlucky number, as had been for generations believed in, dinners being lost to the thirteenth, because no one liked an odd Judas at table. It was quite in the way of the council to take up such an investigation as this, for they had many different minds therein, who followed with interest the effects of natural law and superstition on human character and sentiments. Some asserted the world could not be a world of

superstition, if this had not been a natural part of original intention, and so a given quantity of superstition provided. I have never yet seen the results of this curious arrangement tabulated. Well, as I was saying, there was a singular feeling about this new member, Seaton, and his child. The committee, especially the unmarried portion, felt they had almost a share in the child, and certainly so far as advising and keeping minutes of his progress, it became a certain part of the duties of the secretary to attend to and note them. If the child was not well, immediately a report was sought, and a suitable remedy provided, if possible, from suggestions of the old minutes. They generally had an account of the causes of absence, and the diseases that operated to prevent members from attending. This was recorded, and as some of the body of those days were of a scientific turn, it is no wonder that along with the diseases, a little insight was given as to how they had been treated. Thus—

A.—Bilious and bad temper—blue pill or pilulæ hydrargyri.

B.—Stoppage of water—catheterismus.

C.—Face ache—bark as a tonic ; no quinine in those days.

D.—Getting sober ; recommend abstinence from intoxicants.

E.—Wind, flatulentia—exercise and fresh air.

F.—Piles, hæmorrhoides; Dr. Turner, our member, attends cases successfully.

G.—Headache, cephalœa spasmodica—fasting, rhubarb, and magnesia till better.

H.—Broken arm—Evans Mason, broken bone-setter, a successful job; but Dr. Turner says it is an insult to the sense of the board to record a remedy like that. Shows low intelligence to allow an unqualified man, who is not a member of the College of Surgeons, to practice on the credulity of his fellows. It would be better to have the arm remain broken than pander to public opinion. Such rot!

Abraham, one evening, was asked as usual, by the then president, how Master Morton was progressing, when Abraham had to confess to the child having a little diarrhœa, attributed to teething. This was almost the first time he had been at all poorly. The solicitude manifested in the health of the babe was quite wonderful. The secretary hunting up the minutes, could find no analogous case. One of their most respectable members, of many years standing, had it recorded in the minutes that on the 12th May, 1840, he had cut a wisdom tooth, which, whilst he much needed it, hath nevertheless not been attended with diarrhœa.

It was very unfortunate that that night the only M.D. in the council was not present, but with

very general consent, they showed how much they were really in sympathy with Abraham's charge, and how earnestly they hoped he would have the case properly treated. I name this merely to show the general interest taken in the welfare of poor little "blue" blood, that had found such a fatherly guardian to watch over him and bring him up.

Morton very early got nick-named; it was more of a custom then than now. One called him "God Gift," and another, "Little Blue Blood"; it had got to become common to call him "God Gift Blue Blood." One of the members was very facetious and effective with the sobriquet, "Well, how is 'Little God Gift'? how is 'Little Blue Blood'?" He had very curious notions, had this member, about those children born in wedlock, and those born out of wedlock. The subject had been handled in a book called "Rights of Infants," which some years ago he had written. He did not see that the plebeian blood of the mother or the aristocratic blue blood of the father, were much affected by ceremonies of any kind.

One of the difficulties Abraham had to encounter, was to know in what relation he should stand to the child. Some thought the boy might call him papa, pa, father. Abraham did not see it. "No, truth is truth—a very jewel; don't do to begin life with a lie, and correct hereafter. No, I am the master; suppose I say I am 'the master,' that won't do for 'Little

God Gift Blue Blood.' No, it will be better for Morton to grow up to call me 'governor.' Everything gets put on a better footing. It is not very musical—gov, gov, gov; it is better than par, par."

The matter dropped, and it was understood that Morton was to grow up to know his benefactor to be his governor, and his future guide and authority for his childish opinions.

There was seldom a month, as I have said, that the child was not inquired after. The members would occasionally call and see him. Seaton, though he had become more chatty since his wife's death, was still the silent man. His housekeeper supplied his deficiency of speech to the best of her ability, and certainly with no mean ability. She it was who, at various times, communicated the growth of Morton's mind's talk. She would say, "Knows his letters, spells, active, fond of mischief, hurt his finger. His school-mistress don't know what to do with him; not a bad boy, but if left a minute, trying to find what things are for. Breaks them, cuts them, spills them—nothing safe a minute; fears he will get burned, or scalded, or run over. Got his governor's old boots on and off for a month, turned the flap of the bellows so that they would not blow, got into the coal scuttle."

The secretary marked every word of the speakers. He said but little. What he did say

only to this, they might not have seen before. But he treasured these up, thinking they might indeed be true germs of one of the very best members the association might ever have to boast of.

The preponderance of the bachelor element, as we have said, which existed in the council, made the curriculum of the child a good deal unusual. One was for early training him in Latin and Greek, another for modern languages, another for total abstinence, another for music, some thought gymnastics suitable, some were for the child sitting up late, some for going to bed early. Seaton said but little, but thought so long as no practice was concerned in the matter, the talk was harmless, and really renewed pleasant springs of feeling long dried up in the breasts of these old bachelors. Seaton had largely acted on the principle of letting the boy do as he liked. He had got on for five or six years in this way. From his own mere curiosity he had picked up a variety of knowledge, being left to hunt up what he wanted to know. Pictures and engravings served him. Of course, as with most children, George Morland's pigs and ponies were amongst his earliest friends. Mrs. Williams was fairly educated, and served well, till his curiosity ran her off her legs with a curiosity even stronger than her own. "Morton must go to school, governor, I cannot manage him;" this she said one day in a mood of anger.

Seaton's best remonstrance was silence for himself, and school for Morton.

There was one thing which dates from this time which had become a trouble to Seaton, the religious element. Up till now, a good deal had been of the housekeeper element. Thou shalt not steal, when Morton's finger went into jam pots; keep the Sabbath Day holy, because you will spoil your best clothes. It is true Morton had heard certain bad words, but Mrs. Williams had showed that no good boy would use them, so that Morton acquired a clear notion of respect and honor for, I was going to say father and mother, but as he did not know them, he could never break that commandment with Mrs. Williams and his governor. In almost all respects, as far as original sin let him, he was a very good boy, but now that he went to school, it became a matter of thought with Seaton what he should do. Of course, the boy knew something of the Bible, but as it had been in Mrs. Seaton's time always placed under a glass case, it was not so easily read as it might be, though it was better to look at, the scarlet cushion setting off the well-bound book. Seaton's notion of churches had much more the element of how the several parts of masonry were congruous and correct in style, than whether the style of the sermons was correct, good or bad; but he felt to this day, that his mother's piety and father's gravity on Sundays, were

not altogether things to be shuffled off as nothing.

He could even now remember his question to his mother when reading the first chapter of Genesis. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The young inquiring mind then could recognize no chain without its links. "Ma, who made God?" "Oh, my dear, what a question—how can I answer that?" This came as a reply, too, from the best and most loving being of his existence. This was to be an interminable basis for thought for Abraham, as for all of us, for ever. How could it be that manhood should repose its creeds, definitions, religious institutions, and rites, on such a shadowy and unknown basis as this, which none could fathom? Motion and gravity did fix the globe with conditions of steadfastness, but with an undetermined base like this for religion, and ceremonies, and creeds to stand on, how foolish to waste time in considering and discussing foreknowledge, predestination, free agency, original sin, and so forth.

If ever drawn into discussion, he generally managed to slip his adversary on to defining the secondary terms of his argument, which disappeared or became of little value on attempts to find a definable and understandable datum for a first term.

Happily for him, the one religious element

which had crept into Seaton's moral nature was very simple—God is love. His manly nature could repose on such a simple belief. Years ago, when the Bridgewater Treatises on "The Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God," were coming out, he liked them much; but still, with the instinct that the Unknowable was for ever unknown, he would have liked another volume on the power, wisdom, and cruelty of God, as manifested in the Creation, as a set-off against a one-sided argument.

Did he wish to treat the benign Creator with contempt in any way. Certainly not; but so long as man knew so little, it was clearly important he should try and know more. Now, was there not quite as much contrivance in making a disease, in regulating a disease, fitting it for its locality and growth, as ever there was to be found in any benevolent work of God? Had not Brougham tried his pen at the origin of evil, and was just nowhere. Abraham at times became exasperated at what he called murder in nature. Lightning killing fathers, mothers, and children, storms shaking and tearing the very globe to pieces, volcanoes spouting their molten lava on tracts of vegetable life, earthquakes swallowing their thousands, poisonous reptiles infusing their venom, fighting animals in one species, and devouring animals in others, infuriated ravenous wild beasts living on life itself. Did not

man's own misdeeds seem, too, but copies of the misdeeds of Nature on her large scale? Armies against armies, murder and violence everywhere, civilization afflicted with the tortures of the rack for the sake of a religion based on the Unknowable. Did not the very balance of one life against another life seem to imply design, and the need of all this destruction to prevent any one description of life getting uppermost, and so the world become uninhabitable?

And then man himself, a poor thing like him, to have had a mind given him to become a fault-finder of Him who created him. "Cannot I myself," would Abraham say, "see so much wisdom in the manufacture of all this suffering that I see continually from every evil, emerge continual streams of countless good? Does not my mind reach a great fact disclosed by powerful philosophical research, that the very construction of another gospel of good-will to man is going on? What business have I to say my God is cruel in inflicting disease? Has he not taught me by my faith in facts, to infer that it is my business, by combination of the unselfish elements, to remove far from me and society this evil of disease? Do not these facts, collected by the sweat of the brow, teach me, that if I would go forward, or improve myself and others, I must try and alter the conditions of surroundings. Facts tell us, in

everything, that law, like a death-rate, is only to be altered by and with new conditions."

Abraham almost burst out into a laugh at a scene of his youth re-appearing to his memory. His old master had two or three indoor apprentices. They had the front room of the house for a sitting-room. It looked on the street. Every girl that passed was under the eye of our young gentlemen. Night after night, their master heard his front door open, and one or other of his lads hasten away, not for their good or his.

"There it is," said the master, as he heard the door open, "I must alter this." A pound or two spent on painting would effect new conditions. "My lads, take the back room, will ye; we will have this painted." It was larger, and even a better room; had a piano in it, and a book-case full of books. The change was unobjected to, or rather hailed with delight. Altered conditions altered circumstances, as expected. Not much front door work after this—one got to looking at the books, another trying the piano.

"Wise old boy, this," thought Abraham, "philosophy of observation, philosophy of progress." "Facts, facts," he exclaimed, "give man facts, and he may discover and turn his cruel deity into a benign benefactor—a God of love. Even in the one condition of no progress, a law of good emerges from evil, just as Morton found himself in the world helter-skelter, a splendid

specimen of lawless laws without a parson. In another condition—a condition of progress—facts unfolded a higher scale of law. Law modified and directed became a different thing from law unmodified and undirected. Both exist.

“Bless me, here I am in this brown study with this basket of grapes. Mrs. Williams, take the basket; thank Davis, and tell him I never have seen finer; they are different affairs from Bodger’s grapes, which I used to have when I was a boy. Ah, I see it. Here again, law, law, modified and directed, turneth the sour grape that setteth the children’s teeth on edge, to a sweet, palatable, and deliciously-flavored grape. No wonder old Bodger’s grapes used to make, as I was going to say . . . but I did not. My mother’s voice seemed to interpose with that striking inflexion of reproof that I had so often heard, ‘Now, my dear, I wish you would not use those words, say stomach-ache.’ Poor Morton, what a hash up of thought comes out of all this. Thought on thought about what we know really very little. Come, one must get back to life and duty again. Work, work, while it is to-day, for the night cometh, when no man can work. Leave creeds and ceremonies, heresies and conscience salves, for investigation in eternity, nothing short of it would do; time enough there to do a stroke of investigation on a scale adapted to their importance, if any.”

But, as our readers will see, something had to be done for Morton, some religious sense had to be taught and infused. The example of Seaton had done much, and the child Morton had already acquired a few great and reasonable laws from Abraham's lips.

"There, it does not suit you." "Don't do it again." A law to measure consequences by experience fixed in him for life. Another, "There, try and understand it yourself," another step in self-education. Abraham had felt for years that he ought to find out some normal conditions belonging to a religious sense and things in general—a sense which should direct a man to get the best here and hereafter.

He knew that he was no student, and never would be, of authorities in word knowledge and verb government. He might have opinions, but they were not proofs. If he were to depend on authority, he asked whose. He could not compare accurately one man's knowledge, or honesty, or bias, with another's. In all these respects, one man's mind and attainments were about as good as another's.

In the teaching of Romanists, and the teaching of free thought, he saw credulity at one end, and incredulity at the other. What a row he felt was going on in the world, and to what purpose? Amidst the clamour, how could he prove the truth for his own satisfaction of genuine texts,

interpretations, chronologies, prophecies, and miracles? Any one of these subjects he knew to be a life work to the very best head that existed; and then, was such a head to be trusted with the conditions of the final salvation of another, by declaring what was direct inspiration and what was not?

Abraham could not see any interference to be justifiable or useful in the matter. "I am my own authority, being my own law unto myself, and I accept only the teaching and example of the lowly Jesus as far as I can myself make it out. I prefer His rules to any mercies from a parson-magistrate who sits at sessions dispensing justice, too often forgetful to apply the teaching of that mercy which belongs to his calling."

But this he also thought he did see, that when all unsettled and doubtful matters were deducted from controversies and disputes, he still had a residuum of satisfactory instruction teeming from the Old Book in simple language, which taught him the equality of men, and that rich men of all generations were about the same kind of Christians as were those of the times of St. James, too much given to oppress the poor, and to draw them to the judgment seat. "And," he would often say, "did he not, from the life teaching and example of the character of Christ, feel a fulness and power that truly accompanied the democratic teaching of this St. James the

Apostle?" Abraham had not gone through the world for nothing. He had an internal sense of his own which he knew to be the arbiter of right and wrong. He knew he had been influenced by the habits and beliefs of others to an enormous extent, but still he knew the wise of all ages were about right; and what he had been told not to do by them, his experience had proved to him was better not done.

Though Morton's religious training in any accurate precision of a creed got for the moment dismissed, Abraham well knew law and order here in this world were better than no law and no order. For his own part he did not know but that it was best to let the child take its religion at the hands of Mrs. Williams on the week-days, and on the Sundays from—as Seaton called his parson—"Old Solid," the "bread-and-butter preacher," as well as through any other channel. The sermons he preached were liked by him as much as a cut off a joint of roast meat for his dinner. Mrs. Williams was an orderly woman, never over-dressed; got a decent place in the church, and never felt herself more respectable in society than walking to and from this great centre of modern and robust polemics. Everyone who knew him would know the parson's discerning eye would not pass a pin without seeing it. No wonder nurse and child should become marks for a parson's care. The deacons of nonconformity

could find no excuse for the interference of a visit, pew-rents were always paid to the day. One deacon had cast eyes on Morton for the Sunday School; another, because of his voice, for the music gallery; "But we've been thinking," said a third, "you, as our parson, are the best person to call on Abraham Seaton. It might be worth while to know him; but, as his housekeeper says, you don't get much out of him—not money, I mean. Not much talk—he goes by the name of Silent Seaton—so we think he had better get as much out of you as he can. If he has any difficulties, you can finish them for him. We can't. We only live by faith—faith in you—in you, that you understand what we don't. Nothing like leaving difficult texts and doctrines to our parsons. 'Pon my word, we should want a great deal more by business, and then get no business done, if we were for ever meddling to set parsons and texts to rights."

"Yes, reader, "Old Solid," as we have said that Abraham called this first-rate preacher of righteousness, had often noticed the pair, the middle-aged respectable widow and the nice, well-behaved little blue blood, the offspring of God and aristocratic license. He saw a something in them which interested him, as much as Abraham thought he saw in his parson's creed, that which made a very good fitting coat for a Christian, and which would last pretty well, without mending,

many a year for Morton, after he, the preacher, should have shuffled off this mortal coil. This interest was rather unusual with him, and which he himself could not very well understand.

"Indeed, what business have I to be interested or to understand," thought he, "parsons would be a deal better not to understand, not to become interested, not to meddle and muddle things as they do. When I am wanted, they know where to find me. By trying to understand the ins and outs of people's lives, I become a busybody in other men's affairs. God forbid, and be it not so that such should be laid to my charge."

One or two of the board had been asking Abraham in a private sort of way, whether the child had been christened or named. Abraham thought it best to leave alone interfering with such a noble little work of God, a babe of choice proportions and bodily parts, popped into the world under such irregular conditions. He had a notion that neither he nor a priest could make much improvement in God's gracious providence, that had matured and brought to the birth so much perfection and strength.

The committee had one or two members who did not like altogether these sentiments. Indeed, most unusually had Mr. Jacobs, of the Jewish persuasion, taken Seaton on one side and said, "Mr. Seaton, I have a great respect for your truth, honesty, and good sense, or I would not

say a word ; but don't you think our child, Morton, a perfect and unblemished child, might, and should be circumcised. It seems to me, in many respects, desirable. Our rabbi would do it, I am sure."

Seaton thought much and said little, but when he got home, he, most unusually for himself, took the babe up from the cradle and kissed him. "There," said he, "thank God, kissing thee, my boy, is the best knife for thy circumcision, a loving heart the best fluid for thy sprinkling, and good wishes the best sanctification of thy spirit. Ritualisms I hate. Poor little fellow, they would not leave one stone on another in the edifice built by God."

I would say more, but I think that I have almost wearied my readers with the religious difficulties of Abraham Seaton in bringing up and training this child of nature, and I daresay they will be glad to leave the subject altogether. However, like Abraham Seaton, they have seen in the birth of a babe, an activity developed by natural law equal to and as high as anything developed by the ceremonial element of marriage laws. Here, by natural selection, is produced a child, whose claims are considered by Divine wisdom and beneficence to be as worthy of high regard as the claims of any other child. But though such was the case, Abraham thought he saw in the birth of Morton that if a higher social

law and its surroundings remained unimproved, then a lower social law and lower surroundings were sure to be developed. Creative power, ever active, seemed to direct under lower moral conditions with greater force, and to insist that the ends of being—life, happiness, and activity—should, even under these lower conditions, be accomplished. Hence, Abraham thought he saw that no government of man ought to neglect any rational means of encouraging and securing for young people employment at home or abroad, in as many directions as possible, with a fair chance of good remuneration for labor, so that every facility be given for saving habits and early marriages. Unmanliness that feared to battle with the world for a living ought not to exist. Was it not hateful always to be considering marriage as a money question, dwelling on what sums one or the other had got? Was there nothing higher than this? Were not strength, activity, sobriety, thrift, good health, and power of endurance on the part of the man, and on the part of the woman cheerfulness, neatness, cleanliness, order, and regularity, with a good education, far higher and more important qualities by which to secure national wealth than all the additions of gold from the new gold-fields of Australia?

One observation more, reader, and I have done with this part of my story. Have you not often

noticed how kind is the providence of God—whilst man is hard—to the outcasts of the world, especially to those poor women whom the respectable portion of society dare not take into its keeping, and will hardly look at? Have you not often walked down certain low streets and slums, and seen some poor creatures washing door-steps and doing certain cleanings for houses, in which, perhaps, dire disease require them as nurses, that no respectable person but a doctor, or a parson, or an undertaker dare visit? Have you not wondered at the bad character of these women of the town who employ them, and who employ them when nobody else will, and when the parish even refuses them relief? You know with me that our "respectabilities" in their looms of life are accustomed only to weave equal-threaded regular pieces, irregularities of the smallest kind must be avoided, good plain cloth is the thing, no defects allowed. But have you not continually seen that He, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and who ruleth over all, and who "lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill to set him among princes," is quite content to accept and work into this plain and regular cloth of life a jacquard pattern of His own special design—a jacquard pattern that disturbs and breaks up, as the birth of Morton did, the regular threads of society altogether, without asking any of His creatures what He doeth.

Well, if you have witnessed so much, mark down as a fact that there has been scarcely one of these poor creatures but have been more sinned against socially than they have ever been sinners against society. Does not all this teach us a lesson much needed even in these Christian days, that there is nothing common or unclean, and that progress on a rational foundation, disclosed by the facts and teaching of *nature*, is that only which is worth the heritage of man, to pass on from one generation to another with improved "environments."

DIGRESSION.

READER, now let you and me for a few minutes have a little pleasurable intercourse together. I have ended my chapter with enforcing the necessity of never despising what may by the world be called common or unclean.

No, run over in your mind all the extremes you can find of human life, and see how inscrutable are the diversities of the position of human beings, and see how God is all in all in everything, and is the Maker and Director of all. Even amidst the miscarriages produced by the ignorance of man, His world of nature and life is worth the labors of intense cultivation.

Now, if I told you of a great living painter, one of the well-known members of the club,

whose works will live when you and I are dead, being a man often not sober, you would in these days be for putting such a man, and such an artist and his labors, out of sight. You would think of his works as smelling of the whiskey or bitter beer he had drunk, and consider it better for a respectable veil to be thrown over all that such an artist did. Is it not so? Is it not better to out with the truth? You would think of him as scarcely fit for society, and sit in severe judgment on his conduct, which had already been severely sentenced by his Maker, fixing him with a distorted judgment and an iron habit.

Now, be content with that sentence. Don't throw the man and his works aside, you may not know all by any means; follow me a step farther. Follow the facts of his existence from the beginning to the end, and you will all the more see an instance how wonderful are the dealings of the Most High God with many of the poor creatures He has made. He who seeth not as man seeth, and regardeth not the outward appearance in His infinite shadings of character, compels us, whether we will or not, to call nothing common or unclean. Listen, leave it, and be quiet. The whole artistic world heralds the advent of a great painter, and who is he? One born and chosen by God Himself to do His work. There is far too much in all our efforts of a philanthropic nature, to consider

it is "God and I" who do these things, and so we strut about and worry ourselves and everybody else to weave plain cloth without a pattern. Reflect on this picture of a life.

A poor lad of eight or nine. See him in the hard labors of a brick-field, handing bricks into a barrow. He has the fires to attend to, and to see that the bricks be well burnt. The glass of whiskey for the cold, chilly, frosty, three o'clock morning duty is given him by his father. The child carries his tale of bricks every day by habit and necessity, but he becomes the drinker. Is this the apprenticeship of the man who painted that picture? It is his work you are looking at. Is it possible? You are introduced to him, and he, who turns on you and tells you, after looking at his works, with a solemnity of manner that touches your inmost feelings, "Sir, I am a religious man; could I be otherwise, to paint you that picture?" I feel he could not, and I walk away, touched to my heart's core, that this one source of dementation and death—drink—robs the world of joys for ever. Thus, therefore, with an inmost sorrow, do I see that the sublimest heights of fancy are but the best spots from which to look on the lowest degradation. What can I do to deliver that soul from the enthrallment of drink? Nothing! God Himself must take it in charge, as He already has done, and to Him be all

the glory of bringing to birth that for which I can find no ulterior object of being, and no satisfactory cause for having in its present conditions ever existed. In much astonishment, I bow before the altar of the

Unknowable and the Infinite!

AN ACCIDENT.

WE now pass on to an eventful epoch in the lives of the tenants of Berkley-street. Morton by this time had got to be seven or eight years old.

Just as Abraham was returning from town he saw, on the opposite side of the street, two children of four or five years old, gaily dressed in red and white spangled frocks, dancing on stilts.

He had hardly got on his doorstep, before a runaway pony in a cart dashed up, knocked over the old organ grinder and his monkey, caught the leg of one of the children of the stilts, throwing her on the pavement, where for a few seconds she lay, till Abraham picked her up insensible.

The crowd looked on stupidly, but as usual, did nothing, except to contract a small circle to smaller dimensions. This would nearly of itself stifle restoration.

The children on the look-out at the various windows saw the fall, and knew that something serious had happened.

Morton had been enjoying the fun exceedingly from a chair at the front window, on which he had been standing. Pandean pipes, bells, and organ grinder were new to him. Dogs and monkeys he had seen, but he had never seen girls on stilts before, so prettily dressed, spangled frocks, throwing every ray of sunshine as reflected light in all directions from the glittering metal. Impressions are strong at his age. Byron, like Danté, loved early. He tells of the intensity of his affection for Mary Duff; he says he was devotedly fond of the girl when he could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. "My misery, my love for that girl were so violent, that when I heard of her being married, it nearly threw me into convulsions." Nor was this affection at the age of eight afterwards surpassed. Suddenly an accident. Something has occurred, the crowd closes round, as I have said, and Morton trembles with alarm.

Knock, knock, each louder; and this little five-year old spangle-dressed child, the younger of the two children, was brought in insensible, with blood trickling from a wounded head. She was laid on the couch, pillowed in silk, regardless of blood-stains, with the assistance and under the direction of Seaton, and Dr. Turner was sent for.

Morton could not exactly make out what all this meant. It could be no part of the amusements he knew, but he had never seen an accident before.

Childlike, his sympathies were awakened at once, and he might be seen creeping to the couch to take a peep at the suffering child, just awakening to consciousness. Happily, the old man—an Italian, one Matteo Bruno—was not much hurt. He had been very kind to these children—loved them as a father—but was not their father. He knew their parents as English, when in good circumstances, in Italy. Indeed, he had years ago acted as servant for them. Their father, now a drunken circus scamp, attending horses and horse-keeper, had been a man of good property, but hunting, boxing, gambling, and drinking had gradually dissipated every penny he had, and as a last resource, he had sent these children out to pick up, with old Bruno, what they could.

Their mother, a poor, weak, broken-hearted woman, who had been inveigled and tempted to this unhappy marriage by what the world called a real good match, had at her disposal, a “dot” of £100,000, as called by this scamp, who, whilst fooling one woman for passion, obtained another for her money. She was now doing her best to keep alive her own school-days, and use its well-bred and decent early training in teaching

what knowledge these poor children, Jessie and Janie, in their acrobatic lives, possessed. Her success had been great.

But to consort with such a husband was one of those tasks which made her say in the morning, "Would it were night," and at night, "Would it were morning," so bad and brutal was the man's nature.

Bruno's first business was to wash the blood off his ear, and then be off for father and mother. It was done quickly. Old Bruno popped down the organ, pipes, and bells, slipped Mr. Monkey into the back yard, held fast with his chain, called his dog, and was off in no time.

As we have said, Janie, the younger of the two, was the one hurt. Bruno brought the mother, the father was too intoxicated to come.

Abraham would not have the child moved, as Dr. Turner feared the spine was injured. "No," he said, "the mother must come and nurse her, with the assistance of Jessie," and the child's mother came.

Jessie, a few days after the accident, resumed her acrobatic life, in which she was destined to make her mark as a most clever *danseuse*, captivating her audiences by her daring, venture-some frolics. On the stage, she secured applause by her lady-like carriage and genteel appearance. Her pleasant winning nature made her an arrant flirt, and adept at stealing affections which never

touched her heart or morals in the least. In fact, she was about as perfect in her flirtations as in her best of characters on the stage, "Puss in Boots and Stockings."

MORTON'S APPRENTICESHIP.

I HAVE referred to the unfortunate accident as making a great impression on the mind of Morton, and I may also say that Seaton's kindness went so far as to let the injured child make her home with him till she recovered her health and strength for her old employment.

The medical attendant on the child had hoped to have quickly set Janie on her legs, or rather, on her stilts again, but he had not done so. The anxious solicitude of Matteo Bruno could do no good. He often called to see the child.

But the urgent necessities of the father, mother, and sister binding them to their acrobatic life, took them away to another part of the country, leaving Janie in the hands of Abraham, to send her forward to join them as soon as she was well enough, but this time seemed never to come.

Abraham accepted the conditions of the calamity, and attended in the best way he could to the child. Mrs. Williams was kind to the little sufferer; Morton seemed to get a

sister, and new sympathies, and associations, and sentiments were developed.

I need say little more of the doings of the household. Janie was the invalid, whose sweetness of temper blessed the inmates of the house in many ways. Each gave kind attention to the sufferer, but Morton's efforts ran in the direction of fetching the pony and basket carriage, seeing the pillows nicely placed for the invalid, supporting and helping her and Mrs. Williams into their places. He was the driver, and became a careful and skilful one. What a beaming face of pleasure had Seaton in seeing all this. Janie was a great worker, though often suffering much pain. She liked crotchet and needle-work, and was good at repairs. She was a great reader. She kept up an occasional correspondence with her mother and sister, which will now and then appear in these pages. Morton would read and sing to her, amusing her and amusing himself.

About this time, two or three selections from the works of the music of the Old Masters were published. Accidentally meeting with a volume or two, he made them his study and practice. With a natural taste and assiduity, very little genius put him beyond the average of the musical attainments of young men of his age. Mozart, Haydn, and Handel were happily the friends for whom he had a natural liking.

He had a good ear for harmony, and for many melodies now running into what is called the classic school, a school a little in advance of the song of the "Pig with the Roman Nose."

Janie's sister, Jessie, had been to see her once or twice each year for a week or two at a time. This was usually a very merry time of fun and childish flirtation for Morton, but not a visit adding so much happiness to Janie as it might be thought to do. Jessie, on her visit just before Morton went apprentice to business, took pleasure in showing him how she looked when dressed for her part. In one part, as "Queen of Day," a beautiful gilt circlet encompassed her brow with its magic brightness, so that Morton did not forget its effect, and that of her silver slippers, for some days. He was for a repetition of the part, but Jessie, with consummate tact for a child, declined, unless Morton would do the part of the buffoon, but this did not suit the dignity of our gentleman. Indeed, Janie also said that she thought he would do better and look better as the "King of Day." Jessie said let Morton try and raise a humble part, and not lower a dignified one, as all beginners did.

Week ran on after week, and month after month, till the flux of time had fixed, as we have just alluded to, a new point of departure

in the history of Morton, and that was to fix for him, in a few months, a business career. He was just upon fourteen, and was pretty well up in the details of school knowledge. But beyond all this, he had certain special likings and studies for his spare time and holidays. He was very fond of music, could sing, as I have said, and play very well, and play chess with Seaton, whom he would often beat. He had just come on an article in a cyclopædia Abraham was taking, on legerdemain, and for some weeks conjuring was uppermost, but it lost its novelty after he could no longer deceive Janie by his tricks; then chemical experiments amused him for a long time, but had to be given up. Mrs. Williams said she could not and would not do with them. The last experiment of his was not so much his fault in its result as that of a young friend of his, an apprentice to a chemist, who tricked him with a mixture to make hydrogen gas, which proved to be sulphuretted hydrogen or sewer gas, and stank the family nearly out. No more gas making for him, and the bottle was consigned to the ash-heap. The ash-pit was not sweet for a fortnight.

Morton had also somewhat got out of favor with her by another rather unfortunate circumstance. Mrs. Williams said it would never do, through him, to have friends come to the house to be frightened. She and a friend had nearly been

terrified out of their wits by one of Morton's "phintoms," as she called most of his practical experiments. Dr. Turner, the physician of the club, had taken kindly to Morton, and had him frequently as a visitor to his house. Very soon the doctor turned him into his surgery to amuse himself, and, as he thought, pick up a little knowledge without knowing how he got it. He told him he might look at the books, but be careful with the anatomical preparations and instruments, and so forth, not to damage them. A book recently published, "Griffin's Chemical Recreations," was often in his hand. Finding Morton was a sharp lad, he set him to work to learn the names of the bones. He lent him a little skeleton—a baby skeleton—to take home. Morton wrapped it up carefully, and put it in a closet in his bedroom. It was this poor little object which had been the unwitting occasion of terrific alarm. Mrs. Williams' friend came to have a cup of tea with her, and went upstairs to take off her bonnet and shawl. Female curiosity is proverbial, but I don't know that curiosity is stronger in one sex than the other. However, the cupboard being partly open, the little bundle in it—the skeleton—lying on the floor, so awakened the curiosity of Miss Jones to know what it contained, that she took it up, and to her horror, she had only taken a fold or two of the cloth off, when the fleshless

babe displayed itself. It was through this discovery that her sensitive nature uttered the scream heard through the house. Morton again! when will that boy give up his tricks? It was about this time that business was thought of for him.

Changes had taken place in the club, the self-constituted committee of old bachelors who had watched over the progress of Morton, had altered with time. Some had died, some had left the town.

Abraham, Jacobs the Jew, the secretary, and a few others remained, interested as much as ever in the career of Morton. One old member, of no very large property, but very comfortably off, had died, leaving Morton a portion large enough to bring him up comfortably to man's estate, and fix him in some respectable business career for life. This member had so much confidence in Seaton, that he was made sole director of the solemn monetary trust, and empowered to act just as if the money was his own. In his little day of life and sunshine, this member never forgot death, and was eccentric enough to keep his coffin in an apartment of his house to remind him of it; occasionally, when a little elevated by drink, he would be found sleeping in it. He used to say he never got disturbed there, and so got very good rest in it, which in perpetuity, poor old fellow, is no doubt the case.

One of the board, a good, well-disposed sort of man, offered to take Morton on easy terms as an apprentice. Seaton thought that three or four years spent at this employment of buying and selling would be the best way to ascertain what was in the lad, and what he would be best fit for. It would teach him the skill of pleasing. There were many trials and temptations inseparable from this time of life for Morton to overcome. Seaton thought if his master would see that his business life was properly attended to, he would see after the well-spending of his leisure hours. He did not like Morton going through the parts of the town he had to visit, but it could not be helped, and he accepted the conditions. Morton was no better than others. His propensities for evil were not greater than those of most lads; it is no use representing him better than he was, he had those propensities like others of his age.

Morton's male companionship from the time he started as apprentice had been of a very healthy kind.

He had been a favorite pupil of the school-master, from the fact that he gave his master little or no trouble, did his lessons satisfactorily, and cast him his lead inkstands. He had too many holidays, but they were made sources of great enjoyment and of improvement to him in many ways. He managed to visit

many of the factories of the town, and secured a large extent of knowledge. Many of the branches of manufacture he saw often afforded him considerable amusement in his workshop, to imitate.

Things altered a good deal when he went to business. The hours were very long, and what reading or progress in study he made, had to be obtained by early rising.

Abraham, remembering certain inconveniences and annoyances of his youth, when he had to do his reading in the kitchen, had Morton made as comfortable as he could be. He had his own sitting-room, workshop, and bed-chamber from a very early age. The sitting-room was easy of access for his companions, and he had full liberty to invite and bring home whom he pleased. The workshop for his bench and lathe became the place, subsequently, for performing those experiments of which we have spoken; higher art and science having taken the place of the manufacture of squibs and rockets. It might have been interesting to the reader to see what companionship will do in bringing up boys. The evil communication of the older boys has always been considered as the corruption of the manners of the younger.

Though he had as companions several earnest students of modern languages and of certain branches of pure and mixed science, he had

now and then one or two whose abilities gave a charm to private vicious courses. I believe it is not uncommon to find great abilities and great vices go together. Morton did not altogether escape injury by the contact. His own good sense directed him, but like others, it did not always direct, and in his trials of life he did not come out scatheless.

I have said he was an early riser. On winter mornings he lighted his fire, boiled for himself and a friend or two a cup of coffee, and made good progress in certain branches of study. In the summer, he was a good deal out in the open air. On one occasion, not long after he had been an apprentice, he had arranged one morning, for an early walk with a companion. His companion was to call him, indeed, pull him by a string tied to his toe. Morton did not think there might be such a thing as a person falling over the string, but unfortunately, Mrs. Williams, in walking down the passage, which passed her bedroom, nearly fell over it. "There, there's that Morton again!" And so in reality there was, for the sudden pull removed him very quickly from his bed. A little explanation got the house quiet again, and Morton to rest.

Adventures of this kind would occur frequently. Some a little too serious, some a little too ridiculous to be pleasant. Once

Morton, jumping from one boat to another in the river, slipped in, and was nearly drowned. Fortunately Curry was at hand, and pulled him out.

He knew much about the life of a large town; he had been almost everywhere. Curry and he were great friends, and very useful Curry was in telling him who would be good companions and who would not, and what places he might safely frequent and what avoid. Curry had seen Morton in company that he ought not to keep, and had told Abraham of it. Abraham said, "I am obliged to you for telling me; don't say you have told me. Tell him you will tell me if you ever see it again. You see, what can I do now that the evil is done? He may fear that I shall know, and so he may be preserved in future."

Gradually reading * took the place of the more muscular enjoyments he had indulged in.

When Morton was about seventeen, he made the acquaintance of one somewhat older than himself. This young man had just finished his apprenticeship to a surgeon, and was soon to be off to London to walk the hospitals and pass his examination. It is frequently among the most remarkable occurrences of life, that some trifling cause influences the future destiny of a man. This friendship, accidentally acquired, gave another complexion to the reading of Morton. You could see on his book-shelf

several additions through his new friend. "Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher," by Sir Humphrey Davy, prepared the way for knowing what could be known of this great philosopher. It gradually threw his lines of thought into chemical readings, as much as Sir David Brewster's "Life of Sir Isaac Newton" threw them into mathematical readings. I don't know but that this friendship with the young surgeon, coupled with another soon after contracted with a young tutor of a large school, a friend of the young surgeon, prepared the way for the future studies of medicine, which Morton pursued with much youthful ardour and success. There was, however, one result from this intimacy that profoundly affected with sadness Morton's mental nature for a long time. This young friend of his, the surgeon, had been a great walker. One day, after a walk of thirty miles—far too long a distance for his light and fragile frame—he was seized with inflammation in the bowels, followed, as this disease is frequently, by mortification, and was dead in a few hours. The mutual friend—the tutor—had only called the night before on Morton to say that coffee for three, instead of two, was to be ready at five a.m., but only two, Morton and the tutor, appeared, the third was then lying on his dying bed, and in truth, was dead before noon.

Morton soon after lost the company of his other friend, who had got a place as master of a school. These good influences of companionship being withdrawn, he was left for a time in an outer world of darkness, stagnation, and apathy, and in spite of good advice, like many young men of the present day, he managed to get such female companionship as he would have been better without. Bitten, as others had been before him, he had to feel that he had mistaken the mark.

The fact is, at a certain music hall and dancing saloon, Morton had picked up a young lady. She had all the outside manners of being clever and well-conducted, and being accompanied by her sister, disarmed all suspicions of a fast life.

He got exceedingly charmed with the company of this Maria Dennis, indeed, fell in love with her, and interview followed interview so quickly that he would have soon been so far engaged that he might very readily have been irretrievably fixed for a wife. It is a curious phenomenon of life that the very one act of a man's life—his marriage—is committed to his care by nature at an age when, as compared with all other times of his life, he wants most care, caution, and self-control not to violate Darwin's suggestion of a natural selection which shall ensure the survival of the fittest; it is

certainly the time he has the least of those properties developed.

Curry got to know of this attachment, and soon saw that the *affiance* would be wholly unsuitable. He did not like to interfere in giving advice without Seaton's approval, but he really liked Morton so much that he thought of the sad future before him if the thing were not broken off at once. How was it to be done? Seaton must know, and he told him. Seaton, who was told enough, but as little as possible, asked Curry if she, the Maria of the story, was a respectable girl, and would make a good wife. Curry did not know about the respectability, but he thought her excellencies would be so great as to make her a good wife for half-a-dozen such as Morton. Seaton saw the lurking twinkle in Curry's eye, a twinkle which wanted no more expressive language than conveyed at once to the mind of the sculptor all that it meant.

Curry had found out that the lady was pretending much regard for Morton, whilst in reality she was being courted, in a not very creditable manner, or more than courted, by another. Curry had seen her and one Campbell more than once or twice together in some wine vaults. A little further private investigation showed that an arrangement existed for Sunday evening visits to this place. Morton would often call at the club for a walk with Curry. Curry

knew the barman of the vaults as an old chum, and had occasionally dropped in to see him. Morton and he often passed these vaults, and on one of their walks, Morton thought he saw turning the corner into them his dearest girl—that slim, neatly-attired Maria of his—with a male companion, a tall smart man, of whose existence he had previously known nothing. Could it be possible? Curry saw the emotion passing within Morton's breast. He only remarked, "Morton, it is very hot; I am going in for a glass of bitter beer." They went in by a different door from that by which Maria and her companion had entered. The apartments were divided only by a thin shifting partition. Morton and Curry seated themselves. Every word spoken in the one apartment could be heard in the other, hardly a whisper was safe.

"I say, Maria, what would that teetotal chap of yours say if he saw you here, with that glass before you?" asked Tom Campbell, for that was his name, having just emptied his glass of half-and-half.

Maria's reply was characteristic enough. Lifting up the glass before her, she drank it off in one good draught, and said, "Ah, but he does not see me; he would see it empty, would he not?" showing the empty glass.

"I think you are leading him a pretty life; I shall soon be jealous," said Tom.

"Pshaw, you jealous of such a boy, Tom. Jealousy is not for you to have; keep it for your wife. I am not jealous of you. You take what pleases you, so do I."

Tom asked if she thought he would be a marrying chap; eighteen was young. Maria did not think he was at present, but he was a *giving* chap. Campbell knew that suited him, for he was for ever borrowing of Maria. Morton never thought he had spent enough on her. She told Campbell she could wind him round her little finger, and make him do anything she liked, which pleased Campbell very much. The laugh increased, and another glass followed. Curry, wide awake to everything, thought Morton had had enough, and was for leaving.

Curry had been all this time talking with the barman, whilst Morton was seated on a stool, biting the knob of his walking-stick. Curry finished his glass, and Morton rose from his seat. Curry opened a door in the partition to pass out. Morton hesitated to follow, but followed, and dropped very neatly on his dear Maria. They recognised one another for a first, and almost last time. Curry was told afterwards by the barman that the sudden sight of Morton so surprised Maria—indeed, so overpowered her—that for a few minutes she could scarcely speak. They both left the vaults together.

"Now, Morton, you've seen for yourself,"

said Curry. "It has given me a good deal of trouble and contrivance to manage to show you your Maria off to advantage. I hope you are satisfied with the hints I now and then dropped, that I am right. I will say no more; you will, after this, I suppose, drop it. I could never have done this little business if I had not once been in the police force, and a little in the line of a detective."

"Aye," said Morton, who with difficulty retained any self-possession, and with the manner of a man of forty stripped of illusions, torn away with a ruthlessness unexpected as an earthquake. The cheerful youth had entered these vaults as free from care and trouble as a youth could be, positively to return a man of great worldly experience, and to feel himself stricken by a blow, but saved by a mighty deliverance from a great disaster. Reader, you don't wonder he should repent, and make efforts to turn over a new leaf, or that he should fly to his studies in his distress, spend more time at home, and more in the company of Janie.

"Ah," said Curry, "you now see how so many of us fellows of the club have got there. Nearly all of us unmarried old bachelors, in one way or another have been served as you. This is the go of the thing—

'When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,

That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.

Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
O love's best habit is in seeming trust.'

And you will have in future this trust in woman,
Morton, wont you?

"You will be a member of the club after this, wont you?" Indeed, he became one very soon.

His repentance after this piece of more than usual folly, threw him into the arms of a friend and well-wisher, a man of much experience and depth of thought. This friend, happily, had many a time raised Morton's aspirations for a higher intellectual culture. By his influence, he became a Sunday School teacher in this member's classes, and his proficiency and power of teaching soon made him the teacher of a class of boys only younger by a year or two than himself. The old secretary frequently suggested that Morton should take to trying to benefit others besides, and as he was a successful Sunday School teacher, why not try an afternoon gathering of boys at the club, and he made him also, after much persuasion, willing to address them. The secretary so much approved of what Morton said, that he, after this first attempt, got together an audience of a few members of the club to listen to him.

Morton and his sister, as he called the sick girl, Janie, were all to one another. There was enough of the sister about her quietly to impel him to look for sympathy. I have not said so much as I might have done, and may yet do, about the inner private life of Morton at this time. More will, I daresay, crop up as we proceed, but enough for the present.

Morton had never taken so well to his business as to love it, and he had, with Abraham's consent, arranged to change his vocation altogether as soon as he was out of his time. He had, in his spare time, run over many subjects of study. But one study of all others had become a necessity of his existence, the study of that which would alleviate the sufferings of his little friend, the Janie of our story. This made him think of all that related to the art of healing.

Here then was a quiet, happy family, consisting of Seaton, his housekeeper, Mrs. Williams, Morton, and the invalid—child no longer—whose position was but little altered all this time. She had still to lie on that sofa which had received her in her insensible condition from the day she had been laid on it.

Morton was nearly out of his time as an apprentice, and, as we have seen in the early pages of this book, by the death of the old secretary of the club, Morton was accepted as

secretary. The old secretary and Morton, from his earliest years, had been great friends. He had not anything to leave him but two things, his stick and his body. The furniture of his humble dwelling he left to his poor little niece. His stick he had sent him in friendly remembrance, and as a token of his love and regard. He was to have his body for dissection, if he turned surgeon, as Dr. Turner said he was sure he would do some day or another, as he was just the man for the profession, and he did turn to it shortly before the death of the secretary. The old man told him he hoped he would be as careful a secretary in making the minutes as he had had been. He would see how careful he had been of the memory of his predecessor, and attended as much as possible to his wishes, as the old secretary had been of the wishes of his predecessor. He thanked him for alleviating his pain by his recently acquired medical knowledge, and he hoped he would go in for a medical missionary's post.

He at last determined to study medicine, and in this profession he hoped to win success and the good wishes of his fellow-companions, and be of service.

Very shortly after Morton had determined to change his business, alter his habits, and become, in all respects, a decent member of society, and the pupil of Dr. Turner, the

physician, he received the following letter from his friend, the secretary :—

MY DEAR MORTON,

I have one request to make of you; grant it. I shan't live long. You've altered your conduct; I am so glad. I saw you nearly off the right path; you've got on again, I am told. I like your taking those poor boys of a Sunday; teach them, and you will be taught. I've told the committee I have lent you the debating-room for a Sunday afternoon. They are very glad. They say it is the best eccentric thing they have heard of for many a day. They say they will come and hear for themselves what you have got to say. Well, do the talking like a man. My request is that you tell them, as you told me, why you have turned doctor instead of a parson. I like the notion. I agree with you, the only real apostles now-a-days are the doctors. When I told the committee your notions, Mr. Brewin said the idea was novel to him. He would work it out, and some day he would have a paper on the only true clergy—the medical profession. I told the committee also your notions of nerves, and cutting them. You see, I can't understand that. No girl ever looked at an old cripple like me, and so I never had any nerves to need cutting or destroying. I am going to your meeting next Sunday, if I

can get out, but I am old and ill. I know my days are numbered. I hardly ever saw in the streets an *old* cripple—cripples don't, as a rule, live long—and I am sure you wont see me long. Oh, Morton, I have always loved you; you have been so kind. You never laughed at me, never made game of me, never hid my crutches. God bless you, my dear, and make you a good doctor.

I am, your friend,

OLD CRIPPLES.

P.S.—Was not this a hard nick-name to bear all my life, as well as the misfortune?

The poor secretary got to Morton's meeting. Boys in good numbers were present. This was the last meeting he attended. In a few weeks he died.

"Morton, I think I'll pray for you and the boys," said the old man. Simple as ever, he said in earnest words, "Oh, my God, do bless Morton, make him a true vessel of truth and good conduct, such a pitcher as will always carry clean water to the thirsty, dirty sinners like me, and many more in the world. Bless these poor boys, and make the plum-cake given them help in the work to make them to be good. Save Morton from temptation; he is young and handsome. He is not like me; he has no twisted legs like mine to tell him to be

humble, as every day I have had; don't let him need them to keep him humble. Am I not, O Lord, an object of pity to You? You know I am. I know it, and that You have always pitied me with my crooked legs, and I feel and love You for Your pity. O Lord, bless this club. They like me, and I like them. How kind it has been of You to give me knowledge enough and power enough to do my duty, and serve them for so long. Bless the president. Bless Jacobs, the Jew, now our oldest living member, and all the committee, and all the members of the society. Bless Curry, he is useful. You'll make him help Morton, when I am gone, to do my duties as I did them. Bless what Morton has to say this afternoon on the life and example of the first medical missionary as ever was. Make him love to be like Him. Amen."

The poor secretary sat down, wheezed in his chair convulsively, and looked as if his work would soon be done in this world. A few seconds, however, and his cough left him, and he had sufficiently revived to attend to the proceedings going on around him.

Morton on this occasion, as manager of the school, saw all the teachers at work, and then proceeded with his own teaching. After a time he made the boys sing, and then, as is usual in well-ordered schools, he gave a short address in

simple story. He told the tale of that great and only mission work which had once been done as well as it could be done by One—the Great Physician. Morton showed that food went along with His physic, indeed, it might be said, as in the miracle of feeding the multitude, the food went before the physic. The remedies which seemed in the hands of Jesus to be quick and simple, were in our hands complex, and often tedious; but what He, the God Man, could do for the suffering sick of His time, He left us to try and do for ours, and it was surprising how much could be done by our progress in medical art. What he said seemed to be reduced to this:—

“I have been,” said he, “looking at the vast powers given to him who is called the doctor, one of the medical profession of to-day, and I see many a case of disease yielding to modern skill as if even the miraculous had been imported into, and had made the cure, I am speaking to you, my boys, about that of which you know but little, and so I wish to speak in simple talk to you. Don’t you see poor Jones’s squint? Would you not like his eyes to be as right as yours? Well, that is soon done now-a-days. Would you not like to see Mary not needing a crutch? Well, some day I hope to show you Mary without a crutch, walking as you now see Jem Watkins, without

one. Poor Sam, so deaf as he is, now hears better and better every Sunday since he went to the hospital. Well, some of you have seen poor Jones's father, once a drunken sot, now so far cured as to be no longer any cost to his children or the parish, but getting a decent living by his coal trade. All these are as miraculously cured as those whom Christ cured, only His operations were instantaneously done, whilst man has laboriously to toil on and on to reach his ends.

“All the modern skill of restoring sick and lame to health comes from the influence and teaching of this One Physician, who, whilst He attended to these outside diseases of the body, did not forget diseases of the mind. Hence the words of the prophet Isaiah describe the mission of Christ so accurately, that I have made them the basis of my talk, and I repeat them in closing this service, adding thereto the comments of His Jewish hearers. ‘He hath anointed Me to preach good tidings to the poor. . . . He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted. . . . All wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth.’ Now, my boys, seeing the world wants men in it to walk like this Great Missionary, so kind to the poor and broken hearted, I have thought there is no profession so Christian for a man to follow as

to be a medical man, and so I have begun to be one by becoming the assistant of the doctor of our club."

Just as the meeting of one hour was brought to a close, Curry took hold of Morton. Morton was for assisting home the secretary, but the secretary seeing that Curry wanted a word with Morton, made him stop to hear him.

"You will do, Mr. Morton, you will do," said Curry, "got all you had to say in ten minutes. I was not tired a bit. I like that way of yours, talking to all of us just as if you were only speaking to me. I don't know how you managed to pick up so much knowledge. I never knew, in the way exactly as you stated it, that we had ever such a good physician. By the way, I should like you, now you are going to be a doctor, to give me an opinion of that Old Testament prescription. I fancy our Jacobs, old bachelors as he is, would be all the better if he followed that prescription, and took his Abigail. Don't you think he would live longer? I do. There is also a prescription in the New Testament I should like you to tell me something about, that anointing with oil. Well, what you say about the Physician is all right; He don't overcharge us for His prescriptions; I see Him as a real living hospital. Ah, now I know why poor 'Cripples' took so quickly to your subject.

Poor old boy, he wants medicine for his mind as much as his body, and you gave it to him. Well, I may come next Sunday. Don't you think, as you are going to write, you could give me a sight of it before you read it."

"Do come next Sunday," said Morton, "I would rather you would come and hear it. I should like to know which of my styles you like, and think most suitable for me. I prefer the off-hand style, but then I am not always sure of what I have said, or am going to say, so I shall like you to give me a word or two as to that which is best remembered, and makes most impression. I like writing best, as it requires me to give more thought and time; besides, a thing well written is a thing of use for not one day only. Surely, what is offered for the service of God should be the best that can be produced or procured. It should be a trifle better than the singing at church or chapel, as we give it."

Curry said it seemed to him as though our young ladies kept all their singing efforts of charming for the drawing-room. What a pity they did not cultivate their singing more for God, and less for man. "When I used to do a little town waiting, I have carried tea into a drawing-room many a time, and whenever I heard a girl sing a song decently, I would say, 'What a pity, my dear, you don't sing

psalms, it would be so delightful to think all these efforts had a good result; I could then at church sit and feel those heavenly strains to be music to enjoy.' But you can't stop to feel much, when you are carrying in tea and cake. These boys of yours sing very well. I like their singing with your training, Morton."

Curry had a perfect right to make what comments he pleased on singing. As an amateur, he had as fine a voice as ever fell to the good fortune of man to possess.

Born in a cathedral town, as soon as he could read he had been placed, as a little boy, with the company of choristers.

Exercise, exercise, and exercise was the grammar of music with the old organist, just one octave on which to concentrate the powers of the voice. He would say, "Now, my lad, don't you alter your mouth whilst you are singing that note, and learn these four positions. There, I don't want you to mind time, but go gradually from soft to loud, and loud to soft. There, you are taking breath after a little word like 'if.' Just read beforehand what you are going to sing. You might have taken breath at that pause before holding that long note, and you did not. There, you are creeping to that note. Why don't you boldly attack it? Why don't you notice the meaning of the poetry? Don't I tell you that it is a mere

trifle which makes one man better than another. That's a funny twist you made; put the notes on paper you wish to sing; let that R be distinct, R's should be always distinct."

This was the old-fashioned kind of drilling Curry got from the old organist, who would sometimes say, as Handel said of his tenor, Beard, "Hark to that boy, he is the best dog in my pack. He knows how to take his breath, and to shake properly. Listen to the last syllable of that word, how clearly he articulates it."

Morton, from his earliest years, would sing duets with Curry. When a little older, Janie would make one of the party, and "Hail, smiling morn," would drop from their lips and voices charmingly. Dr. Calcott's "Poor Insect," would have given exquisite delight to the composer, could he have heard it. Morton got—by accompanying Curry in his wanderings—a great insight into the habits and lives of singers and musical people. Curry was often in request, for he knew so well what made up an efficient choir and good singing, that scarcely any conductor could rival him in quickly getting good music and time out of even an humbly instructed choir. I may name one of his original inventions for teaching, by which much time was saved. Every copy he gave to his singers had, in consecutive order, the numbers

of the bars put in small figures. When he would say go back to bar 10 or bar 16, the choir at once went back. There was no hunting for the place at which he wished them to begin again.

Such was Curry, whose remarks on the singing of young ladies will be better appreciated as a singer than as a town waiter.

Morton saw he had in Curry an unwilling hearer of his written productions. He saw the sense of Curry's objections, that he was not going to be a preacher, but a doctor of medicine, and not of divinity, and that his real duty lay, as a Sunday School teacher, in teaching and finding out by actual questions whether his class really understood what he had been talking about. He remembered Abraham and himself coming home from hearing one of the fine preachers, who used, on that occasion, a string of three syllable words in talking to a lot of children. Abraham suggested that Morton should make the best of the evil by looking out the words in a dictionary when he got home, and he did so. "It is your business, Master Morton, to know the meaning of words, that you may be able to listen with pleasure to any man's talk." Abraham called men of this kind flirting preachers, preachers on the look-out to display themselves more than their subject, and whose aims were to

captivate their hearers with their cleverness and discursiveness. "Don't you see what efforts society is making to get free from the dominion of creeds, and to replace its gatherings more in the form of the teaching and preaching suitable to given classes of intellect—Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Baptists, and Romanists, who all consider salvation to be within the pale of each other's teachings."

"High intelligence," he continued, "wants one class of preaching, as low intelligence and limited knowledge want another. Children, for instance, for some time have had, in many schools, separate services; formerly, hearers with high and low intelligence were always intermixed, and that which was considered good orthodox preaching, was that given to all who attended; this was all that was required. Hence it was rare to find places of worship, teaching in any way much beyond general principles. They seldom left them from year to year. But a new grouping is gradually influencing this further teaching and preaching. You must not expect our best preachers not to use the best words as the best vehicle for their thoughts. I expect that you, in your time, will see society neglect more and more its creeds, now embracing high and low, educated and uneducated, to range itself, as I have said, in classes, for a

larger number of subjects, so that the best informed preacher will have the best informed group of heads to preach to, and the best income for his reward. Hear what Cowper says a preacher should be:—

‘He that negotiates between God and man
As God’s ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. ’Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God’s commission to the heart.
So did not Paul.’”



Morton saw Curry on the morrow, and as he had a part of what he intended to read next Sunday prepared, and in his pocket, he thought it best to let Curry hear it then. The address read somewhat as follows:—

“There is, no doubt, in the minds of the beholders of the works of God in their continued variety, extent, excellence, and construction, that the same great Power could have imparted to His creatures a knowledge of how all these works ‘of the heaven above or in the earth beneath’ were brought about, in fact, how they were created and made. God has, however, refrained from giving this knowledge in His Bible, from which we may infer also, that the limited knowledge we have revealed of the

Godhead of Christ in all its mysteries, is not affected, nor need we be in any way troubled, by reason of not finding in His teachings any information disclosed of the final development of scientific truth. If we were to find a false basis anywhere in His teachings or principles, we might then reasonably doubt the truth of what is written in the Bible, and spoken of as a revelation; but even then, it must be shown that the ignorance or carelessness of the transcriber or translator had not caused such discrepancy.

“Nor do I think that there is one single parable, proverb, or exhortation of His which has not so logical a basis, and accordance with modern science as to be perfectly reasonable and true. Hence, I consider the careful observer of what Christ is recorded to have said and done, may find out great simple truths, lying somewhat hidden, but still there, that belong to all departments of modern scientific investigation. I can see in the expression, ‘But the very hairs of your head are all numbered,’ the very latest truth of physiological science. I can see in the expression, ‘Gather up the fragments,’ one essential law of political economy as correctly suggested and stated as the most modern student of the science could desire. I can see in the infinite mind of the Saviour the great botanical knowledge of His remark, when He said of

the lilies of the field, that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' I can see the vastness and accuracy of chemical knowledge, and its profound depth and extent, when informing mankind, that 'It is not that which goeth into a man which defileth him.' He knew, with microscopical accuracy, that every atom of matter in all its changes had, in relation to all other atoms, its right and proper functional existence. Who can doubt for a moment that His metaphysical teachings are the foundations of far higher systems than those of Mill, Hamilton, or even of Adam Smith, who in his theory of "Moral Sentiments," handles the truths which Christ has employed so largely in His teaching, example, and life."

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"Stop, Mr. Morton, stop," said Curry, "all this is a cut above me, and I can't understand it, you have read so fast. I should say, now that you have turned medical student, you had better drop the written preaching style, and go in for a plain speaking style. I could understand you last Sunday, but what do I know of your metaphysics or any other physics? Is it not rather priggish to let off all you know in that way, Mr. Morton? Why don't you suit your written words to your audience, you are not making a book."

Now what I have said brings us up nearly to the time of the first visit of A.S.S., and his becoming a candidate for membership of the club. I shall continue in the next chapter the proceedings of the society, and give such information of past details as will make my story the clearer, as that information is needed.

As I have lighted on a fact belonging to my story, I think my readers might like to know it, how it was that A.S.S. came never to use in full the S of his name. On the day of his birth, the old nurse, in passing down the garden, picked a nice snowdrop. She gave it the baby's mother, who was pleased with its beauty, and without reasonable and due consideration, she and the grandmother insisted on the child being named Adam Snowdrop Smith, a name subsequently, as he grew up, of utter disgust to himself as its bearer.

TRACTS OF THE UNHAPPY HUSBANDS' CLUB.

My readers will remember that we left Mr. Adam Snowdrop Smith in no little pain with his fit of the gout, however mitigated and

assuaged by the literature from the press of the Unhappy Husbands' Club.

He continued for some time ruminating on the discomforts which seemed to overtake married life, when, after reading tract No. 5, as the first that he took hold of, all at once he jumped up excitedly, exclaiming, "She ought to be hung." He had very deep feelings of indignation awakened by the touching case of a poor man who lost his life by the deception of his wife. The story had been very nicely condensed from one of the stories from "The Weekly Visitor," published by the Religious Tract Society. It showed, most unusually, for wives hardly ever do this, a poor man to be deceived by a message of his wife. "If he should want me," she told her sister, who was with her on a visit, "tell him I have gone to see my mother." Now it so happened, she never went, but he did, to get a letter from her which he wanted to answer. This visit, of course, she never expected. In his anxiety to find her, and alarm at not doing so, he over-heated himself by over-walking, so that he caught cold, fell into a consumption, and died; all of which, illness and death, need not have occurred, had she truthfully said that she was going with a friend to the place of amusement she went to. It had been such a fast kind of a place, that her husband had objected to her

frequenting it, nor did he like the friend or companion of his wife; hence, her deception and its miserable consequences.

Again he ejaculated, "Abominable, she ought to be hung."

The other tract he had just passed, No. 2, on the loss of life through the loss of a button, he thought impressive enough, but that it would be even more so, if it had been shortened. The facts were simple enough.

A.S.S. always objected to any kind of hasty or imperfect work. "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," was a sentence often on his tongue, and oftener on his mind.

It was not at all surprising that any hurried attempt at putting on a button would only end in its quickly coming off, but buttons could not be made to keep on for ever; still they should be attended to on every favorable opportunity, and on the smallest signs of giving way, should be immediately repaired. It was, however, a very melancholy case, that a button should fall into a basin of soup unseen, and be so swallowed, or nearly so, as to produce choking, and ultimately, death by a stoppage in the bowels.

He (A.S.S.) had once, at a wedding at which he was present, seen a ring put on a plate in some trifle. Now if it had stuck in the throat of his rival, and he had died, it

might have been the occasion of a houseful of little Smith's instead of a houseful of little Roberts's, and certainly, whatever disaster had overtaken his rival, it never would have occasioned any very deep feelings of regret to A.S.S., at what he would call a fortunate providential dispensation, though perhaps, it might have been one even to poor Roberts.

The other tracts he passed over for a more fitting occasion. He would like to have hung over the pages of the tract relating to cancer, No. 4. Knowing himself to be irritable, he felt a little afraid lest his irritability might cause him to have a cancer. He read the tract rather more attentively than he would otherwise have done, besides which, he thought it might be serviceable as a help to that self discipline which the leader of his Wesleyan class had always told him he much needed.

The case of the loss of a leg by a hole in a stocking, narrated in No. 3 tract, was written a little too much in a burlesque style, as though the writer thought the subject admitted of being made fun and game of, which he did not like. He, the writer, need not say the wooden leg saved a stocking, and that its advantage was, if broken, it was readily mended; everybody knew this. How did a hole in a stocking make the loss of a leg? Indignantly he threw down the tract, and I believe he never found out how it did.

Tract No. 1, "On consequences of neglect of household requirements," A.S.S. took a little more time to read leisurely.

In this particular tract is told a story of a couple of young people, who started very well in life. The husband was a respectable hatter; he had a nice little business, which brought him in from £200 to £250 a year, and was very domestic and happy in his home. The first shock which disturbed his married felicity, was by finding certain Christmas bills sent in, which had been contracted without his knowledge. He thought he had saved enough money to add a new department to his hat business. Caps should go with hats, he thought, and with £50 or a £100 he could buy a nice new stock of caps, which would considerably improve the appearance of his shop window. He had always told his wife never to run into debt, "but pay for goods when you get them." She had not done this, and with a beer, wine, and spirit bill, which he never expected, being himself a teetotaller, the expenses were increased nearly £60 more in the twelve months than he expected. After putting the beer to the servant's account, the wines and spirits consumed were still a large item.

All this was quite true. The poor girl came from a good stock; her mother, now a widow, was left almost penniless, had been

reared in affluence, and had thought it beneath her notice to see that her daughter should know how to cook, and superintend kitchen matters, so that this poor young wife was quite at the mercy of her servant, whose extravagant ways escaped notice. This, I believe, is not very uncommon in a young lady owning a kitchen, and managing it for the first year of her married life. It is surprising what a deal young wives learn the first year, often more than the husbands care to pay for. This young lady possessed many accomplishments, of which, unfortunately, account-keeping was not one. Her husband had hoped that she would have taken to keeping his books, but she very soon became wearied with the occupation, and as a kind and loving husband which he wished to be, he kept them himself.

This shock to his feelings, produced by finding these unknown and unpaid bills, coupled with a dirty, unmanageable, extravagant servant, a dirty kitchen, and a dusty parlour—his wife was not strong enough for dusting—and indeed, by reason of her delicacy, had fallen into negligent personal habits. All these things had so worked on the poor young man's mind, that in a fit of low spirits, he was for committing suicide.

A.S.S., the very respectable wine merchant, like most persons whose interests run in a given

direction, saw no evil in the wine and spirit bill; spirits, he thought, perhaps, might be left out; less beer should be taken by the servant, but the other spendings were very sad illustrations of deficient modern knowledge and training, and if persisted in, would bring any man to ruin.

A.S.S.'S VISIT TO THE MUSIC-ROOM.

ALMOST a fortnight elapsed before A.S.S. thought himself well enough to visit the club again, so serious had been the attack of his gout. He liked music very much, and wished especially to hear it; he thought he knew what music was, and had no little pride in this knowledge.

He had been an old musician himself. When a young man, he went in for playing the double-bass. It did for him in his younger days what the athletics and billiard-tables of these degenerate modern days do for their young votaries, it put him in a perspiration, and in his practice at home, it furnished him with that needful exercise which he now had reason to believe, had saved him many times from attacks of the gout. The choir of the place of worship which he attended had been supported greatly by stringed instruments in its bass parts. It was a remarkable day for that choir

when A.S.S. managed to be the first who had got and played a double-bass. The bassoon had been previously introduced. The serpent had been objected to; it was left to the pulpit to decide. Within the last few years these instruments have been greatly superseded by the deeper diapasons of the organ, or the metallic, trumpet-like ring of the lowest notes of the harmonium.

A.S.S. thought it a mistake in a congregation at church to condense so many instruments into the hands of an organist and a blower. He wished the melodious voices of the church would extend their parts in conjunction with the instruments in the choir, all through the church.

Singing gave employment to separate individualities, and especially kept together many of whom no one now knows where they go on a Sunday. He had known many men who could not control their ears and voices, and get them, as it were, in unison, but, who could make very reasonable accompanists with the music of a tonic, a dominant, and a sub-dominant; such should be encouraged. "I never saw," he would say, "the bit of music I could not accompany with these notes." His power of execution was astonishing to himself. For his part, he should like the choir of a Christian church to take, for typical reasons,

the Russian horn-band as a model—one note for one man. The needful watchfulness of a good Christian would be significantly symbolized as a watchful, attentive performer, always ready with his one note. He would leave the trebles to disport themselves as they pleased. A Christian man for every organ pipe was his notion, so that in singleness of mind and purpose, there might be no uncertainty of sound in his walk and conversation.

Now, A.S.S. feeling himself better, on the whole, thought he might venture on the exercise needful for mounting one flight of stairs, and as Morton had to call on him with a message from the president, he thought he could accompany him to the club.

He found himself in the music-room, accompanied by Morton.

Curry was teaching a few lads in Morton's absence, Morton usually taking the careful drudgery of drilling them in their *do, re, me, fa, sol, la, si, do* scales. One handsome-looking little lad of five or six, took his immediate attention. The child seemed to be amusing himself with making a musical cat's cradle. He could not vibrate the strings with both hands engaged, so he stuck his piece of slate-pencil in a hole in the wall, and then, to his satisfaction, he could set the strings into vibration as often as he liked, and listen to the

chords and discords as he pleased. Curry was called out, and little Holkham went to his place and sat down. "I will take the place of Mr. Curry, I will teach," and in innocent mimicry, said, "Now, boys!" Clearing his throat as Curry did, stroking his whiskerless face, and beginning with the accustomed "Now lads, begin at three, as I count—one, two, three," and he sang, "What is hope, a heavenly ray," followed by the lads.

It was just at this point of the proceedings that Morton and A.S.S. entered the room. Morton was delighted to see Holkham getting on so nicely. Holkham did not see Smith and Morton enter the room, so that his teaching powers were like a brisk young child running wild and reckless, with no fear of man before his eyes. The keys of the piano often seemed to jump under his fingers with delight, so enthusiastic was the little boy in his work of teaching and accompanying. Directly Morton entered, and as soon as Holkham had seen him, with kindly and sensitive gentleness, he at once dropped off the stool, ran and took his dear Morton's hand, and with all the artless affection of a child of five or six, held his face to be kissed and greeted as usual. It was wonderful to see the love between the youth of seventeen or eighteen, and this child of five or six.

A.S.S. was much struck with the scene, and still more with the wonderful powers of little Holkham at the pianoforte. What were said to be the capabilities of Mozart at his age, were those of Holkham's.

Morton's powers of order in conducting choir and orchestra when Curry was out, were great. On Morton's entrance, every lad ran to the place where he kept his surplice, put it quickly on, and arrayed himself ready for a night's rehearsal, or, as it was called on this special occasion, anthem night.

Other members, bass and tenors, made their appearance, each surpliced, Curry also, carrying a bright silver mace or wand, a part of which unscrewed, and with this Curry used to beat time. To make the orchestral effects more striking, he used the white surplices of the church, the red robes of the theatre, and the black gowns of the bar. Thus, the three great sources of oral instruction and amusement were made typical by the contrasts and union that exist between them. The red robes were used when singing ordinary profane music, and the white and black for anthems and other sacred music. The well-trained orchestral band was placed almost out of sight. Gradually many members of the club, some accompanied by ladies, came in, and the evening's music began.

Parts of Handel's famous oratorios and Mozart's masses were the subjects selected for the first part of the evening.

Curry took up as an introduction, "O come let us worship," a solo of Handel's. It had been formerly sung by Mr. Hobbs with much applause at a Norwich festival. Curry's rendering of it was much esteemed, and very well and cleverly done. He was accompanied by little Holkham on the piano. This pleased A.S.S. very much; such a little boy to play so well. It was Holkham's turn to sing, and he sang from the oratorio of Theodora, "Angels ever bright and fair," accompanied by one, a stranger, of whom we will speak presently. Holkham did this so expressively as to merit the enthusiastic applause of the audience, indeed, his young face was animated as though he were surrounded and supported by a number of little angels, who were playfully giving a recognition of one of themselves. A quartette from Mozart's requiem, "*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*," sung by Holkham, Boyce, Morton, and Curry, was also rendered so effectively as to call for its repetition. Mr. Brewin, who was present, was delighted, but thought, with pity, of that child Holkham's nervous system. What's to become of him? Music, music, always music; nothing else for life.

The choruses were well sustained. The

famous country organist, to whom we have just made reference as the stranger, presiding at the pianoforte, was formerly a pupil of Wesley's. He was a man of genius as a performer and composer, and was one of those men who would make themselves eminent anywhere. Being in town on a visit, he called on his old friend Curry. Curry asked for his assistance at this concert, and he rendered it very kindly. Unfortunately, drink and the excitement of politics had been his bane, and the habit of excess had got fast hold of him. As organist of the parish church where he resided, he had fallen out a few months ago with his patrons, the corporation, men of the old Tory school. On the Sunday after a certain ninth of November, when it was the custom of the corporation to attend divine worship, he had played as a voluntary the "Rogue's March." This would never do, and being under the influence of drink and radical politics, he was for this offence dismissed. This preyed on his mind and made him unhappy. He, however, paid more attention than he hitherto had done to teaching, and his affairs mended. He further thought he would try and become a total abstainer. He succeeded, and by unremitting good conduct, regained his office of organist, to the great pleasure of the parishioners. Soon after he had become an abstainer, he and a poetical friend brought out a teetotal song, now

well-known as "The Spotless White Banner of Temperance for me," which became famous in all public meetings gathered for the cause of temperance.

Little Holkham was almost beside himself with delight at the beauty of the accompaniments of this accomplished and wonderful player. He had heard from Curry what this organist could do on the organ. That he could play a storm like a real one, that he used his brains in all he did, and would play one kind of church music for a dull, cold Sunday, and another kind for a bright, sunshiny one; that at times he would become so excited with his imagination as to play with his hands, feet, and nose. "Oh," thought Holkham, "what will I not try to do when they get the new music hall, the new organ, and the new surplices? Wont I play?" A.S.S. thought the only defect, for which he was sorry, was that the instrumental parts were so weak, and wanted so much support from his double-bass. But as it was the full intention of the society to put in its hall an organ fully able to fill with sound its ample space and height, then all would soon be right. They did not care much for an harmonium, an instrument recently invented, and preferred to wait for their new organ. The second part down for execution was Handel's "Acis and Galatea." Curry's

"Ruddier than a Cherry," was quite equal to Staudgil's rendering, and being secular music, the white surplices were changed for scarlet. It was the first time A.S.S. had seen anything of the kind. It was a great improvement on white, and perhaps, would be even greater, if the surplice was made in red and white. A.S.S. asked Curry how he came to think of surplices at all, and Curry told him lads liked to be seen in something unusual and different from their playfellows. It gave them importance. When a boy, he played marbles in his jacket, but never in a coat; whilst in his surplice, he never felt inclined to play at all, but kept to his music like a man.

EPISODE OF HOLKHAM'S LIFE.

I know my readers like, now and then, a simple digressional story. I cannot say that this is altogether away from my subject, or that it merits the name of a digression, but I think the early genius of this child Holkham ought not to be left unnoticed. No part of our literature is more interesting than that adorned with these nice little embellishments of good and clever children, which, for the most part,

have as much truth in them as this narrative.

I name the particulars as I heard them from the child's mother, Mrs. Holkham.

What prouder feeling can a mother have than to feel her child a living genius? Does not many a woman desire offspring for the sole purpose that she may give birth to genius?

Well, Holkham would lie in his cradle as a babe, and sing himself to sleep, with running over and making little sounds that evidently, from the outside world, had made an impression on the nerves of the little brain. These sounds always followed in perfectly regular intervals, and in musical keys. At the age of two he could sing all his mother's little nursery airs with wonderful precision, and began to accompany himself on the piano, so that in fact, his mother expressed truthfully, that she never knew when he did not play.

One day—a fine summer's day—when Holkham was about four years of age, this little child was seen stealing into the parlour. His mother—a kindly mother—dropped for a moment her sewing, following him with her eyes, to see what he was about. He could hardly carry the tea-tray; but certainly it was that he was drawing along as well as he could. He had observed many times, that if the tray got struck, even only a little, he got fine deep tones, and more than once he had been known

to push it down from the side of the wall on the table, that he might hear the noise.

He got it in a corner of the garden under the apple-tree. His mother there saw him surrounded with his toys—all of a musical kind. His drum was tied to a branch of the apple-tree, just at the height of the chair on which Dash, his little dog and playmate lay, wagging his tail at what was going on. From another branch hung an apple which was scooped out in the middle, it had a hole through it, and so was strung up about the height suitable to strike the tray when Holkham should move the string with his little foot.

The drum was placed near to the dog's chair, and every time Dash wagged his tail the drum got beaten in a nice, soft, and captivating manner. Thus he might be seen—and as his mother really did see him—with a little flageolet in his mouth, and seated on a block of wood, making the apple knock the tea-tray, to get its Chinese, gong-like sound out of it, the dog Dash beating the drum. The music was at first a little difficult to harmonize; but so it was, that he just managed to employ his two or three notes, which A.S.S. so well described as the tonic, dominant, and sub-dominant, whilst he played a musical air with his little flute in variable strains, for the treble of his imaginary choir.

This device succeeding, his next object was to try and secure the services of a little kitten. Many of us have known a comic song or two based on cat's mewing, that have made some people laugh exceedingly, for what reason we never knew; but as for the services of the kitten, - Holkham had a higher aim than to produce laughing. He thought he could get its mews into harmony, but to his grief, when he took hold of it, the puss, the old mother—no doubt very natural in her affections, but a vixen—scratched him. He roared out famously, "Naughty pussy hurt Holkham!" His mother was for going to see what was wrong, but hearing him repeat, in mimicry, his own cry, she thought there was not much the matter. Indeed, this story really is told of his early precocity, and if it were swept away as exaggerated, still the truth remains, as I have said, of Holkham, that he never knew when he first began to play the piano.

DINNER RULES: WHAT THEY WERE.

WE have now disposed of the visit of Mr. Adam Snowdrop Smith to the music-room. He was a good deal tired by this musical entertainment, after his recent illness, but much

enjoyed it. Curry suggested that he should now arrange to attend one of their ordinary daily dinners, or perhaps, what would be better, to attend one of the weekly ones, to which one or two visitors were usually invited to meet the members of the committee. The weekly dinner of the society was rather a heavier affair than the daily. Science, and philosophy, and art were invoked to lend their aids, if not to produce altogether a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," yet a highly enjoyable and palatable dinner, with talk and a kind of good-natured chaffing, which stood very well in the place of wit when that could not be got, so that each course got enlivened with that best of all helps for digestion—good-tempered, easy, and light conversation.

Mr. Adam Snowdrop Smith fixed on the weekly visiting night for eating his first dinner with the society, as suggested by Curry. The visitors who were coming to dine were two gentlemen known to Curry, as living in a town not far from his cathedral city, one of whom, as we have seen, presided at the piano of the concert-room.

A.S.S. went to the club at the time appointed, which was half-an-hour earlier than the time fixed for the committee.

Curry introduced to him the chief of the kitchen and the chief of the waiters. This he

did on principle. Both should know their man. Both be interested in their man, especially if an invalid. The great art of cooking is to cook for a man's palate and digestion. Curry did not believe in the diet of water establishments, he had lived in one of them once, and of all systems, he felt that procrustean system to be often the most unsuitable for the human frame; every condition of health should be studied; food and drink ought to be prescribed as much as, or indeed, more than medicine. So important was it to study this art of cooking, Curry said, that the former cook often used to say he could kill a man in six months by giving him improper food not properly cooked. Verily, it is quite true, that what is one man's food is another man's poison. The club thought themselves very fortunate to have secured the services of the present cook—M. Edouard—who had been one of the most esteemed assistants of M. Soyer. He had been recommended by Dr. Turner. It came about thus:—The doctor turned into a club one day when visiting London. It was called a club, but really, it meant a place where you could get a good dinner at a small expense. He took up a card, and found at the back of it, "Special directions how to enjoy a dinner, how to eat a dinner, and how to digest a dinner." This seemed rather original and daring, for a proceeding that everyone had to do daily for himself.

The directions were very simple. The waiter who presented the card had formerly been an under-dresser at an hospital, and had got to know a good deal of the ways of doctors, and nurses, and patients; and he almost knew at a glance the kind of dinner suitable for him who wanted one. When Dr. Turner went into the club-house, he was very nicely addressed under the name of Dr. Turner by this good man, who was called in the common waiting parlance, "James." The good doctor looked with astonishment. "I daresay, sir," said James, "you don't recollect me, but I do you. I was an under-dresser for the same hospital that you walked. Don't you remember you got me to take a body of a young woman from one of the hospital beds to the dissecting-room? we thought her dead! Don't you remember the start it gave you to see her open her eyes, and hear her ask you what you were doing? I could not speak, my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. You said off-hand, promptly, 'Going to dissect you.' 'No, not if I know it,' she said, and jumped off the table, and was away in no time. We were so surprised she got away from us quite easily. You told me afterwards that your senior doctor—full of fun and frolic—planted this on you. He knew the girl had been pretending a good deal of fainting and hysterics, just to get into the

sick ward of the hospital. So we were made to do the job, which you know, Dr. Turner, we did, in our usual clever style."

And so James, you are the man, looking well and as young as ever—not a grey hair?"

"Yes, sir, come to waiting at last. It suits me better, and that, with Assam tea, keeps me young-looking. Besides, I feel to be one of the greatest philanthropists living. I mean in this place—studying to give people dinners suitable for good temper and long life.

"These are my four tables at which I wait," pointing to four near to where he stood, "and I have as decent a number of gentlemen for dinners as any man I know. They always come to me, if possible, to be waited on. You see that I have not done joking yet, and do as many other people do who advertise themselves.

"I drew up these rules." The doctor proceeded to read them:—

I.—How to enjoy a dinner. Ask James to select one suitable for you, if you have not ordered it.

II.—How to eat a dinner. Slowly, in pleasant company, with clean hands, and clean cloth, and James to wait on you.

III.—How to digest a dinner. Sit awhile after it, and think what you would like for to-morrow, and before leaving, give James an order for it.

What to drink? Ask your doctor what suits you best.

When to drink? When you are thirsty.

Where to drink. Here; good water, good wines, good spirits, and good beer you can have supplied, as ordered.

"Well, James, they are all very good rules. Now, give me a dinner that you think will suit me."

Dr. Turner remembering James as a very decent fellow, took this opportunity to tell him of the want of the Eccentric Club of a good cook. James thought a few moments, and then said he knew the very man—one trained by Monsieur Soyer—a nice, respectable Frenchman, Edouard. The club finding him, on enquiry, a very suitable man, secured his services, and Curry now said that he has always liked Edouard very much, as a clever, painstaking, artistic, and scientific cook.

Curry continued, telling A.S.S. that the club, finding Dr. Turner's cook such a success, left it to him to find a waiter. The doctor arranged to secure, after a time, the veritable James himself, of whom we have been speaking.

"Here, James," said Curry, "I have brought you a new member, Mr. Adam Snowdrop Smith; make him comfortable, and treat him well. He has let us our new premises that you were looking at the other day."

COMMITTEE MEETINGS.

PRIOR to entertaining visitors, it was customary, as we have said, for the committee to meet before dinner, in the library at half-past five, to hear the last minutes, and notices of meetings for the ensuing week read. The following abstract relating to the visitor of last week, is that which Morton wrote and entered on the books. The president having taken the chair, Morton proceeded :—

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25TH, 1858.

MINUTES OF MEETINGS OF THE ECCENTRIC CLUB.

This evening the club had the pleasure of the company, as a visitor, of Mr. Borthwick, a partner of the firm of Messrs. Stephenson and Co., engineers. The firm is employed to watch the progress of works going on at Wisbech, for the improvement of the river Nene. Mr. Borthwick made himself very pleasant. No nonsense in him—a straightforward Scotchman—without any of the manners of the would-be-clever. His conversation, when speaking of details, led him much into general expressions on that of which he had been talking, putting his language as it were, into formula, fit for an equation. The following sentences mark the style.

Thus he said, when speaking of some one he was employing :—

“I judge every man to be honest, till I find him otherwise.”

“Of public servants, they are generally ill-paid; a few get over-paid.” “To secure ability, you must be content to pay for it.”

“A man may get a deal of information by using a little time well. Books in a man’s possession were no use unless read; he had just given away the ‘Aldine Poets,’ because he had not time to read them.”

He generally found time to read the miscellaneous works of the press, from half-past five in the morning till he got up. Even amidst the most pressing and anxious engagements, it seems he could find time to read, and from habit, could abstract himself from all other matters but those in hand. He had been first in his school class, and had come to London with only £20 in his pocket, and felt that if anybody had pluck for difficulties, he should be the man.

“Straightforward men do not generally arrive at very different results. Rendal had made a plan of alterations suitable for the river Nene. I compared his drawings with mine, and showed him a plan almost identical with his.”

“I never make mysteries of things that

don't want it, and precious few things do want it." In this interesting kind of style he went on to say, that it was formerly considered Liverpool was the only place in the world where a man, in order to finish his education, required to pass through the Bankruptcy Court.

He told us that he had been to Brazil recently. Its civilization and commerce, he hoped, would be rapidly extended by the introduction of railways, thus bringing rivers and towns into connection with each other. The Amazon is already navigated by steamers. The slave trade is doomed, and thousands have now their liberty. His opinion of slavery was that it existed in its most repulsive form in those parts of the world which depended on its supply from breeding at home, as it had largely done in Brazil.

He also named that when in Canada, on business relating to the bridge over the St. Lawrence, he had bought there a thousand acres of land. He did not know if he had done right. Many had a low opinion of the Canadians, and said that they would do you if they could, and therefore would never recommend anybody to emigrate there. The climate was some 90 degrees to 100 degrees in summer, and 40 degrees to 50 degrees below freezing in winter, but such was the soil, that it produced, in a short summer, more variety of grains than

we could in England or Ireland. With railways, he said, there was a splendid future before it.

He told us that the railway in Egypt took its origin from Mr. Robert Stephenson and himself being on a yachting tour for the benefit of their health. When there, they were noticed by the Pasha, and an order given to them for a railway, which they accepted, and so it prevented them from going further on their intended holiday excursion. Mr. Borthwick said that he had been eight times to Egypt, to direct the making of the railways there. Once the Pasha of Egypt wished to see him on a Sunday for business. He told him he did not mind this time, but he hoped he might be spared in future. This was cordially agreed to, and he was no more troubled with Sunday work. His *no* to the Pasha of Egypt, was perhaps the very first *no* that ruler had heard in his life. It is a great advantage for a man to be able to say *no*.

Alexandria, he said, was greatly European. Even Cairo was becoming more so. A large street was about to be constructed, shops about fourteen feet by twelve. He saw the pyramids, and had been into Nubia.

He said that he was fond of animals, and by passing on his way daily, some pigs got to know him, and actually answered by name. The Egyptian asses were notably a clever race.

There were a great number of dogs in Egypt without owners. One kind he much disliked; it would give a grab, without awakening a moment's suspicion. Camels, we know, are capable of long remaining without drink; for his part, he felt whilst they held out a long time, say two or three days, still it much distressed them.

Foster's book of "The Inscriptions of Palestine," he considered, was not much to be depended on. He seemed a man to be led away by his theories.

The president then observed, after the reading of the above, that he had let the secretary, at the risk of being prosy, give at greater length than usual the minutes of this talk of Mr. Borthwick, as the talk of an eminent man. What he had said was now entered in the repertory of similar talk of others equally eminent, written, as they all knew, in the books of the Eccentric Club. Borthwick was one of those many men who have in this century worked at the highest possible speed, physically and intellectually, at a speed which has been going on with almost everything. He was one who energetically helped to cover the globe with the present systems of railway. This has given, for the last fifty years, enormous development to engineering applications in every department of civil engineering, where skill and

power were required. In a period of time less than fifty years, men have risen with meteoric swiftness and brilliancy, to accomplish much more than the world has ever seen before in the same time, but it has been to some extent at the cost of life. Many have been killed by the very speed of operation which their own power generated. I have seen in a committee-room of the House of Lords or Commons on some one question, the busy intellects of Walker, Rendal, Stephenson, Brunel, Borthwick, Bidder, and Vignolds, several of whom have gone prematurely to the grave, worn out with the crushing effect of labor and excitement—forces they themselves knew not how to regulate.

Curry said that if he might be permitted to say a word, he could not help observing, that had some of those named had only two-and-sixpenny dinners, with the application of common sense in directing their own organizations properly, it would have prevented them from perishing in this untimely manner.

Mr. Brewin also concurred in what had been said. The men of that day seemed to have no fly-wheel power—all was impulse at one time, and stagnation and repose, and even dissipation, at another—a little fly-wheel momentum would have served them and the country better. "I dread to see men with no fly-wheel

to regulate their energy and persistency, no common sense to guide them. But this is too much the character of England all over. Her business men have a large amount of knowledge as so much fly-wheel power to guide them, and do not know how to use it. She has figures and Board of Trade tables without end, and manages them pretty well in importing goods from other countries, but when she manufactures, she goes in for making all at once, enough for a century, and would do so in cotton, coal, and iron, if her manufacturers could secure banking accounts at their back, and money with which to build factories. Leicester and Nottingham would make a hundred stockings and boots for a leg and a foot, and wonder nobody wanted more than a few pairs. No sir, we are all short of fly-wheel power, no discretion in what we do, till panics pull us up."

Mr. Jones was not at all surprised at Mr. Borthwick's remarks of Canada. In the few years' experience of business life that he had had, he had known some of the rising merchants of Quebec and Montreal, and he had been amazed at the very low moral tone of what were termed their first merchants and shipowners, though it was not much noticed in the cities themselves. The delinquents held up their heads as honest men, passed muster by liberal

subscriptions to an hospital, or taking shares in new undertakings. Our morals at home were not first-class in many respects, but what should we think of a chairman of one of our banks charging for insurance on a cargo of wood that he never insured? another, a merchant selling a parcel of first quality staves, and mixing them off with a quantity of second quality, because he thought he had sold the parcel too cheap; another, selling first quality slates equal to any produced by any Welsh quarry, and when to hand, it was found that much inferior rubbish was put into boxes as best slates. Well, this is Canadian first-class mercantile honor.

Mr. Seaton would ask if Mr. Jones could obtain for him the photographs of those people of whom he complained. Instead of making busts of outsiders, as formerly, he now tried to collect that kind of portraits. If any member felt an interest in looking at his collection, they could see them in the bust-room. The foundation of all ethical law was based on the principle that each person "pursuing his own true and substantial happiness should, by this self-love, ensure this happiness by his natural actions." The collection of faces would, no doubt, after a time, show a portraiture of how each person had tried by natural action to obtain his happiness, and the probable

sources of it, as evidently seen by Lavater, to be indented in the lineaments of the face itself. Malevolent self-love, producing by molecular action on the nerves, one kind of facial expression; benevolent self-love, another, merely by the laws of waste, and assimilation of tissue by nerve power.

Mr. Roberts thought it was scarcely fair to condemn the many for the few. It must be remembered that the people had to live and get forward in a very ungenerous climate. Climate had to do much with men's conduct. For his part, he thought they were only now getting out of their reptile state, to become, he hoped, a higher order of mammalian existence.

Mr. Edwards said Mr. Jones was only dealing with one side of the question. Was there any part of the world where more bad debts were made than in Canada? He did not know a country where a good new excuse—a really good one—for not paying, would sell for such a high price.

Mr. Eaves thought the secretary had passed rather too much of a judgment on that which should be only a mere narration of facts. What business had he to say that such and such an one had made himself very pleasant; of course every gentleman would do this, and Curry would be the last man to ask any visitor who

was not a gentleman. In a long experience he only knew of one case, when a young curate, by reason of his youth and inexperience, acted rudely in getting into a passion, and then he did it by mistaking a joke for a reality. One of the club, describing bishops as the old gentlemen with bibs, he took fire at the lowering expression of what looked to him the greatest gift of God to man—a bishop and his bishopric. Also as to saying a man had no nonsense—why that might be the very thing for which Curry might invite a man—nonsense was a far more useful commodity than was generally thought. Would you always like to walk in a straight plane road, without trees, or hills, or valleys to look upon, no variety whatever? No, certainly not; such a country was most oppressive. He once knew a man who would have windows glazed with corrugated glass, only to break the monotony of a flat country by an artificial, irregular delusion. Nonsense from some people adorned and embellished their lives more appropriately than did their sense. However, with these remarks, he supported the motion that the minutes be adopted.

Mr. Elliot remarked that he thought the world had never seen before so rapid a growth of a profession as this of civil engineering. The Institution of Civil Engineers began in

1817, and had in 1856 some eight hundred members of all classes now belonging to it. At the present rate of increase, there would be between three or four thousand in 1870. To the labor and skill of this body, value has been imparted to the country incalculably large. Quarries, mines, docks, canals, railways, gas works, and water works are producing ten-fold or twelve-fold the income they did in 1817, whilst rent itself has actually fallen in amount.

The committee, on the whole, approved of these minutes made by Morton, as secretary, and they were adopted, and signed by the president in the usual form.

Curry paid in a small sum for fines collected from those members who had incurred them, for telling the same old anecdotes again without the usual intervention of a fortnight, but it was a fact, that a few old members would any time pay a fine rather than be debarred the pleasure of telling their old stories. The society wished, as far as possible, that their laws should be as Blackstone interpreted British law—commit the offence, pay a fine, and think no more of it.

Morton then proceeded to read the following notices of meetings for the ensuing week :—

MONDAY.—A special general meeting in the board-room, to determine whether the old busts of outside members shall be preserved,

after the signal failure of trying to sell them to their descendants, or to determine in what way they shall be disposed of. *Suggestions*: That they be offered to the Exhibition of Wax Works, as works of art. To read letter, containing an offer from a Birmingham manufacturer, wanting to buy them for export as idols, first coating them by a new process with brass or copper.

TUESDAY.—A paper will be read in the philanthropic section by Mr. Banward, on “Developing one of the Highest Types of Philanthropy.” *Syllabus*—The provision of small annuities to female domestic servants, with an account of the beneficial action of a small society of the kind, which granted the sum of two-and-sixpence weekly to each member. This society has now for many years granted this two-and-sixpence weekly as its highest amount to its annuitants; £26, a capital sum, provides one shilling a-week. £26, at five per cent., allows to depositors sixpence a-week, and still depositors own their £26. The assured value on a life to secure £26, would be about threepence or fourpence a-week. The probable extent of eleemosynary assistance to provide for by a society is—for every shilling a-week annuity, not more than a

donation of twopence or threepence a-week. Scarcely any philanthropic society could effect so much good for such a trifling sum. Conclusion.

WEDNESDAY.—THE WEEKLY DINNER.

DUET ON PIANO—"Is Love a Crime?"

Other business as usual at ordinary meetings, including a new tract in the Unhappy Husbands' Club.

THURSDAY.—Concert. Repetition of last programme, from its great success in the preceding week.

FRIDAY. — Philosophical disquisitions continued. (1) Is the cup in a fruit pie of any use? Mechanical conditions defined. (2) Would bleeding a man in drink on the organ of weight, sober him? This action of blood letting seems one of Nature's rougher modes of operation, and is illustrated by examples taken from the streets of persons with bloody noses and black eyes, produced by fighting, falling, or other accidents.

SATURDAY.—(1) Paper by Mr. Brewin on the "Effects of Race," illustrated by the different rates of the pulse of an Englishman, a Scotchman, a Welshman, and an Irishman. By inductive reasoning there is a difference.

By deductive experiments there is no sufficient number of instances to prove that there is a difference. (2) William White, to read a paper on the "Regulation of Sinful Appetites by Natural Law"; first—by being born short-sighted; second—artificially, by altered conditions of nervous system, by exercise, medicine, or occupation. Men are like pianos; nerves are the keyboard to act on, external circumstances are the fingers which play on them.

SUNDAY.—Morton's class. Short account of the Waldenses in England, by Mr. Banward.

DINING AND LONGEVITY.

It being now nearly half-past six, those who made up the *table d'hôte* to dine together, had to hear from Curry some account of those visitors that he had invited, so that from the qualities which distinguished them and gave them their reputation in the world, the president might know how, and in the best and simplest mode to propose their healths. This was the old-fashioned custom, that on the removal of the cloth for the dessert, grace being pronounced after meat, and the *Amen* sung by the choristers,

healths should be drunk to the visitors. Smith, on his entrance to the library, after seeing the kitchen, was greeted by the members, who willingly and heartily cheered the man who had placed such eligible premises as the new ones were, at their disposal. Some ten or twelve members and the two visitors who had just then arrived, were summoned to the dining-room, on intimation from the waiter to the guests, that all was ready.

It was not unfrequently the case that several of those waiting for dinner became extremely hungry, and sensitively alive to the need of that meal. This was partly produced by design. Curry found, by introducing a small tube from the kitchen to the committee-room, he could diffuse some of the scent of the dinner, and with a brass-tap, which he subsequently found he needed, he could regulate the intensity of this fragrance as he pleased. This smell usually produced impatience, and wonderfully hastened the speechifying, abbreviating all redundancies of talk exceedingly, in the same way that the announcement of the municipal luncheon being ready, acts on the members of those corporate bodies who get such repasts free of cost to themselves, out of the ratepayers' moneys.

Curry got this idea of using another sense as an additional motive power for cutting

business short, from passing, when a boy, a bakehouse, but it had this difference, that the smell of the bakehouse seldom gave him the idea of the dinner of herbs and love with it he was to get at home, whilst Curry's tube did. On one occasion, when the cook was ill, a disaster, for want of a tap, overtook this inventive application, which well-nigh upset its use. The substituted cook took the assafoetidaë confection, used in very trifling quantities to flavor beefsteaks, and kept only for the purpose, and gave the members present so large a supply of the flavor, that their fingers went involuntarily to their noses. But even this did not stop the annoyance to those who were waiting for their dinner. It was such a strongly pronounced odour, in combination with others that came from the kitchen, as almost led to the sudden dispersion of the company. Curry, to avoid such a disaster in future, added the tap of which we have spoken.

Curry had, on entering office, in his usual way of looking into matters, very early gone into certain investigations as to the longevity of those who frequented club dinners. He found the average gave some years more longevity to those members who partook of the two-shilling-and-sixpenny dinners daily, than to those who took four or five shilling dinners; indeed it was frightful to see the shortness of life

in those who passed ten shillings and upwards, so much mischief is done by over-eating. Such people might really believe they could repair a stomach as easily as one could put a patch on a bag. Curry almost thought all clubs should, by means of deputations, have annual meetings, when this matter of longevity and diet could be discussed. He thought it might be as useful as a section of the Social Science Congress; indeed, a college of cooks and brewers might be advantageously promoted, and fitting diplomas issued, a nice silver medal might be added to adorn the persons of the successful, you saw such things among Freemasons and Oddfellows.

Seeing this variation of longevity in his own club to be so great, he went in for making the two-shilling-and-sixpenny dinners a dietary success. I don't suppose the sum could anywhere do the work better—give a dinner of several wholesome courses and half-a-pint of sherry. When I say half-a-pint of sherry, I mean one of the size of the half-pints of wine to be had at respectable hotels. I think I am right in saying, that to prevent inebriety, the more respectable the house, the smaller the size of the half-pint, at any rate, one-third of a pint, or about ninepence to one shilling was the cost of sherry alone, and one-shilling-and-sixpence the solid food of the dinner. This sum provided everything satisfactorily.

Curry did not like the sight of finikin half-pint decanters, and a pint was placed between two members. He thought nature would perhaps a little balance water drinkers and wine drinkers, and put things on a square with them. When he was young, a friend of his, Michael Taylor, told him of a singular trick he had played upon him. He and a brother teetotaller—a neighbour of his—found themselves summoned on many more coroner's inquests than their share, far more than their brother burgesses were summoned on. He was a teetotaller when teetotalism was hardly known. Sometime afterwards he found it had been the habit to put down the expenses of coroner's inquests paid to the jury in a lump sum, which was then spent in beer and spirits by most of the jury. And as he was a teetotaller, and also his neighbour, by this little sharpness of the subtle juryman who suggested it, the drink held out better. There was actually one-sixth more drink for all the others to divide, which pleased these five-sixths very much. Most drinkers have a great enjoyment in taking drink they get at other people's expense. Curry had often dwelt on this fact in his mind, and from observations at Sunday dinners in commercial-rooms, he saw not a few acts of kindness and benevolence in some of the older customers taking from the

younger ones what they were unwilling to carry, on account of the inconvenience of taking too much.

On this principle, Curry allowed the question of wines to settle itself, and nothing gave him a higher opinion of his club, than the fairness of the older to the younger.

Curry had been telling A.S.S. of the increased chance of longevity by two-and-sixpenny dinners, when A.S.S. said he did not doubt it. He was always for temperance, and as a wine merchant, he kept his eye on his customers, and he had no fewer than five or six between eighty and ninety years of age all alive at this time, who had been used all their lives to take wine from him, his father, and his grandfather. It was really interesting to follow up individual cases, where wine "that maketh glad the heart of man," fulfilled the Divine design of removing heaviness "from those that be of a heavy heart." No one could estimate the amount of heaviness to remove, if it were not for the quantity of wine used to remove it. This consumption showed it. He would, however, tell Mr. Curry a fact, that it was the temperate people who, after all, drank most in a life-time, and paid the best to the wine merchant.

As most people like cleverness, when it is not practised on themselves, or they are

not sufferers by it, I don't know that the "cuteness" of this jurymen who managed to get an increased supply of drink at other men's expense, should pass away without naming another little piece of his cleverness, and that is, his mode of proceeding on one occasion, when being called to serve on the petty jury. He did not like the duty, and went and begged off serving as a jurymen. He excused himself to the sheriff on the ground that his wife had twins. The sheriff, a kind-hearted man, felt for such a blessing—or calamity, as some call it—overtaking a man, and unhesitatingly allowed his commiseration to extend to the withdrawal of his name from the petty jury list of those who were to serve at the assizes at this particular time.

Soon after, a neighbour of his, one of the teetotal friends of whom I have spoken, went to the sheriff to make also the request to be spared from serving on this jury.

"What, neighbour Morling," said the sheriff, "has your wife got twins too, like the wife of your neighbour, Sanders Cheny? he has been here to say so." "No sir, nor has Mr. Cheny's wife just had twins either; she had them, but it was twelve years ago." "Oh, oh, aye! yes, I see I am done," said the sheriff; "I daresay I shall remember my friend again, and be able to cry quits with him and his twins."

THE DINNER.

THERE is really not much to say about a good plain dinner of good viands, if it be served properly on a nice clean cloth and with a clean napkin, and no fragmentary lagging in the waiting. The club dinner table, with plenty of well-selected flowers, and good light transmitted through all the many pieces of glass, should be in a room moderately large and lofty. There ought to be also good pictures to look at, a cheerful fire, and the room itself should be of a heat of about sixty degrees, and the several requirements of knives and forks in about the same prime condition as a gentleman chooses to have his hat, gloves, and boots. Well, this was about the appearance and condition of the dining-room that the guests were ushered into by Curry, followed by the members. Each was handed to his place. Being seated, you saw just the dozen for whom the table was fitted. The eccentricity of one of the old members went so far that he left, at his death, a small sum, for providing a parson of mature years to say grace, that the grace might be properly said. This old member had been often much irritated by the unseemly style too often used in this act of homage to Almighty God.

Hence, he expressly urged with his latest breath, "Let grace be said reverently, and the whole thing be done well, and decently, and in order." The following is the grace he repeated, and asked that, in remembrance of him, it might be occasionally used:—"We thank Thee, O Lord, for this further token of Thy goodness and loving-kindness, in providing for us, Thy creatures, all our wants," whereupon, as soon as pronounced, Holkham's little treble was heard in leading off the other choristers, a simple and beautifully sustained *Amen*, sung in full four parts. The old member had always said, that in his opinion, dinner graces would be all the better for being graced with that decorous solemnity that should belong to all that is done as homage to Almighty God, the Creator of us all. Better not done at all, than not done well. Curry had found a right and proper man, better than usual—a curate with a large family—one Mr. Thompson, to whom a dinner was a very gracious piece of loving-kindness. He was just suited for this duty, his whole manner was solemnity itself when he pleased. Being possessed with a fine deep voice, he gave the institution of grace itself a real place in the decorum of a well-managed dinner.

The president, his associates, and visitors seated themselves.

The dinner began with a special light kind of soup—the *cook's own*—chicken broth was the stock, flavored with decoctions made and specially manufactured, and put into stoppered bottles by Edouard, for ready use, with all the care used by a practical chemist, in preparing his infusion of herbs from the garden—sweet marjoram, sweet basil, sweet bay, penny royal, sage, sorrel, mint, borage, balm, thyme, eschalots, parsley, onions, leeks, tomatoes for tomato sauce, all of which have the distinguishing marks of their uses and operations on the organic system of man. One a corroborant, another carminative, some stomachic, some resolvent, some diluant and stimulative, others were supposed to have nervine, and emmenagogue, and errhine properties. The rosemary decoction was especially considered good for nervous headaches. Doctors of many past generations had given their experimental knowledge to develop a language, at least appearing to have come from the deepest source of wisdom, as this language shows that it has done.

Mr. Adam Snowdrop Smith thought that he had never taken soup so delicious before. He had known turtle soup, oyster soup, white soup, and lots of other kinds, but nothing pleased his palate like this, just the thing for a man recovering from the gout; all seemed

to enjoy this simple potage, which was followed by a nicely boiled, moderate sized turbot, with lobster sauce. After an entrée or two, the dishes pretty full; next came the *piece de resistance*—a *gigôt Breton*—that is, a leg of mutton nicely roasted, haricot beans stewed in gravy, and a purée of fried onions rubbed through a sieve; plenty of vegetables and smoking hot potatoes, all well served. No dodging about of the waiters, offering things two or three times over to some, and none to others, who are made to go without. This joint and the boiled turkey may be said to have put things in a most harmonious train.

There was no unseemly hurry. King, the member who left the small pension for a properly said grace and a dinner for the choristers, was a man of order. Before Curry had entered the establishment, King had voluntarily contrived certain rules, which the society accepted, and which existed in force now, as much as they ever did. The waiting of the establishment was as nearly perfect as it could be. Joints hot, sauce hot, and plates hot. Every encouragement was given to make the conversation general. The dishes were good, but few. A good sherry for the table, claret, and fine freshly-drawn water for assuaging a healthy man's thirst, and hock were on a table at the back, if any preferred them. Champagne as required. King insisted

much on punctuality in the cook; no shirking, and leaving sauces to be made by one, and potatoes to be attended to by another, without the oversight of the chief cook; everything was done properly. King had got a few good stock anecdotes, that he occasionally told for amusement and illustration. Lord Dudley's eccentricity was a favorite topic with him. Lord Dudley used to say of the gross unpunctuality of his two brothers, "If I ask Robert for Wednesday at seven, I shall get Charles at eight on Thursday." King would remind his hearers that this Lord Dudley was the man who always liked apple-pie. When dining at a grand dinner at Prince Esterhazy's, he was terribly put out on finding no apple-pie. "Bless my soul—no apple-pie," he kept on murmuring in this abrupt way during much of the dinner, loud enough for his neighbours to hear.

King used to tell an instance of one of those flashes of silence, as Sydney Smith termed them. Thackeray exclaimed, "Now, don't let us speak a word until we have finished this dish." It was a *matelote* of surpassing excellence. Another of King's tales was of an Irish nobleman telling his son that he had no property, but a secret to impart to him, which might, perhaps, compensate for his dilapidated condition, *crab sauce is better than lobster sauce*. King liked to tell of the attempts

of Lord Byron when in Italy, to make a plum-pudding. He had made up his mind to have one on his birthday. He busied himself all the morning about it to prevent any mistakes, "yet, after all these pains and anxiety, it appeared in a tureen, and of the thickness of soup." King liked also to tell of Sir Humphrey Davy's visit to the club, soon after he had discovered his new metals of potassium and sodium. Davy said to them, "That there wanted many qualities for a chemical philosopher, and more indeed for a good cook. Athenæus, a philosopher of the time of Pliny," he remarked, "had said, 'That a good cook ought to be a mathematician, a theroretical musician, a natural philosopher, a natural historian,' &c., &c." King also hated the stiff custom of waiters serving the wine, and had managed to keep the old English custom for many a year in the club, of taking wine together. It was to his mind one of the most pleasing modes of recognition and peace-making greetings that could be. Poor old King was just the man to insist on having what he wanted, and when he wanted it. Little additions brought when you have nearly finished is not the way to manage matters, he would say. In all ordinary cases, the plan is to have everything wanted, on the table at the same time. What an absurdity it is for all to strive after the same dull style — let dinners be

according to one's means. It will be in the memory of some members of the club, that King had, occasionally, letters from those who had been visitors, asking him what sort of dinner he would recommend to be given to their friends. "You know," one would say, "what income I have a-year, what my room will hold, &c." He once replied thus, "The following is what I got from a book called 'The Art of Dining.' 'Soup, common, made at home, fish of little cost, any joints, the cheapest vegetables, some happy and inexpensive introduction, like crab, and a pudding; see everything good in quality, dinner well dressed, served hot, and in succession with their adjuncts. These will insure quantities of enjoyment nobody should be afraid to offer.' The first of all principles," said King, "is to remember, that we live not to eat, but eat to live; that we eat to repair so much waste of the body, occasioned by exercise or thought, and to get the most health of body and mind that we can secure from proper food, proper exercise, proper clothing, and properly ventilated apartments." Poor King had once got much out of sorts. He had caught cold from one of those not unfrequently sepulchral places, a friend's best bedroom, and specially damp sheets and clean blankets. This cold was followed by rheumatic fever. Some of his friends were for

sending him off to Smedley's. King did not like this much; however, he went and tried. Smedley received him with a look of pity. "Well, sir, what brings you here? dinners, I suppose. You had better read my book, and you will see what effects are at work by the over-feeding of modern society. Please your palate, please your taste, both as much as you can, and you will be repaid for it by indigestion, disease, and suffering, and soon be here or in the grave." King learned some few things by the visit which would work well into the regular life of the club, and nobody the worse, but soon the better for it. The dining of the club was like the salads, better for the mixture.

The dinner was ended, the grace after meeting pronounced, and the grand *Amen* intoned, repeated in fact, as at the commencement of dinner. The dessert was put on the table, and everything had run on nicely and smoothly, whilst, however, it was being done, A.S.S. sat quietly engaged with his toothpick, cogitating on the recent visit that he paid with Curry to the kitchen, thinking also of the table which Curry said he called privately to himself, the Unhappy Husbands' table, of the young husband seated at it, getting his two-and-sixpenny dinner, of Curry's remark, that he was sure the hatter, or tract

No. 1 as he called him, would never have thought of suicide on their diet, of his having married so poor a creature, who knew nothing of cooking, of the cold potatoes, and food given to the poor fellow on dirty plates; of the table, which being in a corner, admitted of nice pleasant suggestions by cards hanging on the walls, whilst eating his dinner. A.S.S. remembered some of the good proverbs put here and there. "Speech is silver, silence gold;" "The last word makes the quarrel;" "Pretty is that pretty does;" "All the same in a hundred years." And then those nice little pictures, "John Gilpin," "Judge Sancho." Such were the meditations of A.S.S., who thought Curry was right in doing as he had done. There would be no more talk of suicide, thought he, if the wife had learned her lesson aright. Curry, by this time, was uncorking two bottles of wine, and about to decanter them in two old-fashioned decanters, whose silver appendages and trays were all the gift of one of the old members to the society.

He happened to be like so many more, an old bachelor. This accounts for his acquaintance-ship and membership of the club. This donor was one John Rowlands, who had been a successful silversmith and jeweller, fair and honest above board in everything. Let him only make his principal moneys secure, and you

had no exacting demands of interest from him. Anything like usury he hated. No man ever lived who wanted to be every man's friend more than John Rowlands.

He it was who gave the decanters, and what was much more, his liberal spirit bequeathed an income large enough to supply the club with the wine grown on an estate of his own, which he had bought several years ago.

John had been in delicate health, and an old friend whom he occasionally saw on business from the Continent, Antonio Cantegani, persuaded him to accompany him home for a change.

John enjoyed his visit in Switzerland exceedingly, and recovered his health speedily, all, as he thought, through the good air and good wine of his friend's country, and the simple diet of its people.

John brought some of the wine home with him. All the club liked it so much, that he went in for more of his friend Antonio's growth.

Antonio Cantegani had lived many years in England, and got to know the habits of the people, and especially with a very large circle of customers, to see what were the drinks most liked. Port and sherry were the everlasting standing wines of the people. Many a time he sighed that he could not get the wines of his own vintage into the country.

The bottles of his wines that he brought over and gave away were so highly esteemed, that after tasting them, his friends generally placed them away for some rare occasion.

From the way the wine was received at the club, John Rowlands saw that he had made a hit.

Seated one night alone, with a bottle of the aforesaid wine before him, he built himself such a nice castle in the air, that when bed-time came, he could scarcely believe the time had passed so rapidly. He had, apparently to himself, seen a vision of his friend Antonio in Mendrisio, and was seated again with him outside the villa, looking at the beautiful cloud-capped mountain scenery; in the distance, he saw the streams running from the sides of the mountains, filling a river which passed close to that beautiful sheltered vineyard of his. The small streams brought down the sides of the mountain a débris, which was really the great fertilizer of the vines. A splendid climate, and this almost only solitary patch of land to have all the needful requirements to make it equal to produce wines of a higher character than Spain itself, or Portugal.

There had from time to time been a good deal of speculation, as to how it came to pass that the grape vines on which the sun fell in

the morning should produce this white wine, as those on which the sun fell in the afternoon should produce the red wine. The blue actinic or chemical rays in this particular climate, seemed to have the greater force in the morning; whilst the the thermal red rays, or heating rays of the afternoon's sun, seemed to have the special force of developing a purple of so rich a color as rarely to be seen.

John Rowlands had the whole estate in offer from his friend, waiting his reply. "Now," thought John, "I will buy the land; I will pay Antonio to continue to look after the estate and manage the vineyard; and I will go once a-year to visit this, my vineyard. I will always take with me some member of the club, and have, if we can, that rational enjoyment, which intercourse with such an innocent peasantry will be sure to give us." John was not one of those foolish people who often leave out of consideration certain terms on which a plan may succeed or not. The language he looked on as a difficulty to master, but quickly remembered that his friend's family—children and grandchildren—all talked English. John's castles in the air did not get dissipated this time as they often did, and almost always the next morning; but he at once completed the purchase, and for some few years secured the enjoyment of an estate,

that produced him the best wine at about the highest price paid for wine. Its cost was no disappointment; he wished to do his friend Cantegani a good turn, which he did, by giving him a fixed income for a precarious one, and a liberal allowance, for only a somewhat limited one what indeed, would be, in England, a mere pittance.

John, in the course of years, had grown too infirm for the journey, but as he loved to think of the enjoyable times he had had on his visits, he requested the committee to allow two of its members to visit annually the vineyard for him at his *liberal charge*, and bring a report, and arrange for a supply of its vintage for the club.

Poor John could not live for ever, and when he died, it was found he had bequeathed the estate, in trust, for the club, with adequate funds for two or three members to visit the estate, pay for its management, and see that the proper vintages should be selected for the club.

On the night of the visit of A.S.S., here was Curry just decanting the usual two or three bottles or more consumed at their dinners.

John Rowlands had loved his club, liked its two-and-sixpenny daily dinners, and liked its weekly dinners, of which no one knew the cost, so much being given as presents by the

members; and so delighted with his wine, that he had specially directed that portion of his will to be read relating to the vineyard, not less than once a-year, so that the society might know, at least by name, who had been the generous donor.

OTHER ITEMS OF JOHN ROWLANDS'S WILL.

"ITEM I.—Antonio Cantegani, for his natural life to be manager, at the salary he is now receiving.

"ITEM II.—Abraham Seaton, my friend, the sculptor, to have one pound sterling weekly, for bringing in the bust he has made of me, and placing the same on the dinner table.

"ITEM III.—Curry, for bringing in Miss Flint's bust, five shillings per week.

"ITEM IV.—These busts are not to be placed face to face. Though I got jilted by this Miss Flint, I still love her and hate her, and specially order her face never to be opposite to mine.

"ITEM V.—As Seaton and Curry are two respected friends of mine, who don't take gifts willingly, I wish them to be paid whether the busts are brought in or not. I leave it for them to do as they think proper in this matter, for the term of their natural lives.

“ITEM VI.—I wish my body to be prepared and dipped into one of my electro-plating vats, under the especial care of Abraham Seaton and my faithful servant, Joshua Craig, the worker out of my process at the factory. I have reason to feel that if I should be well and strongly coppered, many a man may, by my example, be his own tombstone. I should wish my nephew to place me in the spot I have denoted to him in my garden. I should like to have on the copper deposit a silver one, but my nephew will tell you, he prefers the copper as the most genteel. You know, he is my residuary legatee. He may be reminded that I have turned all his silver into gold for him.

“ITEM VII.—If my body should come up to what Seaton approves, I would wish Miss Flint to be offered the same process on her death, the resting place to be in the aforesaid garden, our faces not looking at one another.”

John Rowlands's wishes have always been respected as far as possible. There was, however, a matter of difficulty which arose after the death of Miss Flint, and with which the committee scarcely knew how to deal. It was discovered by Morton, in the course of his professional avocation, that poor Miss Flint had, for many years, been suffering from a

cancer, supposed to have been brought on by the great anxiety of attending to a sick mother, in her last and fatal illness. Now should the face of Miss Flint be ever opposite to John Rowlands? Some thought not. She ought to have trusted to John, and it was only false modesty not to have told him truly of her sad condition. Curry said it was just like her sex; they always pretended they did not like this and did not like that, till the world was flooded with a lot of spurious notions, raised as a bulwark against the truth of most refined sentiments, planted by nature itself for pleasant and useful purposes in the animal economy.

DESSERT.

THE dinner, as we said, was ended, wine and the dessert, on the table, the business of the evening, as it is generally called, began. The president's duty commenced with the gathering of several of the ordinary toasts into one. This evening, having such a distinguished musical guest as their friend, the organist, the music of "God save the Queen" naturally followed the toast of the "Queen and Royal Family."

Mr. Reddie was a man to want no pressing. He saw the piano had been brought from the concert-room, and he asked, "Shall I play?" and he was at once at the piano, with all that ease and gentleness which this fine genius possessed. His introduction to the air, his leading of the choir, and the variations of his own composition on the air, made it a pleasing variety to that simple style of singing which had been long the custom of the members to give when it was sung. The president's enthusiasm kindled, talk flowed cheerfully, and on this occasion, no member was surprised to see so early in the evening, the spectacles put on, which he used and kept for the purpose, it was said, to see a joke or a piece of wit.

This remark is not made as any reflection on the president's perceptive power, but merely to allude to a principle he had of looking truth in its face with the best glasses he could find. He knew as well as anyone how a joke or a witticism should be told, but so many got palmed on society of such a microscopic character, that there was no seeing them, except with more than usually powerful spectacles. Besides which, they enabled him to distinguish the movements of the speaker's face, which everybody knows, is often a very important adjunct to understanding a joke.

His next toast was to propose the health of Mr. Adam Snowdrop Smith, the new member and new friend, and liberal recognizer of the merits of the Eccentric Society.

Mr. A.S.S. briefly responded, and hoped he should live long enough to merit the kind wishes of his new friends. He had been so graciously received, he had been permitted to see and hear so much, that he had not words sufficiently at command to do justice to his feelings. His last two hours were a new life of suggestions to him; he believed he had seen nearly all that the society could show him, but he had not seen at present the details of the bust-room. He hoped, at an early day, he should be permitted to visit that room with his new friend, the sculptor. He had seen the kitchen before dinner; its arrangements were admirable, every improvement to save labor and fuel had been adopted, no waste anywhere. The scientific arrangements for making confections, extracts, and infusions were, he should think, very ample. He had no idea that the preparation of food could furnish such an opportunity for the large development of genius.

Nothing he saw was neglected, and no wonder this department of the club had become a lucrative business of itself. What would be its success no one could tell, if this management could be extended to the country, and

a pleasant country house with ample grounds, obtained.

No water-cure treatment could vie with such a health-restoring establishment as this. He hoped to live long enough to have a place for such a symposium added as a branch establishment for the club to use during the summer months, supplied with simple wines and simple diet.

As for the delicious glasses of wine now tasted by all, "I know," said he, "of nothing like them—the white and red wines both—I consider unequalled. I have no such wine to offer my customers. The flavor changes and improves on the palate at each sip—it is wonderful." He then thanked the members for drinking his health, and sat down.

Mr. Brewin thought he might, without any injustice to the others present, take up their time for a moment or two to explain his theory of one of the most remarkable features of the wine now spoken so highly of, and produced on their estate, not named by his friend, Mr. Adam Snowdrop Smith. It might occasion laughter. His theories often did.

Chemically, the contents of a glass of wine amounted, in the quantity of its fluid or water, to about x , without dealing in any way with the power of intoxication.

From certain calculations, the power of

intoxication might be called p . Now, assuming the *contents* of a bottle to be equal to about $6x$, we then add:—

Six glasses of dark wine represented }
in its *contents* and *power* as ... } $= 6x + 3p$.

Six glasses of white wine represented }
in its *contents* and *power* as } $= 6x - 3p$.

Adding these sums together, we had }
a total of } $\frac{12x}{*}$,

or the contents of the fluid of two bottles, without the p or power. In fact, it would be seen that the effects were as simple water. This mathematical formula will be seen to illustrate the effects, that if one bottle of red wine be taken it might intoxicate a man, but by taking another bottle of white, it might sober him. No wine could, therefore, surpass this, if it could be properly equalized in taking. No friend of temperance could find a wine so adapted to the stomach and conscience of a teetotaller as this, nor scarcely any wine drinkers who would not be glad to drink such wines.

Mr. Lilly, who had recently introduced in his profession of a dentist, teeth clubs, for putting in and repairing female servants' teeth, on the principle of watch or goose clubs, said that whilst not seeing all that his friend, Mr. Brewin, saw in his formula, still he thought

that the theory deserved many more experimental trials before it should be rejected. It should not be forgotten that the water of this wine was supplied to the vines, which, from analysis, contained some of the mountainous débris, so acted when mixed with the gastric juice of the stomach, as to produce nitrous oxide gas in a most peculiar and pleasant form. The chemical formula of which, he would remind Mr. Brewin, stood thus— $N_2O=44$. This gas whilst being eliminated from the system, it was thought, attacked the blood corpuscles, and whilst doing this, the new union into which the nitrous oxide entered, gave off that most indescribable hilarity of feelings which all seemed at that moment so pleasantly to enjoy.

Mr. Eaves thought enough had been said on the subject of wines. His rule was the best, he thought, take it and not talk about it. Not so long since he was at a pretty large private dinner, when the only subject of talk that went with the dessert was whiskey. They might all of them have been distillers. It was surprising how old notions re-appeared in a new form. He remembered years ago, the old-fashioned notion and custom of getting intoxicated on port-wine, and getting sober again on claret. Now it was to get intoxicated with nothing. He supposed that this was really the meaning of the two investigations.

The President said that his views on the nervous structure of man in relation to his drink, were much modified recently by finding very often a group of new nerves, or nerves seldom used, quite ready for a stimulus, when the old ones ceased to act. It was the duty, therefore, as we progress in age, to try to find unused nerves, and get them employed in the place of those used up or blunted. One of his friends was asked by another to shut his eyes and say what he was tasting, when he described himself highly pleased with the fluid presented to him, a fluid that he thought he had never tasted anything like. He was told, to his great surprise, that it was plain and simple water he had been drinking; the fact was, the nerves had been lying dormant or unused. There were, no doubt, many more persons like this friend of his, whose taste for water would be equally remarkable, and novel, and useful, and enjoyable, if they would try it. The religious instincts often offered unused nerves for trial.

His friend, Mr. Adam S. Smith, had been told on entering this society, that he would probably learn much scientific knowledge, which he now thought he perceived he was doing rapidly. This new notion of agreeable consciousness, produced by a glass of water to

many palates, coupled with another to be discussed hereafter, relating to nerve action generally, as producing that object of life — agreeable consciousness — illustrated a new walk in his own physiological studies. In his opinion, the poetry of Goethe, so much occupying the imaginative powers of his mind, helped wonderfully to make his scientific discoveries. So with Goldsmith. Goldsmith had hit off unconsciously years ago, in an epigram, the exact operation of nature, when he said of Garrick, that his palate, or his taste, or his relish had grown almost diseased. It had been remarked by a very celebrated author, how much science depended on, and had been developed under the poetic imagination, and this epigram, of which he had just hinted, was at the time it was written, no trifling step in advance of former generalizations. Perhaps he had better give the whole epigram, by which the scientific allusions would be, in their prescience, more clearly seen.

“Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he took it for fame;
Till, his relish *grown callous, almost to disease,*
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.”

It is readily seen from this quotation, that the actions, motives, and discoveries of men are

solely the consequences of antecedents, depending on other antecedents, these again, on others *ad infinitum*. It is on this principle of antecedents that he looked for a light to be shed by the poetic mind, on a difficulty that beset Goethe, why some sheep had horns and others none.

The next toast the President said he had to give was that of his old friend, Mr. Reddie, whose accompaniments gave such unusual satisfaction.

Mr. Reddie in reply, said—"Mr. President and gentlemen, I'm no speaker, but from my heart I thank you cordially for this opportunity of becoming acquainted with so many varieties of rational pleasure. I see that I am down for playing a duet with Master Holkham. I think this will be more approved than anything I can say. Every man may be supposed to be best in his own line."

The duet, "Is love a crime?" came off with a strength and power hardly possible to be surpassed. Mr. Reddie never thought of playing music for displaying his execution, but sought to make his execution develop the music, and display the feelings of the composer, as he did at this time. This sacrifice of himself was that which made him so popular.

The President said as to his next duty, that he did not know scarcely how to find words to propose the health of the visitor,

Mr. Banward, one of the oldest friends and companions he had. There were few specimens of the genuine eccentric man more worth the study of the society than the actions of this gentleman, for of all the eccentricities that he possessed, which proceeding, no doubt, from benevolent motives, he had combined with them an abundance of good temper. This ran him into a vast experience of an almost unknown world. Successful in business, chimerical in his notions, Quixotic in his actions, admiring talents and genius, he became a joining link, by philanthropic feelings, in bringing into harmony much that would be otherwise separate, and unnoticed, and useless in society. Many were the things he could cite, many a Bohemian action, of this his worthy and esteemed friend. "Your health, Mr. Banward, I am venturing to propose, in these no measured terms of affection for you. You dare the world's gaze, its frowns, and its compliments. You have been unwise enough to take a man, a thrice-convicted felon, as your butler; another, as a clerk, convicted of larceny, who, as might have been expected, tried his hand on your cash-box. Your very minister of godliness reproved you, and asked you why you did not try and find instead, a honest man wanting a berth of £100 a-year. No, sir, he was right, and you were wrong.

"You tried to establish a factory to restore the fallen, and when they were restored to chastity, they rebelled against you, because you would employ a poor woman and child, the child not begotten in holy wedlock.

"You started schools, and spent your money and time on them, and to what purpose? To find, one fine morning, half-a-dozen scholars had accepted your teaching on self-reliance, and walked off to a shipping port to improve on your education.

"You were once at a small sea-bathing place in Norfolk, when you found a High-Church landlord and a Ritualistic parson would not let Methodism in the shape of a chapel into the parish, so you turned preacher, and succeeded so well, that the poor cottagers had notice to leave. 'The vehemency of the singing and praying,' said the old steward, 'was undermining the walls of the cottages, which would be down in no time. The cottagers must leave, or give up singing and praying,' so they took to crying, to the edification of the parson and the steward. Why could you not let these poor people alone? I suppose they are those to whom you allude as the 'Waldenses in England,' of whom you wish to speak next Sunday. Perhaps they are of the Peter Waldo stamp, and go in for building those nasty raisin boxes called

chapels. If they had gone in for a Gothic style, 'that handmaid of faith,' I could have understood that. My religious feelings would almost make me accept any kind of religious teaching, if the architecture and music should be suitable to the superstitions and instincts of the past. You want to destroy our few and precious mediæval customs and architectural proclivities of the period, and put an end to all religious tyranny in this country, so that we shall have to take the trouble to go abroad to examine into religious intolerance in other *habitats*. Fie, Mr. Banward, fie; you should have spared your labors. Sandringham so near, and so easy of access. It would have been better to give a covey of partridges for an extra day's shooting, than plant a covey of Methodists to annoy a Ritualistic clergyman in his parish, as you were trying to do. Conscience, you say. What's conscience to do with the question, did not the rector buy himself into the rights of the living?

"You pushed your business, and worked like a slave, for what I then told you, was for money, and for the love of being seen, quite as much as for the good you were doing. What, I ask, has been your reward for teaching your somewhat various and necessarily superficial attainments to others even more superficially inclined than yourself. You

have made young men who would be ornaments in their lower walks of life, no ornaments in a higher. Teaching some Euclid and algebra, and a multitude of other acquirements, and for what purpose? Have you ever had the smallest amount of gratitude from any of them? but certainly, you have been thought of when they have been in some difficulty, and they wanted a friend like what you had been to them before.

“You have set people up in business, and what has been the good of it? Lent money, given money, and thrown away money, which, if judiciously spent or invested, would have given you some hundreds a-year more than you have.

“What business, sir, had you to meddle with steam-engine building? Just because, when you were a boy, you always meant to help that man of iron, because he let you hide yourself in his workshop and use his tools, whilst you played truant. Was it not enough to lend him money to buy his premises and tools, without the Quixotic notion of building an engine at three times the cost you could buy one, at some one or other centre of the manufacture?

“Were you not seen at half-past eight in the morning in a cab, with a poor fallen, drunken unfortunate, decked out in all

her dirty midnight finery, evidently in a state of consumption? What took you into such company? Why, your own impulsive nature; you saw a crowd of men and boys hooting and pelting this poor creature, just come from a tavern of low debauch; you saw and called a cab, and put her in, and was for sending her to her home, when you found you had no money, so you must needs accompany her? Ought you not, before you had hurried into an act like this, to have seen that you had the funds? This gentleman, my respected friend, Mr. Banward, is the man amongst us to-night. I am sure you will accept him as an honorary member of our club. I have many other characters of my friend I could speak of. He took to starting and working a Sunday school, and became the president of a Young Men's Christian Association, and with another friend, worked a ragged school. These undertakings, I am afraid, were, in the minds of his wiser friends, so exhausting, as to have taken away much of the little active Christianity he ever had.

"I might go on to much greater lengths, but I forbear. Your health, Mr. Banward."

Mr. Banward, in reply, disclaimed possessing so many of the good qualities which the president had attributed to him; the bad ones he was unfortunate enough to have

to accept. His life, no doubt, had been an interesting study to his friend for many years. He had always been open with him, as he felt no greater advancement could be made in psychology, than by letting minds in their operation be seen by each other, as naturally and truthfully as possible.

"I cannot sit down," continued Mr. Banward, "without thanking you for the honor done me in making me an honorary member of your society. I am pleased to belong to a society whose sympathies are enlarged enough to embrace all that concerns the welfare of humanity.

"The prince and the peasant are alike to me; both are from the same stock. I have always felt that both have the same fatherhood in God, and so long as both have that which secures them life and happiness, there is not much cause to boast of superiority in station; superiority involves responsibilities. I see a stream of, as the president terms it, agreeable consciousness supplied to both, indeed to all classes, that put things very much on a footing of equality. An Apostolic writer says, 'I say to every man that is among you, not to think of *himself* more highly than he ought to think,' and how high is that? I would ask. A mighty infinitesimal— $\int dx$ —is it not? It is thus that I am compelled, with the feelings of an humble man, to keep

in view that men are but the dust of the balance or a drop in the bucket, in the sight of Him Who made us. I like to consider the different conditions and positions of man in relation to his Creator from the highest standpoint, so that I can obtain, as far as my limited perceptions will allow, an insight into the whole condition of things. In fact, if I could, I would be like the astronomer, who, from his continuous researches and contemplations among great periods and spaces, comes to look with comparative indifference on all the vicissitudes of our small planet, and even on death itself. That, I consider, is the only condition of mind which can free one from those crushing thoughts of the miserable condition of man, which overclouded the mind of Pascal. He thought all the misery of man—because he knew his misery—showed only his greatness.

“I have been much as my friend describes me. He asks how have I been rewarded. Many a time by an aching heart, produced by the afflictions and sorrows of the poor, and the children of the poor, who have no friends. Whilst now speaking to you, I see this long past scene before me. I am a guardian of the poor, I am on the visiting committee, and I visit the orphan paupers' school. I look on these orphan children with deep sympathy. I am permitted by the governor to take a

few of them home with me for a cup of tea. I feel in the choicest company, a company having specially the blessing of God on it, as have the widow and the fatherless. I took from among them one Johnny Trott, a little boy of seven or eight years old. I delighted in seeing this little orphan boy tugging away at the buns. I must now send them home. I give to each an apple. They eat it, but this little boy—Johnny Trott—that I have named, is not eating his. 'Johnny, Johnny, why don't you eat?' I ask. Johnny looks abashed, ashamed. Friends, may I ask you not to think, because children may appear, when spoken to, ashamed or bashful, that they have done something wrong. You know how apt some parents are to say, 'I can tell by your face it is a guilty face,' when in truth, it may be a very modest face over a kindly, feeling heart, and be a truthful statement of the poor child. Another lad answers for Johnny, 'Please, sir, he has got his apple in his pocket.' I looked at the child's face; it tingled. I might have said that he should eat, but pocket none (as I had been taught when a child), but I did not. I saw something in his face that impressed me that he had good reason for what he had done. 'Please, sir, I am taking it home.' The poor-house is now this child's home. 'I want to give it to

Sammy Stocks, he is always so kind to me, stops with me, sleeps with me; he is so good, and he wont let big boys hurt me. Mother is just dead, and I have no father.' So now, this Sammy Stocks is the ministering angel appointed to serve and guard little Johnny Trott in his solitary life. A poor fellow this, with no more intellect than that which would tell you that he had been trying to get a solid judgment, such as his teacher told him he wanted, and to get such a judgment he, poor Sammy, had sat for an hour in the coldest frost, for he saw and felt that cold made things solid. A poor fellow this, for an angel's mission, with no more brains, than when told to bring the carriage and to light its lamps, he said, on coming without lights, that he dare not light them for fear of overloading the carriage, and to improve these poor brains, the school-master had tried what hitting him on the head with a ruler would do, for teaching him addition. . . . Ah, poor fellow, well may your head ache, and your life be a sad one, from this one man's unsympathetic nature. . . . Bright intellect this was for an angel's mission, was it not? Sammy, too, when sent to weed his master's onion-bed, pulled up the onions and left the weeds. A fine genius this, to combat with a world for a living. 'There,'

I say to myself, 'God has even found in this poor creature a protector for this poor child.' When scenes like these come across my vision, what gratitude can be given to me that can be equal to the sensations of delight I have in being able to feel my God and your God has drawn the corner of His curtain to show me the joys of His 'Holy of Holies,' a temple built in the sympathetic hearts of those who minister to the comforts of the widow and the fatherless, even as this poor Sammy Stock is of that temple a very corner-stone.

"I think my friend's love for the æsthetic has run him unconsciously into that conservative spirit which would retain all manner of old-fashioned abuses. I know he has the feelings of a *dilettante*, and I know also the feelings of those poor laborers and cottagers of whom he has spoken. May I trespass on your patience, my friends. ("Go on, go on.") Well, I will tell you how my village acquaintance came about, of which my excellent friend gave you only a small piece of information. I was walking one Sunday morning, on a very fine day in harvest time, in that small village, when I heard in the distance, a few voices singing a hymn. I could not find out very well where the singing came from. I went down a carriage-opening, ascended some steps, and got to a room over a blacksmith's shop.

I opened the door and went in. A few persons were there, who welcomed me by putting in my hand a hymn-book. Finding the hymn, I saw the meeting was a private one, a prayer-meeting of the simple village folk. The leader of the meeting, a fine old man of eighty, said, 'Brother Stamp, will you pray?' and a strong, healthy, young laborer, in his village frock, bent his knees in solemn worship to his Maker.

"I thank Thee, O my God, for this fine harvest weather. It has been hot, and trying to us. But I thank Thee, that so many of us have got through a heavy week's work without any beer. Lord, Thou hast been our support, without taking away our brains, as the beer does. We are here, wives and families, rejoicing in Thy goodness and Thy strength. O Lord, bless our old master, may he have a good harvest and good prices. Bless the young master, but he wants a present Saviour to save him from the drinking set he has got into. Do him good, O Lord, in Thy good time; make him see his folly, and come amongst us as his dear old father did afore he was ill. Bless our rector, and enlighten his eyes so that he may be truly converted; he could do a deal of good if he would. Bless squire and family. He aint as happy a man as us. We have found our

Shepherd, to lead us into green pastures, beside still waters, which he does not seem to have found a path to.' He soon finished in this humble strain. Another hymn broke forth, and I left. I was impressed with the fact how man, in nature and in all conditions of life, seemed to want instinctively, in the time of emergency, a present helper in a direct personal God, and to Him he goes almost unconsciously.

"Going homeward, I overtook my old friend, John Keed, the Wesleyan travelling preacher of that locality, who enlightened me on the down-trodden condition, not only of this parish, but of the other parishes in that part of Norfolk. I almost began to feel, with a Protestant divine, a friend of mine, an author of eminence, that there would be quite as much pure and undefiled religion in the world, if there was not a parson in it, nor an 'establishment' in existence. 'Look at the excellent Quakers,' he said, 'not a parson in that Christ-like body. The best evidence that so many of these clerics give of their Christianity, is often to quarrel with one another on the trumpery subjects of placing a reredos, or of wearing vestments and surplices, and administering the sacrament.'

"My feelings made me say, that if ever I could assist this down-trodden peasantry to

emigrate, I would do what I could, and as far as I could inform them, of the best spots where they might find their freedom to worship God, as the pilgrim fathers of old. There is no civilized part of America, where with its cheap land and the exercise of common prudence, they could not get a good living, and rise, in time, to be masters, with the self-same instincts and with about the same results of success, that their old masters have had."

Morton hung on the words of Mr. Banward, they were so much in his way of thinking. Holkham touched Morton. "Did he say apples? poor little boy, no father and mother." Seaton's face, the silent man, beamed with sympathy. Curry seemed to look, "There, that's the man I told you of—a very decent man is this friend of mine—Mr. Banward, is he not?"

Eaves could not help thinking Banward had gone a bit too far in some of his statements. Our good Methodist, Mr. Adam Snowdrop Smith, might be heard ejaculating, "God be praised! glory!" whilst Mr. White muttered, "All stereotype metal, nothing good in man, only fit for burning."

Mr. Brewin thought Mr. Banward had forgotten the subject of disagreeable consciousness. He should hear, as he often did, Mrs. Brewin's opinions, who had many family troubles.

Reddie burst out on the piano—he could stop no longer—“For he’s a jolly good fellow, that nobody will deny.” All hearts were one, in sympathy with Mr. Banward’s feelings of regard for the humble of humanity.

Holkham, seated near Morton, had said when Mr. Banward began, “I don’t like him so much.” Now he said, “But I like him more than I did.” “Why not like him?” asked Morton. “Because you like him so much more than you do me. I don’t like that.”

“Ah, you will like him more yet, if that which is said of him is true.” And sure enough Holkham did, and asked Morton, “Would it not be nice to hear Mr. Banward tell his whole life story—all of it.” A few days’ intercourse had brought up little Holkham to find a higher intellectual region, than with all his precocity he could have expected in the urbanity and kindness of Mr. Banward.

Mr. Banward, in proposing the health of Curry, said that he had always been the wise companion of the young, and merry and wise with all ages. This conduct was his mission, and was what he hoped he would continue, by example, as his teaching, for many a day to come.

Curry thanked them for their good wishes. He was sorry Mr. Banward had not given the

full quotation as to visiting the widow and the fatherless, he should then have had something to reply to. It said that a man was "to keep himself unspotted from the world." Now, how was a man to do this with his employment? How was he, for instance, who had to carve for so many as he had? He did this to keep as right as he could. He had got a nicely made jacket to hide the dirt and keep it from his best clothes, made by his two sisters—Charity and Patience—which suited such *works* as he depended on for a life like his, exceedingly well. Curry continuing, said Mr. Banward seemed to think that he had laid himself open to a little scandal-spotting, by the very full remarks that the president had made on his conduct. Well, he might tell Mr. Banward that he was in very good company, when he told him that many of his personal friends had been touched by scandal. He kept a record of the number in his office, and there were many more unrecorded, no doubt. In the book opened a year or two since, he had some twenty-seven or twenty-eight cases placed in a book to themselves. "What could we do," asked Curry, "without our *scandal-book*? Things in a society like ours get flat and stagnant. I have only to give notice that the scandal minute-book is going to be read and signed by the chairman of the Unhappy Husbands'

Club, then it fetches up the members in the twinkling of an eye. We could not do without *slanders*. Scandal is a grand contrivance in nature to keep up social activity, enlarge the imagination, and teach a man patience. The fun of it is, there is many a fellow who walks as upright and self-consequential as if he had a pole put down his back, who don't know all, by a long chalk, of what it says of him in this book. The influence of much of this scandal should be, to make every man more circumspect in his dealings with the world."

Dr. Turner had one question to ask before the discussions were ended, which, with the permission of the chair, he would like to put to Mr. Curry. Had the literary works of their intended visitors been ordered? He said that the learned blacksmith, Mr. Elihu Burritt, was to be very shortly here, probably followed by the orientalist, Mr. Silk Buckingham. It had always been the custom to obtain the books, as far as possible, of those gentlemen who were to honor them as visitors with their company. They would excuse him for reminding them of this, but as an author himself of a work on "Broken Hearts," with a short account of his new cement for repairs, he felt there should be no unseemly forgetfulness of what ought to be the due reward to an author.

Curry replied that the books had been ordered as usual, and to be cut open as usual. "It was a great affliction to an author to find his works uncut, and our tenderness," said he, "went to the full length, to save authors this affliction."

Just as Mr. Banward was leaving, little Holkham said, "Please, Mr. Banward, will you take Johnny Trott this from me, a little bag of marbles," fumbling in his pocket for some loose ones.

I think I have one word of explanation due to my reader yet to add. Just as the meeting was breaking up, Dr. Turner fell in for a talk with James. I don't want any omissions, nor leave my story half cleared up. "Oh, James, I have often wondered why you said Assam tea prevented you getting older; you don't seem a day older than when I first knew you." "No doctor, but I ought to have said, only prevented me appearing to get older. It was just for making this mistake that one of my old friends, who picked up my words as you did, fell to drinking largely of Assam tea. He came to me to tell me he had been using Assam tea to keep up a middle-age appearance, and instead of doing so, it had nearly produced dropsy, he had taken so much. 'Well it might,' I said, 'I only use a strong decoction, with which to

dye my grey hair—not for drinking.” “Ah, I see it now,” said the doctor, “and I daresay, if it is all as you say, it is a very good and harmless dye—I think I must try it.” “Don’t forget the soda,” said James.

I don’t see that I can very well close my book without telling my readers that Morton’s attention to his medical studies has secured him much advancement in the knowledge of his profession. That he has made a very good job in dissecting the body of the poor secretary, which has been consigned to a glass case, in the cupboard of the library, the darling wish of poor Cripples to have for his resting-place.

Morton did not forget the treatment which he had received from Maria for some months. These feelings were sadly re-awakened on one occasion, and the last on which he saw her, when her fragile and feeble form was lying on a sick bed of the hospital he was walking. If eyes could speak of sorrow and repentance, her’s did to him, in these her last and dying moments.

Mr. Thompson, the curate, who had consigned to him, amongst other visiting duties, the pastoral duty of visiting the hospital which was professionally attended by Morton, called after one of his visits to see Morton at the club. “I was asked,” said he, “by a sick young person, just before she died, who appears

to have been once an acquaintance of yours, to give you this small note as a token of repentance and sorrow for her conduct to you, and to ask you, nay, beg you, to forgive her for her bad behaviour." Morton made no reply, but took the note, and soon after, finding a convenient time for opening it, he found returned to him the following small piece of poetry, which he had once written and sent to Maria.

" My dear Maria's silvery tongue,
Is ever quickly on the run ;
Much wisdom and much folly blend,
In streams of talk that never end.
No mill-wheel has more hardly worked
Than this small member from its birth ;
I wonder how so long it wears,
It never splits—it never tears,
But on and on the numbers swell
With mighty force, few dare to tell."

The letter which accompanied it, briefly said :—
" SIR—I humbly pray for your forgiveness. I return the epigram that you made and gave me on my tongue. That tongue of which you speak, 'as ever quickly on the run,' will, before this reaches you, be silent for ever. Farewell—a last farewell.—Your MARIA."

Mrs. Williams, Jessie, Janie, Abraham, and Jacobs, the Jew, remain about the same as we left them. Jacobs, when he last saw Abraham, said, "I've paid for many a sacrifice; still my conscience is not satisfied with many things of the past." Poor old Jacobs was as

good a man as you could find in many a day's walk. Abraham comforted him, and was glad his creed had now a bloodless priesthood; whilst we Christians seemed to have taken the place of the Jews, and kept our sportsmen for our priesthood of blood.

I ought to say of Mrs. Williams, called by Seaton, Mistress Ann, that Morton, now a young man, had no very pleasant remembrance of her rigid rule. When a child, she had so often broken out in a very querulous tone, "There, there, that's Morton again." It was a very good habit of his, when angry, to let off his passion in attempts at poetry. We give a specimen of a few lines made on one occasion to dilute or allay his exasperated feelings against the one woman he had reason to love, but from the neglect of a little self-control on her part, that he could not like so much as he ought to have done. All this came by reason of her perpetual interference in matters that she had better have left alone, and, in fact, which were no business of hers.

" Mistress Ann is the pink of propriety,
Her face is the face of anxiety ;
You see in it unmistakable signs
Of hard and harsh indents ;—graving tool lines.
There's a dismal theology depicted,
Quite enough for a world of afflicted ;
Of sins done for the sake of repentance,
That faith should alone be her acceptance."

Of the removal to the new premises and the disposal of the busts, we may have more to say some day when speaking of the medical missionary labours of Morton, and the musical performances of Holkham.

The visit to the vineyard had been undertaken by the president and one of the members, Mr. Walker, who was accompanied by Mrs. Walker. We hear of them at Dover, staying there, ready for the morning's sail across the Channel.

Mr. Walker had scarcely joined his partner in bed, so we have been informed, when a smell of something on fire alarmed him. He did not care to disturb his wife, but got up and proceeded in various directions in the hotel to try and discover its source. He found the smell everywhere. He returned again to his room alarmed and awoke his spouse, and told his story, when his wife vehemently called out, "Walker, Walker, your night-cap is on fire!"

This was one of those events which fall in life, to make a sudden jump between the sublime to the ridiculous. We leave them now on their way to what proved a very enjoyable visit.

**ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS OF
THE CLUB.**

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS OF THE CLUB.

INTRODUCTION.

HAVING received from some of my readers letters about a little book I have sent into the world, I think I am justified in putting my hand to paper to make a sort of postscript to the second edition which is now called for, for the edification specially of the writers of these letters, and I trust not without interest to my readers generally.

One fair writer says, "Of course you won't leave off in the middle?" I ask, what middle? Another writer remarks, "You have not given us any full idea of the old volumes of the minutes that you hold in your possession. I should much like to know more of their contents. Nor have you told us anything of a previous secretary, whose recorded minutes, you inform us, were of a pretty good style. You have said nothing more about them, nor have you given us any extracts from them, nor have you made many remarks as to the character of the members of that day." He continues, "As

I have felt a good deal of interest in this club, I have asked from time to time for information about it, and at last have lighted on a very old gentleman, who in his youth had heard that there was such a club, and if he remembers correctly, and he thinks that he does, its secretary was a man for everybody to remember. 'I can't forget him,' said the old man, 'he was the old Ginger of my early days; to forget him would be impossible; the little memory that I have still remaining will not let me forget Mr. Ginger, or, as he too often got called by us boys 'Ginger Pop.' He was a really droll fellow, a man set on wires with emotion; always thinking every woman had fallen in love with him. Such a nervous, sentimental fellow, who nevertheless did his work well, and carried it on successfully for many a year; a word of rebuke would seem to kill him."

Another kind letter-writer says to me, "Surely you are not going to let your book finish without telling us more of Morton Melville. Then you promised us more of Mr. Brewin's practical lucubrations, as entered in the minute books of the club, one of which was to be on the labours of a Christian missionary, as developed by the preliminary training of the medical profession."

Again, another correspondent says, "I expected more details of Mr. Banward's "Shadowy Notions

and Impulses," pushing him, as they seemed to do, into extremes, that made it difficult to extricate himself clearly from the scrapes into which he managed to get. Please don't leave the book in the state in which it now is. If it should not be as interesting as your first volume, your additions will only serve the purpose that Walter Scott used for his 'Waverley,' a postscript, which should have been a preface."

Another writer almost asks, when he writes, "whether the early genius of Holkham has been hitherto sustained, as he should like especially to know." I find that I might run on to an almost interminable length by giving merely the inquiries of my readers, until a book would be made of much larger dimensions than I wish or care to make. As my narration intended only to deal with the past of the club, prior to its removal to new premises, I think the best course, whilst keeping these various questions before me, is to introduce as few circumstances of new personages as I can help. By this means the attention of the reader will be distracted as little as possible, whilst developing the past history of the club.

It is, however, quite impossible to deal with much of the new story of the society's existence, without to some extent incorporating new matter. But as so many of the old members have been removed by death and

other causes, perhaps I may be able to condense into a smaller compass what I have to say of the members now alive and still connected with the club, with whom I may suppose my readers to have become almost personally acquainted. A wish for privacy is so natural to those who have friends or relations known for eccentricity, that I am not at all surprised that I have had certain hints and warnings from them to touch the *absent* lightly, and with a loving pen draw the failings, frailties, and peculiarities of those of whom I may find records of the past. I know there were many members of the club whose portraits—if not painted and hung on walls—are yet engraved in lines deeply cut in the hearts and memories of survivors, and are kept as pictures of the blessed and loving beings, whose *harmless eccentricities* and *unselfishness* made the happiness, and pleasantries, and endearments of life to many of their generation. I am rather sorry, for some reasons, that I have concluded to give my readers these additional pages. As one grows older, he finds that there is so much melancholy produced by friends leaving, changing, and dying, that he requires to have introduced into his thoughts, as an antidote, more of the cheerfulness of a comedy than the sadness of a tragedy. No one can look at that atmosphere of quiet and repose of the closing scenes of the life of those

we have well-known, or with whom we are in close connection in daily life, without feeling our course to be running on, as theirs, to the inevitable. A gloominess of feeling often accompanies the mind of the reader of the latter pages of biographies, at the gradual decay of mind and body which take place. Newton, who died at the age of eighty-five, read without spectacles, reasoned acutely, printed a new edition of his "Principia" when more than eighty, and still he paid the penalty of natural decay in a failing memory, and a stone in his bladder. Dr. Franklin, with his three incurable diseases of gout, stone, and old age, and who, at eighty-three, was not deprived of his cheerfulness, or his delight in books and conversation, still felt that it would be 'cheaper for the owner to pull his building down, and build a new one,' so creaky had the construction become. One sees in Crabb Robinson's decay, the gradual effects of age, failing spirits, and loss of energy, displacing a most buoyant and active temperament; the death too of so many of his companions gave to his old age a very pathetic side. "Growing old," he said, "was like growing poor. It was a sort of going down in the world." Crabb Robinson had been the companion of Southey, Wordsworth, and a host of literary and scientific celebrities, eminent in their day. He had been the friend of Rogers, the banker poet. Rogers lived so long as to

forget that he had been a poet. Faraday, with dizziness and loss of memory, is another specimen of a deterioration sad to consider. One life among recent departures, perhaps, may be mentioned as having completed its full extent of days, perfect to the last in every faculty. Sir Henry Holland, seemed to his latest illness to have remained, in all respects, a complete man. I cannot hope to be more successful than others in depicting the effects of each succeeding year on the human frame. All we know is, that with each advancing year, more clouds and less sunshine must necessarily be anticipated. Since I have had to tell my readers so much beyond what I intended, I will pass over as quickly as possible the particulars of the deaths and trials of many of the club.

GRANDEUR OF A COURAGEOUS ACT.

ONE of the saddest blows that the club received was the long illness, resulting ultimately in the death of Abraham Seaton, the sculptor.

He had been with one of his workmen, a clever young man acting as his foreman, superintending the restoration of a church, which in some particulars needed his own skill and chisel more than almost any other work that he had had for

some years put into his hands. Whilst waiting at Peterborough station on the Great Northern Railway for a train to carry him home, he heard the sound of the whistle, telling him that the express train was about to pass up the line; its speed could not be less than a mile a minute. Horror-stricken at the sight of a poor woman on the line with her babe in her arms, Seaton rushed across, and grasping the woman and babe in his strong athletic arms, he, with a bound or two, brought them safely from danger and certain destruction. Not being so young as formerly, when exertions told little or nothing on his bodily frame, he found himself spitting blood.

It was very fortunate for him that he had his young foreman, George, with him. The young man saw the danger of his master, and when telling the story at home, said he did not know which to do, cry with alarm, or exult at the heroic act of his master. "I would like to know" said he, "who would do that for a woman and her bairn? To see that act I would have travelled a day, I can tell you. You should have seen guards and men, with wonderment looking at Seaton, as a hero, one who was, in their opinion, as worthy of medals, stars, and orders of merit, as the most victorious soldier of a forlorn hope. Tears, I can tell you, were starting from

the eyes of some of the beholders." Abraham was much exhausted by the incident in which he had played such a part. To hear a few words of thanks from the poor woman, who scarcely knew her destruction to be so imminent, and to give a kiss to the child, were about all that he could do before he was warned of the consequence of his act by a rushing of blood to his mouth, which left no doubt that his state was as critical as it well could be. With the assistance of George, however, he managed to get to the waiting room.

Whilst Seaton was lying, apparently asleep, the following conversation took place between two passengers about the valorous act which they had witnessed.

A.—"Daring act, that?"

B.—"Very fine indeed."

A.—"Wonderful man! to dare to do such a thing on impulse. To think, too, if he is, as is probable, an unconverted, unpardoned sinner, what a risk of sudden death! Nothing would save him, as far as I can see, from eternal damnation. How could he do it?"

B.—"I don't see any more risk in one condition than another. What are our sentiments and feelings put in our breasts for, if not to be our guides, and certainly not for our destruction?"

A.—"You don't?"

B.—"Certainly not, do you? There would

not be many noble acts done in the world on your 'let alone' principles."

A.—"Well, I could not do it. With such a load of unrepented sins on me, as I fear that man has, I dare not. I can tell you that my unbelief maddens me to think of the possibility of doing such an act. If I believed in works securing my salvation, why then it would be a different matter."

B.—"Oh, well, I would tell my Maker, if I were you, just to keep a better eye on His own workmanship. That noble man did not make his own sentiments, did he? Who gave him that impulse? Who put that mind in motion? Who made thought and action one instantaneous explosion, like putting a match to a powder barrel, or like what you can imagine a flash of light striking a note on a piano key? Let us have a little talk with him. Why did he do it?"

George, who heard the conversation of the passengers, was spoken to, but said his master was too ill to talk. He thought he might as well enlighten these travellers, and so told them aside, that his master was a man who ever made duty his first call of action. It was the only way, he was accustomed to say, that the selfishness of human nature could be purified, by doing one's duty as far as one could.

A.—"Ah, that's it—works! works! why, works without faith are dead."

B.—“What a ‘napkin’ Christian you are, with your single talent. You would not give a thirsty man a drop of cold water at the smallest inconvenience to yourself.”

At this juncture the colloquy ended, the train by which Seaton was leaving came up, when by the care and assistance of the guard and George, he got forward to his home.

Morton, fortunately, met Seaton at the station. Seeing the bloody handkerchief in his hand, he knew at once that something serious had been the matter. He learned from George the nature of the calamity which had overtaken Seaton, as the result of his heroic act. Knowing the absolute need of silence in all such cases, he took the particulars of the information as they fell from the lips of George the workman, who had been the spectator of the deed. Dr. Turner was called in, and saw that the case was very serious. Morton too had sufficient medical knowledge at command to feel and know that the first cold Seaton might catch would probably finish his earthly course, and to prevent the least chance of this mishap occurring, Morton subsequently made those arrangements, which, for the few months remaining of Seaton’s life, saved him from sudden death. After a week or two of rest and perfect quiet, he recovered sufficiently to find himself many years an older man in his strength and feelings than he was before his accident.

More than once had Seaton alluded to the conversation between the two passengers at the Peterborough station, which he had heard, though unable to take part in. He felt what an awful counteractive to doing the right thing according to the direction of the moral instincts and sentiments implanted in us, was religious dogma when opposed to these moral instincts. Moral instincts and sentiments were the only true and extended revelation of the will of God to man, by which all the world is peopled and held together. No religious dogma will long out-reason or overpower the moral instincts and sentiments of men.

INVALID LIFE.

SEATON now found indoor life a necessity, but with him it became the means of complacently contemplating his end. Often would he think about Morton. What about his birth and parentage! Was he to die holding a secret which, by a sudden explosion at any time, might take away all the enjoyment and happiness of Morton in his future life?

Morton was single, not engaged to any girl, active in body, strong in mind, and Seaton thought he would give him the offer of two conditions, the alternative with one or other, of doing as he pleased. "I will write him a letter, and tell him

to open it, or not to open it, as he likes." The mysterious letter was written in the good strong hand of Seaton. It had printed on the face of it, "An increase of knowledge is often attended with an increase of sorrow."

This letter was written and deposited in the black trunk, a wonderful old box this, in the history of Abraham's boyhood to manhood. It had served for Morton as a stool many a day of his childhood. On this box Morton would even now sit, a full-grown man, to be close to the sofa on which the poor invalid was lying, trying to save Seaton the effort of talking as much as possible. There they were talking together as of old.

Abraham loved the lad as affectionately as ever he had done, even from the child's earliest days, and Morton, whilst talking to him, would feel the dear hand of Seaton, white and attenuated as it was, running through and through his curly locks.

The difficult thing Morton had to do, was to keep up so much cheerfulness in the presence of Seaton, as to leave the present the supreme master of the moment. "What is the use of meeting troubles half way," he would say, when suddenly his feelings would master him, and he would fly away to his little bedroom to shed tears of grief at the thoughts of losing his governor. From his professional training, as

we have said, he knew that Seaton could not be spared to him many months longer, unless some very decided improvement took place; the gradual wasting away of the body betokened life's power to be ebbing like a returning tide, carrying its swollen waters away to the ocean; no sufficient energy, apparently, being left in the system to keep life sufficiently active to provide for the needful powers of another returning tide of life.

In one of these afflictive scenes, when Morton had rushed to the privacy of his room, his eye caught the old volume of extracts, in which were some of his attempts at poetry. Taking them up and reading them one by one, he had the feelings of misery that accompanies so many of us in times of depressing grief. He would almost wonder how he could have ever thought such thoughts, or written such writings, or visited such scenes in such localities as he had been in, or be pleased with such sights as he had seen, or done such acts as he had done, so great was the revulsion of his feelings towards much of the past.

MORTON'S 'POESY.'

'Music and Poesy used to quicken you.'—*Shakspeare*.

OUR readers may like to look at these youthful productions, as they came from that

rough book of Morton's, written at a time when the active life-blood of youthful manhood starting every muscle into rapid growth, he, under the fear of no criticism, unknown to fame, and having no other care than the enjoyment of the present, prepared his poetry as he pleased.

"What was I doing," thought he, "when I wrote this about Bohemia? How is it possible that one so young as I then was, should know anything of Bohemia? Why had I the indescribable feeling to inquire into this part of human life, just as George Borrow had for inquiring into gipsy life?"

BOHEMIA.

Bohemia is my land of study,
No question but the task is muddy ;
Still it gives me very great enjoyment
To fathom the depths of man's employment.

I get to know all men's thoughts at bottom,
But of women, yea ! my notion's rotten ;
Their ways are so various and untold,
And each is cast in quite a different mould.

Motives I know lying so deeply hidden,
Are like thoughts, they often come unbidden ;
And in civilized society,
One scarce can trace them with propriety.

Not so in dear Bohemia's cheerful land,
There motives open, show their native brand ;
Lightly clad in many coloured dresses,
From whence they come none it e'er oppresses.

I care not for a formal parlour life,
For ceremony cuts me like a knife ;
Much I love to know the kitchen doings,
Seeing maids and sweethearts at their wooings.

I hear the tales and songs I greatly love,
Naked as naked hand without a glove ;
When talk proves dull and very stale, I leave
For other warp and weft to try and weave.

Stop ! the kitchen I've passed too quickly,
A tale I tell for those who are not sickly ;
Once a cook had to the kitchen driven,
A parlour parrot to mistress given.

Poll, as so many wiser folk can tell,
Her tongue kept silent and listened well ;
Made each passing word a lesson taught,
For ready speech, when next to parlour brought.

Sure on a day, Poll's mistress home, she called
Poll to the parlour, when Polly bawled,
And utterance gave to latest, newest thought,
From her Bohemian education caught.

In cookey's loving tones she said most clearly—
" John, dearest John, do you love me dearly ?"
Then with a sudden rapturous hissing,
Parrot made a noise very much like kissing.

Ah ! poor, unconscious, silly, noisy bird
The tale you've told of what you oft had heard,
Will give to madam quite a wrinkle,
For starting cookey in a twinkle.

Yet surely this ought not so to be,
For man and woman's made for one you see,
And girls and boys will join in two and two,
In spite of orders made by me or you.

“What was I doing when I wrote this ‘Wedding Dress,’ after seeing poor Maria making some part of it? I know now. Did she not tell me not to get too much engrossed in her? How could I help it? The world was a hard, hard world to her. One’s heart must be stone not to have the deepest pity for her lot in life, and for all those who have to live by their needle. How could a fellow see all this sort of thing, and not be engrossed in her? but all now is past, gone for ever.”

THE WEDDING DRESS.

I saw a sprightly maid
Quite busy at her trade ;
Hard at a bridal dress,
Surely 'twas nothing less ?

The very needle flew,
As if it really knew,
What else with such a witch ?
That it must stitch, stitch, stitch.

Amazing skill she showed,
For skirt and body owed
To her so nice a fit,
I tell you, quite a hit.

Yet sad, 'twas labour lost,
A cruel fate enforced
This dress should spoiled be ;
Ah ! dreadful sight to see !

What is expectation ?
Vain as delectation ;
Accidents oft take place
Without a moment's grace.

A bottle—there it stands !—
Upset by careless hands,
Oiled this wedding dress ;
De'il take it, what a mess !

The intended bride's mamma,
I say nought of papa ;
Was anxious for dispatch,
Very loth to lose the match.

The bride to be, I ween
Was such as you have seen ;
A mother's only child,
Temper—anything but mild.

Her faults were hid before
The ring was on she wore ;
Thought she, "only get him fast,
I'll manage him at last."

Mamma, whilst watching, stood
In hasty, angry mood ;
"Urge on the work," she said,
"What matters when you're dead !"

M'dme, with standing tired,
Left the lass she'd hired ;
Certain all would be done
By morrow's morning sun.

I watched the maiden's brow,
'Twas anger there, I vow,
"Is this for what I've wrought,
Misery ! what a thought !"

But soon that gentle face,
Disturbed, lost every trace ;
As lightnings, thunder o'er,
Leave the sky as 'twas before.

Said she, in plaintive words,
Tones sweet as any bird's ;
"Is this the all I get ?
Is thus my labour met ?

And must I throw aside
This costume of a bride ?
I wish that I were rich,
I would not sew a stitch.

The wedding, too, is fixed,
The very sweets are mixed ;
'No dress,' the mother cries,
'No dress,' the daughter sighs.

When I've the mischief told,
Sure I'm a hussy bold ;
Hateful in madam's sight,
And told to go that night.

Alas ! poor, wretched me,
One solace still, I'm free ;
My will, my heart shall ease,
By doing as I please."

Poor girl, I pity you,
No wage will be your due,
Without your daily meal,
What pains you needs must feel.

'Tis hard, I know, to bear,
Without a burning tear ;
So sad a loss of time,
Or skill so great as thine.

Mark the lesson here I find,
Not always to one's mind,
But still in life 'tis true,
Save, perhaps, to a few.

To all, life's full of trial,
Trial marks the daily dial ;
The crooked can't be straight,
Wanting that, life is fate.

“What also was I doing when I wrote to her these lines on a flirt? I had nothing to do with flirting or with millinery. Getting off one's head in this way with Maria, surely was very absurd.

LINES ON A FLIRT.

Thanks, my dearest, for your sonnet,
Surely it is worth a bonnet ;
A bonnet for your age and mine,
In which all grace and neatness twine.
Though I'm in the way of clearance,
Still I value your appearance ;
I'll pay the bonnet's cost for you,
In ready cash, before its due.
I would not wish you badly dressed,
But dressed as well as Mrs. Cressed ;
In everything I would be kind,
To show I have a loving mind,
E'en for one who tears my heart to fitters,
Oh, it makes me want a glass of bitters !

“What were my feelings when I wrote this scrap of rhyme on Maria, after she told me that she had had enough of me, and that I

need not call again to see her. Was all this told me only that I might be held the tighter in her chains; or had she really accepted Campbell as a single man, not knowing he was married?

DEPARTURE

So dearest, thou at last hast gone from this,
Leaving a friend for other scenes of bliss;
Forlorn, forgotten, forsaken, utter,
Yet no words of harshness will I mutter.
But whilst with grief and pain these lines I scrawl,
I wish on you a thousand blessings fall;
You have given me sunshine many days,
By very pleasant, cheerful, happy ways.
But now in gloomy stormy weather,
My sun is clouding fast, aye, for ever.
Fare, fare thee well, my dearest, dearest friend,
Live, live a life of pleasure without end.

"Is it possible that I could have written all this, and have now at this moment such different feelings guiding and directing my course? Can I be the same man altered in so short a time?"

Well reader, I daresay that you have had enough from this commonplace poetry book of Morton's, begun when he was about eighteen years of age. Other poetical attempts might be found, perhaps, possessed of greater intensity of feeling, but not better for illustration. The contrast

is very great of Morton's condition of mind at these two separate periods of his life with not a greater interval than four or five years between them. My business is not to weary you in one direction more than in another, and so I drop his poetry.

VISITORS AND OLD MINUTES.

SEATON may be said to have had his feelings, which had never abated, of the good providence of God towards himself, only rendered more active by his illness. He felt it was no little thing to have such kindness as he received from the members of the club. Curry would drop in frequently of a night to cheer him as far as he could. He would tell him of enquiring friends, and what was going on at the club. It was seldom he went away without some little time being spent in a musical practice with Morton at the organ; Janie would take her treble, Curry his tenor, and George his bass, as in times of old. The president sometimes came in and told them from his vast storehouse of memory, stories and incidents of the past.

On this occasion he had called on Seaton to lend him, for his perusal, a letter which he had just received from his old friend Banward. Banward had sent him a small packet of his 'Shadowy Notions,' remarking in his letter, that

as an honorary member of the society, he should like these notions if they were thought worthy of the honour, to be minuted among the imperishable records of the past. The President thought it might amuse Seaton, if he would look at them and make any comments on them he pleased. Seaton accepted the papers on the understanding that he need not hurry himself. Previous to the president leaving these papers, and going into the notions of Mr. Banward, they had a good laugh together. He had just told Seaton of a certain vicar, whom they both knew, having discharged his curate because he was too good a preacher, and took to another because he was so indifferent. The facts as given by one of the wardens,—no doubt very uncommon in clerical life—were said to be that the vicar's wife disliked to hear any one spoken of as being a much better preacher or reader than her husband. On the day fixed to select a new curate, it was said that on hearing the one selected read, she made the pertinent remark, "He'll do, Harry, he'll do. You can do better than that," and so he was the one selected.

After this little joke had been let off, the President begged Morton to resume his reading, and Seaton told him to begin where he had left off, asking him what page it was that he had got before him.

MORTON.—“It is only the minutes of one of Mr. Brewin's ‘originalities.’”

ABRAHAM.—“Just hold the book up, so that I can see it. Why, it is poor old Cripples's drawing.”

MORTON.—“It is Brewin's steam engine described. A Barker's mill working in a vacuum. In this steam-engine, as the minutes remark, the rotating principle is adopted, to avoid the loss of power which the friction of the reciprocating engine involves. The arms are enclosed in an iron case, to which an air pump is attached.” This proves that a hole in motion can discharge more than a hole at rest.

THE PRESIDENT.—“Oh yes, I quite remember the appearance and trial of this engine, when first completed. The enormous speed of its arms working in the vacuum, made so much noise as to be heard from one end of the street to the other. We thought it had run away and would hardly stop again. As it was, the arms were wrenched from their hold; the friction was so enormous, and the shaking of the brickwork of the mill so great, that the whole affair came to an untimely end. The diagram gives a very good notion of the mechanical construction.”

ABRAHAM.—“Yes, so I see. Wonderful mind is Brewin's; often good reasoning on wrong premises; often bad reasoning on good premises.” I think if you turn over a few pages of these minutes, you will find him to have a

mind minute enough to deal with an atom, and large enough to deal with a globe. His system of metaphysics is excellent in itself. One of his notions is not a very bad one. He thinks metaphysical science will get no further, without pursuing, physically, its investigations. Give us, if you please, Morton, a few of Mr. Brewin's thoughts as poor old Cripples put them down."

Morton began reading as follows:—"Minutes of a weekly meeting, held *Anno Domini*, or, in English, In the year of our Lord, (whose name be praised), abbreviated, A.D. 1838, 'made by me, old Cripples, as I am known in name by God and man.'"

John Brewin's views of John Locke's notions of "How knowledge originated."

"Just notice," said Abraham to Morton, "that you will find very good marginal notes. Cripples was good at these. Without going through all that he has written, it will be often sufficient to look at the margins. We can then select for reading what passages we like best."

"Mr. Brewin began his address this evening," writes old Cripples, "by saying that he would like to give a thought or two upon that part of Mr. Locke's 'System of the Mind,' which accounted for the origin of knowledge. He would leave for another time the discussion of Hobbe's and Locke's notions, that all human actions had for their motive selfishness.

He did not like this term selfishness, for at the basis of human action it would really be found to mean only that normal instinct of man, self-preservation. Mr. Locke did as most mental philosophers, asked his own mind, and got for an answer that which he supposed to be the answer and experience of every man who interrogated himself. The mind, he considered, when first introduced into the world was simply colourless, absolutely unfurnished, and had no ideas whatever. It was in this condition that the mind of a baby passively and simply received impressions of consciousness and sensation. Another and another impression, and another and another sensation followed, so that 'ideas were got by sensation.' The knowable was limited to reflection on these sensations and a new set of ideas, which he calls 'ideas of reflection' were obtained.

"This I believe," said Mr. Brewin, "is all that Mr. Locke considered he or others could get to know about the matter."

"Now," continued Mr. Brewin, "I doubt whether this view is in any way large enough to furnish an adequate explanation. I consider mental phenomena from an earlier point of view than he does. I consider it from the foetus and its nerve development. All ideas proceed from perception of sensation, and are to be approached only by studying nerve-action, and tracing how

this nerve-action is produced. Nerve-action once started, leads to the perception of touch, taste, smell, sight, and hearing, producing agreeable or disagreeable consciousness, and this nerve-action under the regulation of the motion of the heart, immediately operates, as may be seen in blushing, by stimulating the smaller blood vessels which generate that nerve power to make a blush, or to cause the perception of touch, taste, smell, hearing, and sight.*

• "Hence, the blood of the system is the life of the system, as the Bible declares. John Hunter confirms this truth, the blood being, as he says, 'Alive till it performs its last vital action; till it coagulates.' Once granted, the fact of the operation of this simple principle of the nerves being the collectors and diffusers of nerve power, and we see how disagreeable consciousness may be produced, or the feeling of want engendered, by anything which causes the diffusion of this power. Thus, *want* is the great plan of nature, adopted as the means to teach man all knowledge, in fact to teach him everything. *Want* is really the origin of all we know. That is the principle for which I contend. I prove it thus:—I say that in the young of all life, it is *want* that produces effort. The very earliest feeling after birth is, in a healthy child, evidently that of emptiness of stomach, or want of food. This disagreeable consciousness,

The fact is that the blood is under the regulation of Nerve action one set of Nerves controls the blood and another quickens its action in the same

accompanied by fits of crying, is simply owing to the nerves of the stomach wanting the natural strength or force which is given to them from food, to produce and continue action or life. All of us feel an agreeable consciousness in a pretty full stomach, and a very disagreeable consciousness in a very empty one, and all efforts of will, from birth to death, only go to secure a full, and avoid an empty one; or, in other words, by effort to bring the nervous system into a state of equilibrium.

"This train of thought, simple as it is, helps us in the investigation of further details exceedingly, and assists in giving us correct notions of how every sensation and sentiment of the mind rises, and is developed through nerve-action, and so becomes the object of perception, producing want and effort, rest and satiety.

"Further, the physiologist clearly shows that the whole skin of the body is covered with the extremities of nerves, which are again covered with what is known as the scarf-skin; insensible itself and sufficiently thick to blunt the acute sensation of uncovered nerves.

"By particularizing a sense, much is learned. Take, for instance, the sense of taste; nerve-action among the minute spherules of nerve-pulp, in this sense of taste, discloses much that

*Way the smaller blood vessels are all controlled by
nerves. Certain nerves can cause them to dilate
and become a bluish to red color.*

is like electric action. Zinc and a shilling when used together give a special taste to the saliva, but have no action when used separately.

“Smelling, another of our senses, shows that a membrane lines the nose, abundantly supplied with nerve-threads to judge of all odours. This is a wonderful sense. A grain of musk has been known for years to act on these nerves without any perceptible waste in the musk.”

Mr. Brewin continued, “I think I have said enough as to the origin of all knowledge in the feeling of want, which want on being adequately supplied, gives the force to every nerve, which is found in every tooth, and even in the bulb of every hair. And I am not so sure that the labours of the microscopist will not ultimately be rewarded by finding that each molecule of matter in the brain-substance, with its nerve-thread connecting it with other groups, has in it its seat of memory or has impressions fixed in it which are at all times capable of immediate action by means of a minute blood vessel, furnishing a force that makes one wonder what has produced it, what has guided it, and what regulated and dispersed it. It is a force that contracts or dilates the muscular fibre of all the veins and arteries existing in the smallest and in the largest form. On the strength of well understanding this condition of things, all education will, in

future, be made to advance. The universal law will be seen, that when there are no special nerves there will be no special sense, and no whipping or punishment of children will produce this special sense if that sense is in the unfortunate condition of having no nerves. On the other hand, over developed nerves of any special kind will produce over mental activity and over sensitiveness. This abnormal condition can only be corrected by control over the capillaries by the power of the will contracting and diminishing the supply of force to them. In no other way do I see how character can be substantially improved. I think I have now shown the great reasonableness of trying to extend our metaphysical knowledge by increased physical investigations. I take it that there are no sentiments or instincts which have not special representative nerves, nor is there any system of life, whether in man's higher world of existence, or in the animals' lower world, where all are not under the dominion of active individual nerves; and therefore, to study the condition of the sentiments in man, you must study the condition of the nerves. Indeed, I suspect every class of nerve will require and receive its own medicinal treatment. Every gland, secreting its own special fluid from properly administered aliments needed for existence, will require examination for its special medical treatment.

“Cold water, diet, and exercise, now studied from the general effects they have on the power of the will, will be studied from their particular effects.” He had no doubt that a day would come when food and medicine would be prescribed to counteract and alter passions and emotions through the nerves of the *tongue*, and so change the nature of the secretions that support their power and activity. It might be reasonably expected that the dispositions of people might be so corrected : thus, self-esteem might be abated, and covetousness converted to liberality. And so with other lower human propensities, he had no doubt they would be reached by medicine. If such medicines could be discovered, many a family might have, by their application, the disposition to extravagance and other bad habits removed.

Mr. Lilley said he could not let Mr. Brewin’s paper pass without observing that Mr. Brewin seemed to show that there must be a wonderful future of discoveries in store for those who studied medicine. It must come to this, that as every sensation was produced by the action of a nerve or a blood vessel, all abnormal conditions of sensation must be reached, as Mr. Brewin had suggested, if possible, by the aid of medicine acting on that nerve or blood vessel. There was little question but that each glandular secretion had its own separate and distinct fluid, which it derived from the blood,

and that the blood would necessarily require a suitable nourishment to give the secretion, and this would be the sort of medicine to provide. It was indeed strange to think that the minute exactness of nature's operations had not been more attended to in past generations.

A few more observations were made and the extract ended, and the reading closed for that occasion.

JANIE'S RECOVERY.

WELL, to continue our narrative. Many of us know, practically, that sickness often carries with it much that is educational. Its culture is as various as are the different trials to be borne; but in Abraham's case, the mild, the gentle, the unobtrusive, seemed to gather in his character greater force each day of his declining health, and to give a sweeter grace to the manly expression of his countenance. Perhaps in no condition did his eye kindle with emotion more quickly than when hearing from one of the musical masters, to which we have just referred, the familiar strains from some Old Master's imperishable work. Even Mrs. Williams's tartness was, under Abraham's afflictions, losing much of its waspishness. Her harder than ordinary woman's

nature was crumbling away, and she might be seen dropping a tear on the work she was stitching or sewing, then wiping her nose, as much as to say, "Don't think I am so soft as to show that I am weeping, or what I feel."

A very singular thing occurred with Janie. Lying as she had done for years, little able to move, in one of her attempts to move to give Abraham something he required, she started one of the muscles of her back, which seemed almost, with a crack, to give way.

The effect of this was marvellous. Morton and Dr. Turner had often wondered that with no curvature of the spine, no apparent malformation, no shrinking of the parts, she could not move more than she did.

Now all was explained. The nervous motive power long interrupted, had, by this sudden action, resumed its control over the muscles, and from this time may be dated a great improvement, an improvement which was expected to progress to perfect recovery.

This recovery was one of those blessings coming in disguise to Abraham. Being so much on the sofa in the room in which Janie passed so many hours of her life, it was no little pleasure for him, whose love for anatomical studies was so great, to see what effort was gradually doing to bring a lost sense to perfect this improved condition of things.

JESSIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

JANIE could now do, without difficulty, many things that she had been hitherto unable to do. It was her remissness in writing to her sister that interrupted a correspondence, which would have been better continued with Jessie.

But until this improvement in Janie's health, her spirits had broken down so much that she had been unable to write so often as she had done formerly. The correspondence between them had been very interesting. Jessie, in many a page, discussed the difficulties she had to encounter to rise to eminence in the profession of an actress. "Everything, my dear, is so unreal in my life, and I cannot see how to make it otherwise. I know that I am naturally given to deceit, as is the case with not a few women. This certainly serves my acting. Then I try to do the things off the stage that I have to do when on it. You know that in one of my pieces I have to be a chambermaid at an inn. I actually, in one of my week's holidays, took such a place. It was a funny trick of mine, but I learned the duties by this way so well; turning down the beds, seeing the water-jugs filled, and soap placed in the dishes, and answering the bell, all so naturally, that I made a hit of my part. How foolish I might have looked on the stage, if I had neglected little things; appeared too fussy or

too busy, or turned my back on the audience, or seemed not to know how to stand still gracefully, and do nothing, when nothing had to be done, in a proper attitude; and then, to use only those gestures that naturally belonged to the part acted. Besides all this, your very breathing has to be toned down, and your voice modulated for the occasion, or you might make your audience want to cry on one side of their face and laugh on the other. I found this training succeed very well, and in a little farce, 'The Coiners,' I had to do the part of passing the bad money.

"I could manage the chambermaid, but how to do the passing of bad money, I did not know. Besides, if I tried to pass bad money, I might be taken as a real cheat, and that would never do. I got one of the supers to assist me. He knew all about what I intended to do, so I tried my hand with his mother, who kept a market-stall. He stood near enough to explain all about it, if required. Well, I did the trick beautifully. I actually used at the stall the very words of my part. I heard the bad shilling tumble into the bag, and I knew then it was all right. Do you know, I fancy there are people in the world who would rather cheat a person out of half-a-crown, than honestly get a crown out of them. I believe I could soon like *doing* people. It is

not very different from flirting, that I can see, only you have to keep a proper picture before your mind of the part that you are acting. You have to appear calm when you are not, and to seem to have emotion when you do not feel it."

After this letter Janie had asked Jessie to visit her, and Jessie, in her reply, had given certain hints of her conduct that Janie did not like. Jessie said her profession did not admit of leisure enough for visiting, that she had to keep up to her mark in all the studies to which she had just referred. To make her stage progress a success she was now giving a guinea a lesson to be taught elocution. "This really means that poor little Jessie is never to see or be seen as Jessie. The part, and nothing but the part, is for me to act. I am not to show myself a bit, and it is the last thing I must do to look as if I were saying to myself:—Now, am I not doing that well? No flirting with the audience. It is very hard to learn to talk and pronounce your words so as to be heard distinctly, and yet no one to feel that you are talking too loudly. Besides, just now, I do not care to come to see you, for I have two or three young gentlemen very fond of me, who do nothing but try and tease me with their attention; but they will not tease me—I like it. I know their curiosity all comes from their love of change, and

I don't choose to be under their surveillance or protection, or to give any more than civility in return for their many gifts and much attention. Of course, I keep them in the dark as to acquaintances or relations as much as I can, and use first one and then the other, like galvanizing dead frogs. I know, dear Janie, that you would not like me in my flirtations. I can't help it, and if men will be so foolish to singe their wings by my flame, I let them. I'm none the worse. My way of escape has been very clear. I always do like many of my neighbours—commit a little sin to escape a big one. I tell a fib any time to get out of a scrape. I don't see any difference between a fib on my own account and one told on account of a master and mistress, as servants are so frequently taught to tell. Our manager, Mr. Napson, my employer, often gets short of money. Can't pay us or anybody else. I know he means honestly, even when he tells me, 'Jessie, say I am not in, if anyone calls.' 'Oh, Mr. Napson,' I say, 'how can I do this?' 'Well, you know,' he said to me once, 'you know I am not in—not in funds—and what's the use of telling people I am.' 'Oh, Mr. Napson, is that the way you trifle with your word.' 'Well,' he said, 'it is not worse than an old parson, who, with his wife, entered a shop to buy some printed cotton gowns

for a charity-dole-distribution. His wife asked the young lady waiting if they would wash; a not very unusual question, you know, from a lady. She said she would go and ask her master, when the good-tempered old parson whispered, 'Don't go, my dear, running your legs off for such whims; tell her they will wash as truly as you stand on two legs, and then you stand on one.'" Thus her pen kept running on with her letter, as glibly as her tongue. "You will notice, dear Janie, my address. I like my present lodgings very much; there is no one else but a widow lady and her son, and a nice little boy he is. The two bottom rooms are hired by a gentleman I call Mr. Printer. I don't know his name. I have not lived long here. I have just made his acquaintance. It is rather unusual to get acquaintances without any sort of introduction, but the other night my two or three male friends—I never allow any to come singly—after seeing me act the part of the little 'French Milliner,' came home with me, and I suppose the comedy touched them up so much that it made them very uproarious in their mirth. A knock came to my drawing-room door, and who should it be but Mr. Printer. 'May I speak to you a minute? Mrs. Bemrose is in bed, and the servant ill, both knocked up, or I would not have troubled you, but I am stopping

up with the little boy, who, I fear, is dangerously ill. I am nursing him for them. I find that just as he would get a little sleep one or other of your friends' laughter wakes him up. Would you mind getting your friends to take one of the rooms below?' I said, 'Those are your rooms.' 'Never mind, they are at your service.' Well, I may tell you, dear sister, I was curious to see his rooms, just as you would be, and I thought it fine fun. We all went there, and sure enough, we found amusement. In one corner there was such a lot of cases of letters, and I saw a printing press; but you never saw such funny letters in your life. I don't know what he can do with them. I don't think I have done right in one thing. You have got with this letter four photographs; one I took out of his room, from several lying on the mantel-piece. It is the printer himself. I marked it '4'; send it back when you have shown all four to dear governor, for I want to put it back. I hope he is well. Ask him to tell me the characters of the men; he can read them, I know, as a book.

"It is very stupid of me, is it not, to like No. 4 the best of the lot? You would think Lord this, Honourable that, Sir John somebody, and Squire nobody, would be friends that I should like better, but it is not so. I wonder where they would be in the world if they had

not titles or money? I soon got quit of my young gentlemen. I told them the child was ill, and when I said it might be smallpox, for what I knew, they soon scampered away. When passing to my bedroom I was so sorry to hear the little boy saying, 'Oh, my head, oh, my head, it is so hot, I don't know how to bear it.' Mr. Printer was bathing it, I could hear the dropping of the water. 'My dear boy, I am so sorry,' he said. It was so kindly said. I was very tired, or I think I would have gone in and offered to stop with the lad and nurse him in his place. I was so glad the next morning to hear from Mr. Printer that the child was better, and considered by the doctor out of danger.

"What do you think: Mr. Printer positively would not disturb the house, but went downstairs in the early morning, lighted the fire, boiled the water, made some tea and toast, and took them to the child himself. He might have been a cook. Oh, how our little servant Kate wondered that a lodger would take all this trouble. Kate says he positively cleaned his own boots. I thought what a pity it was that he was not on the stage. What parts he could take, from a boots to a gentleman. I can tell you, I thought no worse of him, though I was surprised to find how much older he looked than he did last night; but still I like him as much as I did when

I first saw him. As soon as my studies are ended, and my present engagement over, I daresay I shall come to see you. Give my love to Mrs. Williams, and regards to your friend, Morton.

“I am,

“Your affectionate sister,

“JESSIE.

“P.S.—I can’t make out what the printer really is. He is not an ordinary printer, I am sure. Perhaps a teacher or clerk.”

THE PORTRAITS.

WHEN Janie got this letter, she turned it over in her mind what sort of a reply she should give to her sister.

The photographs, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, were certainly portraits of nice, pleasant-looking faces. No. 4 seemed older, and, like her sister, she felt there was much more character in it than in the others.

“Abraham will tell me,” thought she, “what he thinks of them.”

In her reverie you could see Janie’s lips muttering, “What a pity to fib! She should do as Abraham’s mother taught him to do, reply to questions that people had no business to ask, ‘I do not know,’ or ‘I cannot say,’ or ‘I must not tell.’ These answers would do for almost every

kind of enquiry. I must tell her of Abraham's accident. Oh, she will be so sorry, and then she will be pleased to hear that I am able to sit up, and almost able to walk a little. She will be glad."

Things were about in this position when Janie took the earliest opportunity to show Seaton the portraits, with the message from Jessie. "Tell her," he said, "numbers 1, 2, and 3, are no companions worthy of her, they are doing all they can to print age and folly on their faces. No. 2 is clever, but cunning. If they live, they will be prematurely old, or have habits they cannot master, which will injure them. Tell her the less she has to do with them, the better. No. 4. Who in the world is this? I have seen him somewhere; but it must be years ago. You may tell her she will never suffer from that face. Age is running its lines in the same good old tracks they have always followed. Poor girl, she is in a dangerous occupation; full of temptation for youthful beauty to battle with, and she appears to have no watchful, careful mother or friend to look after her and be her companion."

"What do you think, governor, of this about fibs?" asked Janie.

"You may, if you like, tell her, I say, that it is dangerous to trifle with truth. I know, as she says, that a big evil may be sometimes prevented by a lesser evil. The subject, however, is too

large for you to handle in your reply. I do not think she will go far wrong; she has courage and conscience enough to direct her kindness of heart to injure no one by deceit or treachery."

CONDUCT OF LIFE: CULTURE.

My readers will pretty well know by this time how the days and hours of an invalid slip by.

A sight of *The Times* in those days, and a local weekly paper, were sufficient for an invalid's reading, with a peep now and then into reviews and magazines.

Morton, as secretary to the club, had many opportunities to see that Seaton should know what was going on in the club and the outer world, and should have a succession of visitors to cheer him and keep alive his old companionships. As far as possible, he kept for himself leisure for a talk or two in the day with Seaton.

If Morton had professional business, or patients to visit, he generally managed to get some member or members of the committee to visit Seaton. But if possible, even with visitors, Morton liked to listen to the conversations going on.

Morton felt the chances to be that he should never meet a mind like that of Abraham's

again, a mind that possessed, in so many directions, the Greek elements of form and proportion, elements which were so fully appreciated and developed in his thoughts and conversation. Morton was going in some day, he hoped, for the study of Greek culture and art, and what could be better than to hear Seaton, the sculptor's views, and learn from him as much as possible on the subject. Everything of the Greeks, their grandeur and elevated wisdom, sublime thoughts, and strong intuition, and the large measure of human perfection, all current among the people, had always struck Seaton with much astonishment.

As we have seen, Morton had brought from the society, by special leave from its committee, some of the old minute books of the society. Seaton had often, in years past, turned the older volumes over, and, from what he then saw and remembered of them, he did not care for their contents so much as for those of twenty or thirty years back. It was about that period when penny magazines and information for the people began to disseminate knowledge on a large scale. It came about thus that the books were obtained. At one of the weekly dinners of the club, the distinguished American visitor, Ralph Waldo Emerson, had dined with them. In one of the volumes of minutes it was recorded how a few of the members

had gathered together to read and discuss his new work on the "Conduct of Life." As the president observed at the time, it was a book full of allusions to the writings and speeches of great men of all time, more than a hundred being specially named, and some of them two or three times. Many sentences from the works of these authors are quoted as examples. "Open a few pages at random," said he, "and see what you have. Thus, from Goethe: 'Nobody should be rich but those who understand it.' Marshal Lannes, 'None but a poltroon will boast that he never was afraid.' 'A boy,' says Plato, 'is the most vicious of all wild beasts.' Gascoigne, an old English poet, observes, 'A boy is better unborn, than untaught.' Saadi says, 'The rich man is everywhere expected, and at home.' And Sydney Smith, that 'A few yards in London cement or dissolve friendship.' 'An artist,' said Michael Angelo, 'must have his measuring tools, not in the hand, but in the eye.' Landor almost ludicrously remarks: 'I have suffered more from my bad dancing than from all the misfortunes and miseries of my life put together.' Burke says: 'All that class of the severe and restrictive virtues are almost too costly for humanity.' 'What a vicious practice of politicians is pairing off,' says Emerson, 'as if one man voting wrong could excuse another voting right, as if a man's

presence did not tell in more ways than in his vote.' 'Napoleon was call *Cent. Mille* by his men; add honesty, and he might be called a hundred millions.' "There," said the President, "this is the kind of running fire in his style going on through the book, filling the mind with knowledge, and adorning it with imaginative scenes." Seaton remembered how interested he had been with Emerson, with the minutes, and with the book, especially with what he said about culture. Emerson thought the best heads that ever existed were Pericles, Plato, Julius Cæsar, Shakspeare, Goethe, and Milton. They were well-read, universally educated men. He thought Morton would be benefited by recurring to the subject matter of that day, and these minutes were sought for.

CONVERSATION AND CULTURE.

CULTURE and conversation had ever been with Seaton two subjects to which he had given much thought as to how they were best developed. He had long felt that there was much that was called culture that was no culture at all. There was much talk hardly worthy to be called conversation, and very worthless; yet speakers of this trash often interrupted one another, much to the annoyance of hearers present. There should be no unwillingness to let other men

have their turn of talk. Even Swift would do this. He would wait a minute before he began again to hold forth, to give opportunity to another to speak. Bacon says of discourse, "one should pass it on to another." Occasionally at the dinner table great and mighty heights of thought were reached without bitterness or ill temper by the collision of one intellect with another. Whilst conversation for actual improvement had never been cultivated as largely as it should have been, good conversation, the best that a man could ever hope to secure, had been ever based on good culture, refined sensibility, clearness of definition and expression, sharpness, and accurate perception. "I have known," he said, "in my young days, a person put on a small piece of paper for his waistcoat pocket, topics with which to start a conversation, and, unperceived, produce the matter if the opportunity offered or required it. This was not a bad device for a young man. So many of us *know*, who yet cannot without assistance reproduce, the thing that we would like.

Abraham came to be called Silent Seaton, because when a party had got to be more in number than three or four he did not like to intrude his talk, where each, as Bozzy says of Johnson, had so much delight in hearing himself; but get him with his select few, and you had the talk of one of the rarest,

wittiest, and most appreciative of minds. Culture had taught and trained him to have under control all his natural tendencies, so that he could in perfect good temper listen to views that were most obnoxious to his manner of thinking. Prosiness and illogical conclusions from illogical or logical arguments would annoy him very much, but still he held himself in hand. By the translations of scholars Seaton had mastered a good knowledge of the learning of the ancients, and of these scholarly books he had collected the best editions. He had kept before him the example and suggestions not only of Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Antoninus, Menu, Confucius, and other great minds of antiquity, but especially of the only one perfectly cultured example that he knew recorded in all past time, Christ Jesus. This reading and meditation had made him a man of large sympathies, and a gentleman in every thought, feeling, and action. Had not Christ taught the first elements of culture—as he had of almost everything else—to be that lowliness of mind, willing to wait till one is bidden to take the topmost place? In modern society where were imitators of this example to be seen amongst the clergy? Goethe asked, “What can a poor member of the Christian Church think of the princely magnificence of a richly endowed bishop, when he sees in the Gospel the poverty and indigence of Christ, who, with His disciples,

travelled mostly on foot, whilst the princely bishop rattles on in his carriage drawn by his six horses." The high and richly endowed clergy dread nothing more than the enlightenment of the lower orders. Goethe, the most cultured of men, when further asked was it his nature to pay to the person of Jesus devout reverence, answered, "certainly! I bow before Him as the Divine manifestation of the highest principles of morality." "It is with these examples before me," continued Seaton, "That I cannot but think the new Poor Law Bill does sad injustice to the medical profession and to children. The payments to the medical profession are paltry in the extreme. Boards of Guardians are about as liberal in their feelings to the medical profession as they are to their labourers. Now, I would ask, who serves the world the most, the clergy or the medical profession? I am like Morton, I say the medical profession, and if I could have my own way I would appropriate, with a very good conscience, to their institutions a large share of the endowments, now conferred on the church. Mr. Brewin has just told me that he has found many precedents. He has found that certain of the clergy applied themselves to medicine, and those of them who attained any considerable reputation, and whose aid was sought by the court and nobility, were often richly rewarded

by church preferment. One Thomas Linacre, a scholar, devoted himself to physic and divinity. Through the patronage of the Crown and Cardinal Wolsey, he had given him lucrative church preferments, and, with the emoluments of his profession as a physician, he acquired much wealth, which he used in founding the Royal College of Physicians. With such a precedent as this, who ought to object to the medical practitioner going shares with the clergy in the emoluments of the Established Church of the nation?

“As to the subject of bringing up children of indigent parents or children who were orphans, this is another serious responsibility shirked by the State. Can it be possible that we neglect children as we do. Instead of sending them to the Ganges to be drowned and put out of misery at once, we actually have hit upon the noble invention of sending them to Canada, consigned to the care and tender mercies of strange masters, many to be destroyed by the cold of a Canadian climate. Hundreds and thousands of the dear creatures are put out of sight and mind, all to escape the proper duty of seeing after them at home.”

SMALL MEANS AND LARGE CULTURE.

IN conversation Abraham had adopted this lowliness of mind and willingness to give

place to the talk of others, to which I have referred. It had been a guiding principle in life with him, and one that he had generally applied successfully. He had also observed that there had been a very foolish growing tendency to give to wealth and title as needful accessories to acquaintanceship too high a value, rather than to brains. Some persons were always on the look out for big acquaintances; for ever toadying to money, or rank. It was very doubtful if society of the middle class had been improved by the contact. Nothing of the kind had influenced him. He had found that the most cultivated, and most distinguished, well-developed men, in certain walks of life, had neither titles nor rank, nor money, nor power, nor place; but only well defined characters and high companionship in their own thoughts. He had seen men with the smallest of incomes procured by the hardest of labour—with incomes from £50 a year to £200—possess an amount of culture that no wealth had ever been able to give. This culture, based on self-denial and self-control, enabled them to battle with prejudice, put aside narrow views and bigoted notions, purify their tastes, and ennoble the feelings and thoughts of those with whom they came into contact. The effects of culture were that it enabled a man to get out of himself as much pleasurable existence as life could give him;

using quiet and calm, as well as mirth and merriment for securing a good morning of cheerfulness, and a good night of reflection. His health and sentiments, by his system of self-regulation, were improved. The ignorance of the wealthy ignorant would have stolen this culture long ago, or given large sums for it, if they had known how to obtain it. A good heart and a good head, like good land, ought not to be neglected. They were the successful spots for culture, with or without wealth or title.

Abraham often thought that well-to-do parents could not spend money better than in giving this larger culture to their children; such parents could secure the best works of every class of art by which alone taste could be properly educated. He did not call in question the fact that there are people of indifferent parts born, apparently, for no special developments. Had not Curry told us that his friend, Mr. Reynoldson, the school master, kept a record for many years of the natural capabilities of his boys, and had he not found that even the non-clever may grow up and be trained into liking good habits, and have taste sufficient to be in no degree the objectionable people that some men of great parts often were. There were men, and he was very sorry for it, who, with much conceit, and offensive, overbearing manners, thought that

they were special stewards to disburse all the *dilettante* art knowledge of the present day.

There was also another absurdity to be found in society increasing with the rapid growth of wealth, the tendency to think that nothing was good in art which had not cost lots of money. He did not know that it was worth the while to disabuse the wealthy of their notions. Anything which causes a more equal distribution of riches was, perhaps, a benefit to human nature.

Abraham said further, that he did not think more diffusive training in book knowledge to the many was any great benefit. A little well done was much better for training the mind to steady application, than much that was superficially ill done. The only books which might be advantageously used, of a diffusive nature, were books giving the meaning and derivation of words, and the meaning of scientific terms and definitions. If the young men of the present day of poor parentage had anything in them, were they not better for trials? Did not the very disadvantages of their situation press them forward? Men were all the better for struggling to develop their natural powers, and that in the way most suitable to their mental constitution. Such young men were to become the useful and energetic members of a future generation. Some of the larger schools, growing up in the principal

towns, he had observed, were for pressing clever boys, or rather "crammed" boys, to go to colleges, whose humble resources would require some eleemosynary aid to get them through their course of studies. This was done as though college life was the only life by which to cultivate men's higher nature. In many cases he had seen college success to be more in conceit than in culture. High aims are now-a-days a phenomenon. Young men, as soon as they have taken their university degrees, too frequently drop their pursuit of science, and never turn to it again, except it may afford the means of getting a living. The tendency of college life is often objectionable, pushing one son in a family far above the rest in rank and knowledge by this outside aid. It was almost tantamount to a father training himself and his family to lie down and be kicked by this son, or be forgotten, when his education was completed. He had never yet seen a boy of very good conduct, and fitted for an advanced culture in a scientific and literary career, really loving to search for true and sound wisdom and knowledge, who did not find assistance.

There were many attempts to give a culture that was spurious, and false aspirations were running wild. There was everything but teaching that which ought to be taught. There is as much dignity in performing any manual labour

as in chiselling a statue, painting a picture, or working and teaching the calculus. The intellect alone is the weapon with which we overcome the powers of nature.

"The actual systems now at work," said Seaton, "put forth as improvements, disgust me, and have done so for many years. Boys and girls I have seen taught anything but suitable and useful things for a life of labour. Especially have I objected to the teaching in the schools of workhouses as below the mark. Girls I have seen working crochet and lace for their teachers, and not with the view of getting a living as the poor Irish girls do. I never saw an English girl at her muslin work who could tell you of 'veining,' of 'spearing,' of 'opening,' and of 'armouring,' as they can do; perhaps she might tell you that she knew of a 'button-hole stitch;' but to know about a 'satin stitch' would be out of the question. Nor have I ever known a suitable system of teaching in operation in workhouses, by which girls have been taught to make good bread, or cook a chop or a joint, or boil a potato, or knit or mend stockings, or cut out and make shirts. Boys I have seen taught to read in these union schools, who have used this acquirement on unwholesome reading, such as the adventures of Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard, because there has been no right and proper surveillance over them. This kind of reading I have seen go on at a time

of day when the lads should have been at work and learning the elementary duties of farm labour, and such practical principles as agriculture demands.

“Our education, to be the thing wanted—and every right minded man generally knows this before he goes to his grave—should be such as to help a man on every part of God’s globe to secure a living and something for old age; if even after the manner of the living of a Robinson Crusoe. This can only be done satisfactorily by training the mind to observe accurately its surroundings, and to know how to deal effectively with them. That which should really be taught is what Mr. Eaves in his paper on a ‘College for Emigrants’ has clearly shown to be most useful. He shows that a real college life, to be the true thing, should teach a man, as I have just remarked, to acquire what he wants to sustain life with as little useless labour as possible, so as to be able to live anywhere. Six or twelve months training of the kind, Mr. Eaves suggests, would be of incalculable value to any man. You shall turn to the paper,” said Abraham.

A COLLEGE FOR EMIGRANTS.

MORTON having found the paper, was about to read it, but before doing so, found a remark by Cripples, that on the evening when this address was delivered, Mr. Eaves brought to the meeting a

box, which for all the world looked like a large box of toys. This box was put on one side, for its contents to be used as fitting opportunities required. The pieces it contained, carved into various forms, and painted, were to illustrate Mr. Eaves's paper, which poor Cripples had recorded with his accustomed fidelity.

Mr. Eaves's paper having pretty good marginal notes, it may be almost sufficient to name some of them to the reader, using them, as he did, for abbreviating the text. The reader's own suggestions will enable him to fill in any number of details. Nor will he be very likely to differ much from Mr. Eaves's conclusions, which were really formed on principles of common sense.

Mr. Eaves began by saying that he thought the time had come when emigration should be treated scientifically. He would have a real emigrant's college, where emigrants should be taught the preparations for successful emigration, on a scale adapted to their means, and all that was likely to be required of them in the way of protecting life and property, as it might possibly be required with their own hands in their new country. Sensible men knew that all riches came from the land. Had not the very earliest of the poets—Hesiod—written about the cultivation of land. Had he not sung of rural life, delightful by reason of cornfields and meadows,

vineyards and groves, gardens and orchards, cattle and running brooks, bees and flowers. Nor did he overlook trenching, manuring, and grafting; and did not the wise Greeks encourage their children to learn this poetry of Hesiod's? Our excellent president had also written of "Evening in the country" in a very delightful strain. I give a verse or two:—

"Lo! the stream, how calm it glideth
 Where it lately urged the mill;
 Lo! the shadow, how it strideth
 Dark, and darker down the hill.
 Come, like miser to his money,
 When his heart is glad with gain;
 Come, like wild-bee to its honey,
 Loaded from the bean-sweet plain.
 * * * *

Hark! the bell of evening calleth
 All that toil, and all that stray;
 Like the pulse of sleep it falleth,
 Wafted on the gust away.
 One by one its notes seem nearer,
 Then they die along the vale,
 Breathing to the distant hearer,
 Like some far-off nightingale."

At home in England, among workmen, a mark of contempt was often fixed upon a man for knowing or practising things out of his own sphere of ordinary life. He was often called "A Jack of all trades and master of none." Now, such a man, with only a smattering of working knowledge, strong and industrious, was the very sort of man

for a new country, better than almost anybody else. To him a few months of actual training at an emigrant's college would be invaluable. The knowledge of climate, of tillage, and of seed crops might save him from many blunders. He might get an insight into using such philosophical instruments, tools and farming implements, which, with some little chemical knowledge, would secure his rapid prosperity. He might learn how to make roads economically, and effect great results by a knowledge of drainage. He might learn how to secure and store the water and keep it free from the impurities of organic decay. There was much to learn of vegetable germs, fungi, and mould, which often find a habitat even in man's body. The effect on man was to cause zymotic disease. Happily out of millions of germs there were few only that would hurt us, as Nature kindly caused to perish many that could do mischief, before they had the opportunity to do it. An emigrant should be expected to know something of everything, and how to do everything, and to do his work strongly and cheaply; to know where a nail and hammer would do instead of a mortise and chisel. He once knew a farmer who neglected the stitch in time principle, and left his piggery with a broken paling, whereupon one little piggy got out of its sty into the yard, and the paling not having been mended, another little piggy got through;

and both were torn to pieces and eaten up by the savage old dog before the sty was mended. This loss might have been easily avoided on the hammer and nail principle. No one would wonder that he could not make his farm answer.. "I don't." He, Mr. Eaves, would have a proper college, where everything should be taught, from field and garden labour, even to practical astronomy; certainly, to the extent of taking observations by simple means for finding the time and regulating clocks and watches.

He had personally known two very clever men reclaim land and get it into cultivation, which might never have been reclaimed but for them. These were the very kind of men to become professors in this kind of college. He would name now their plans, lest he might overlook them hereafter. One was the instance of the management, by a steward of an estate of some thousands of acres, which had been left moderately dry, but being reclaimed from the sea was of very inferior quality. He brought this land into cultivation by the simple expedient of commencing to make drains so shallow as to be only a spit deep. This single spit taken out was enough for a year. Another year he took out another spit deep, and so on. The side of the drain hardened and served the purpose of drainage admirably. By doing the work in this manner, though it was a slow process, he secured good banks to his drains

which had not been the case when deeper cuttings had been made in a year.

The other intelligent and energetic gentleman had reclaimed land which had been suffered to lie waste for generations, and when reclaimed, it was sufficient for the maintenance of a farmer and his family. By beginning with an acre or two, and putting them into good form, and spending only so much as he could afford, he obtained land equal to the requirements of the best possible farming, making it in all points good agricultural land. The next year he again took in more land, just so much as he could afford to do well. He continued his operations in this manner, so that he had, at the end of a few years, a valuable farm. If instead of doing a little well, he had spent the little he had to spend on a large extent of acreage, he would have failed altogether, as many others before him had failed ; but by taking each year, only so much land as he could really make into good high class land, he succeeded admirably.

In conclusion he would remark that they had as a member of this club the principal of a diocesan training college and school, where forty or fifty students were training to be school-masters. These young men devoted a certain portion of time to handicraft occupations. Opportunity was given them for the practice of carpentry, smith work, foundry work, carving,

building, and agriculture. This labour was performed out of school hours in play time. These pupils took an active part in building a school and chapel, even quarrying the stone. Steam engines and various machines of excellent workmanship had been made in the engine-shop. The undertaking had eminent success. But it certainly was not likely to be so great a success, or likely to pay so well as would a training college, especially adapted to the career of emigrants. Emigrants, with fully developed energies, were not likely to be limited in their perorations by a few difficulties. In united companionship they were quite likely to fix successfully on a site for a healthy town, and so ordering financial matters that its material should be despatched from this country ready-made.

Mr. Eaves now displayed his box of "manly toys," as he called them, making the request for any person present to assist him in arranging them.

"They are not," said Mr. Eaves, "like old-fashioned maps, fitting accurately together in their dovetailed pieces, but are made up of various pieces, as are children's wood bricks, fitted to be placed anywhere, from one end of a table to the other. These pieces of painted wood, mark outlines for a farm. These for walls or fences, this for a farm house and farm yard, suitably fitted for the growth of stock of every description ; and that for labourers' cottages, workshops, granaries,

piggeries, henneries, and stables. Here, this piece represents a wine cellar, this a pantry, this an oil press and butter making, and this a garden." Whilst this occupation was going on, the president asked if any member would like to make any remarks, when Mr. Jones said that he was very much struck with the several bright painted pieces exhibited, they looked so pretty, and he having had American and Canadian experience, admitted the toys to be sufficiently clear instructors. "The best instructions," he said, "in lazy peoples' hands were of no use. God forbid that he should throw any cold water on such an admirable scheme. He saw in the scheme at this time of day, far more advantage than in the best classical college that could be founded.

"If the president would only allow him two or three minutes further digression, he would like to to say ("Go on"), this college scheme ought not to be confined to men. Women could be much improved in their training. He had known a family, where the mother had been an ingenious and expert carpenter, and had, by example, taught her daughters to paint and paper; indeed, one of the young ladies had become such a clever plumber, as to do repairs with all the activity and energy which gas and water required.

"The first thing he noticed as being most important, both for men and women, was to secure a chest of good tools, and not to have them

of inferior manufacture. Nothing was to be done satisfactorily with a makeshift collection. Good hammers, good chisels, good planes, and in fact good tools of every description, when put into the hands of women, were used by them as cleverly as they were by men. The next thing was for the user of the tools to take pleasure in keeping them in good order, never leaving them about, but when done with, always putting them away in their chest. To put things away in their places was often difficult for young ladies to do; and he, Mr. Jones, even feared that tools would be like their watches—seldom in good order. Only think of the time that would be saved in England in not having to run for this man and that, to do trifling repairs, when, with a few months of this college training, things could be done at home. I know one young lady with the gift of making book-cases, and another who can make cages for birds. She is in the way of catching one, I am told. Another has gone so far with a companion or two as to build a boat. I do not think it is true that the pieces of wood were prepared and put together, as were the stones in the Jewish temple, in Silence; but the boat, at all events, was more of a success than it was ever expected to be."

Poor old Cripples writes in a parenthesis, "I beg to record the fact that Mr. Jones's

remarks were received with first-class attention and applause; especially the remark that ladies should keep their watches in better order, and more regularly wound up. Nor should I be doing justice to Mr. Jones if I did not say this."

MR. BREWIN'S REMARKS ON THE FOREGOING.

MR. BREWIN, following Mr. Jones, thanked him for his remarks, and also Mr. Eaves for his paper. He said that he had specially wished to have on one of his American estates a very huge Leyden jar, say twenty feet in diameter, and about thirty to forty feet high. Every one knows that America liked to gather all the huge things it possibly could. Had it not the falls of Niagara, the River Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, Lake Huron, and a multitude of other big things. He would like a very huge Leyden jar fixed in or about the centre of the farm. He would have it fed with the electricity of the clouds. He saw great use in having so much accumulated power at command, and how wise it would be not to let nature run her forces to waste, as she generally did. He had recently been pursuing his studies in electricity so successfully, that he felt little doubt of his ultimate success in diffusing this force in a gradual manner in a hundred different

directions as it might be wanted. It could be used as so much power and be available on the farm—to saw, to grind, to crush, to cut, and to pump; and in the house to wash and to sew. Should he succeed, there would be a useful power at a trifling expense always at command for the wants of the farm and household. Its size would be as was the size of this Leyden jar before them—which he had brought from the laboratory—proportionally to the rest of the models of house and farm buildings now on the table. This Leyden jar he would place in position as if built on the actual farm. It would be very like in appearance to a lighthouse. It would be a constant and useful servant of the house and farm. Mr. Brewin then placed the jar on the table, and it certainly stood out as a pleasant and ornamental object on which to look even amidst the coloured pieces representing the suggestions of Mr. Eaves.

Since we have given up the use of such names as A.S.S., objected to as nicknames, we would remind the reader, lest he may have forgotten it, that little Mr. Smiles is the Razorblade of the early part of our story; a man somewhat given to making bitter and unamiable remarks, but at the bottom a decent sort of little fellow. Mr. Smiles, whose smallness of stature prevented him being very well able to see the Leyden jar so distinctly as he would

like, stood on the seat of his chair, leaning his arms on the table.

The brass knob of the jar and the tin-foil pasted on the glass were very attractive to him. He had always, from youth upwards, been curious with all his senses. His sight often made demands on him to try what the sense of feeling, of hearing, or of smelling would do in this or that case. It is said that he was once made senseless by an inhalation from a bottle which, without due consideration, he applied to his nose. He reached to the jar, removed it near to where he was standing, and then was for taking hold of the brass ball placed on the mahogany top of the jar. Suddenly our little Mr. Smiles, by a shock from the electricity which was left in the jar quite forgetfully by Mr. Brewin, was knocked off the chair and rolled on the floor. In those days straps were worn, which so tightened the trousers that the fall split them across the knees and back, manifestly much to the discomfiture of Mr. Smiles. The jar, from the manner in which he had taken hold of it, had been discharged by him and a shock produced, and it was this untoward event that had laid little Mr. Smiles low. Nor was this all. Professor Wilson had just introduced a new description of oil, fitted for the old-fashioned globe lamps then in use; it was a manufacture of seal or whale oil and garlic oil. The club was trying this oil at the instance of

the professor, in its lamps on this very evening when the accident happened, unfortunately, to little Mr. Smiles, and what made matters worse was that Mr. Smiles, in catching hold of the table cloth, brought the lamp also quickly to the ground. Whale oil is always of a disagreeable smell, but this new combination was the most insufferable stinking stuff that had been yet introduced; nearly as bad as the kakodyle and mercaptan of recent manufacture. Its smell had rejected all the attempted purifications of Professor Wilson. He thought he had at last got over the difficulty by a very perfect construction of the mechanical parts of the lamp. However, the unfortunate fall of Mr. Smiles and the lamp with its contents upon him, so disagreeably perfumed him, that not all the efforts of Edouard, the cook, and his wife Mary (a nice Welsh girl he had just married), could get him sweet again. He tried the various odours of the essences he manufactured, and which he kept ready for the preparation of his club-dinners, but all without effect. The smell of the oil, even with peppermint as a guise, would yield to nothing, but acted only as a thorough bass to the smell, as deep sounds will to the air of a piece of music.

Mr. Brewin's "bless my soul" did no more good to remove the disagreeable smell than when he further added "dear me, how could I forget

to discharge the jar before I brought it in?" He said how sorry he felt, adding, "Oh, Mr. Smiles, I hope you have not hurt yourself by your fall; do forgive me. I never thought this jar would be handled as you handled it." Mr. Smiles said he had not hurt himself by his fall, nor had the discharge done him any bodily mischief as far as he yet knew, but the smell, which made him a horror to himself, was certainly a most infernal thing to carry home to his family.

Dr. Turner said he felt Mr. Smiles would need more commiseration than he had got at present from them, for it was very probable that he had not done with the odours yet. He feared that the skin had absorbed some of the oil which might induce a compound, as sulphur would do, whose disgusting fetor would be as bad as a dose of tellurium, which often lasted for weeks, and would be an annoyance to every person who came into contact with Mr. Smiles.

Whereupon Mr. Squelcher added his usual dismal observation on things running a little wrong—"How very annoying! how very annoying!"

This unfortunate event prevented more discussion that evening, and the proceedings of the club were closed somewhat abruptly, as the minutes recorded by old Cripples says

in somewhat abrupt language, "stunk out." On the evening of the next meeting, just after reading the minutes, there was a knock. The door keeper said to the president that the lad of Mr. Smiles wanted to see Mr. Cripples.

The President said, "tell him to come in, and he can speak to Mr. Cripples." "He says he cannot. It is private." "Master says I am only to tell Mr. Cripples." However, the boy came in and whispered to Mr. Cripples: "Master says he can't come. He smells so!!" Whereupon, Dr. Turner said, "Ah! ah! I was afraid of it." And Squelcher uttered his querulous "Very annoying! very annoying!"

The whole proceedings were much to the amusement of those present, and it was some little time before the social gathering could compose itself, to consider decorously, the business before the meeting.

JESSIE'S COURTSHIP.

WE left Janie despatching a letter to her sister, which letter duly reached her, aroused her, corrected her, and even in the short interval of posting her letter to Janie and receiving a reply, was old in its circumstances and turns of thought. Her grief was intense at hearing of poor Seaton's mis-hap; but she was delighted to hear of Janie's improved health. Mr. Printer's

nursing had improved the health of the poor widow's child.

The letter of Janie, returning the photographs and giving the ideas of Abraham on the characters of the men, was fully agreed to by Jessie, as very truthful. It was a real, downright pleasure to find Abraham speaking so highly of Mr. Printer's face. Comparing him with all others, she had never seen a man to be in all things what he was.

Often would Jessie find some excuse for a talk with him, and often he would so manage his reply, that it should want from him another interview before that special talk could be considered as concluded.

These interviews became like links in a chain, joining and joining one another, till there was no manner of doubt that if the chain were broken, or only damaged in one link, it would be a sad blow to each of them.

Jessie's engagement with Mr. Napson was not off, but nearly so. Her studies were almost done for a time. She herself had finished a course of guinea lessons, each of which had done a little to break down the natural love of display of one's-self in a part that she was acting, instead of the love of displaying the part.

Those young men running after her, gave no occasion of jealousy to Mr. Printer, or, as she now really knew his name—Walton—a

printer of Arabic manuscripts. Walton had seen the sinless nature of Jessie's flirtations, he had admired her exquisite tact in preventing the smallest approach to liberties being taken with her, and for the first time in his life felt himself elevated in her company by her talent, and her quick perception which was seen in all that she said and did, and was as much displayed in the grave as in the gay.

There was every reason for Jessie to marry. Lonely and solitary as she felt her lot to be, she meant to carry out her desire, and if she had the opportunity of accepting a good offer, to accept it. She had determined she would marry character rather than money. She would have, in the man of her choice, if she could—health of body and mind before birth or position. She preferred to have love into the bargain, and, if she could, meant to have it.

It was no little gratification to her to find that Abraham's views of Walton's face would make him satisfied with her conduct, and if Walton would only make an offer and propose to her she would not require to be asked twice. On one occasion matrimony became a subject of conversation between them.

"So you mean to say, even from your short acquaintance with me, you would marry me?"

"Certainly, if you asked me."

"Printer as I am, in such an every-day suit as you always find me wearing, living in lodgings, or only occupying a small room like this?"

"Certainly, I would marry you. I don't marry you for your clothes. You say that you like my gaiety, and I like your gravity."

"Well," said Walton, "I will ask you if you will take me for a husband. I have never seen a woman after my heart that I like so much as you. Will you have me?"

"Yes, I will."

"There is no need to be long about it. Here we are and no settlements between us to make, are there Jessie?"

"No, not that I know of. When shall it be?" she answers characteristically of her sex, shyly, "Oh, I suppose dear, within the next twelve months."

"Twelve months! Twelve days are too long," said Walton. "I have known you longer than you think."

"Well, take me when you like. My engagement is closed for the season, and my lessons are done."

"And my Arabic printing can very well wait."

JESSIE'S MARRIAGE.

CONVENTIONALITIES were scouted, a license obtained, a dinner less in the room that Jessie occupied, and

an extra one provided in Walton's, at his table for Jessie, who was now the dear Jessie of his heart, the partner of his joys, and to be in future the sharer of his cares. Here she was hard and fast fixed with her dear printer for life.

After a few days of this freshness of pleasurable existence, which was really as much enjoyed by Jessie as by Walton, she began busying herself in seeing after Walton's shirts and stockings, and other articles of dress. Her own wardrobe she selected of good, but plain and neat material. Walton, soon after these outfittings were complete, proposed a few days' holiday tour.

Money was placed at her disposal by Walton. Jessie, whilst providing liberally for herself, was for not spending so much as he wished.

"You know, dearest, my stage duties may cease. I may become less of a favourite with the public, and other circumstances may prevent me following the life of an actress as a profession. Don't you think we had better save the money? I can do without it. I have enough and to spare of my own."

"My Jessie will do as she pleases, and I am pleased."

They got off for their journey as quickly as possible. A day's run northward took them to their destination. On reaching the station, a nice omnibus, a new one, was waiting for them.

Jessie said, “You never told the driver where to go to.”

With harmless fun, Walton said, “Drive to your master’s.”

The omnibus came to the gates, which led to a house through a fine avenue of trees. The gates were opened by a respectable looking old woman living in the lodge.

Jessie expected to get out, but the coachman drove on and on, down this fine avenue.

Jessie the flirt, no flirt now, with surprise, was looking at her husband, “I should not have thought this had been the way, it seems to lead only to a private residence; but dear, you know I have more confidence in your judgment than my own.” This expression of confidence I believe is not at all an unusual remark of a woman at the *beginning* of matrimonial existence.

The omnibus stopped, and the door was opened by an old, grey-headed butler.

“Now, Jessie dearest, get out. All that you see is yours, endowed as you are with all my worldly goods.”

“Oh, Walton, how could you do this? This your confidence in me?”

“Well, dearest, you now have done with your acting. Mine, you see, must continue; and as master of the ceremonies, I am off for unpacking.” To Hannah, the old housekeeper, he said, “take

your mistress to her rooms, give her a cup of tea, and we will dine in an hour. Dress yourself for me," whispered Walton, "we are alone."

Walton thought it was the kinder course to let the flutter of excitement pass in this somewhat abrupt manner. He knew Hannah was a staid old body, and would be the kindest and best attendant his wife could have in this, her new condition of surprises. He knew enough of Jessie to be sure that her self-possession would never leave her.

An hour soon ran. A bell rang. Hannah said it was the warning bell for dinner.

Walton in dress appeared at dinner.

Jessie, in all the witchery of "The Queen of Day." She had hesitated between the dress of "Puss in Boots" or "The Queen of Day," both reminding her of early success.

The courtship had been so short, and the whole marriage arrangement so quickly done, that Walton, though he had been lately a good deal in company with Jessie, had not much knowledge of the familiar names of the persons and friends that she knew, and which she used in conversation, but who were to her as local habitations of body, soul, and spirit.

JESSIE.—"I wonder what governor would say to this? We must see him; he does not live far from this. I am sure you would like him."

WALTON.—"Who is that, dearest?"

JESSIE.—“Did I never tell you of him? Why, Mr. Seaton, Abraham Seaton.”

WALTON.—“Seaton; that is the name of a friend of mine, whom I once knew, but that was years ago. Is the man a sculptor?”

JESSIE.—“Yes. How singular for you to know him.”

WALTON.—“He had a good deal to do with my father in building this house. I was young, but I found him the finest, the best, the most thoughtful, the most loving, and self-denying of all my friends. Almost all you see around us has had touches given by his genius. But more another time of him. You to know him! and I never to have seen him for years!”

After a few weeks had passed, poor over-worked little Kate, the maid-of-all-work at Mrs. Bemrose's, came to be a servant at Oaklands, and was maid of the closet for Jessie. Her surprise at seeing the house and gardens was very great.

“Oh, my! I never saw such a place. And you live here, Mr. Walton. How kind of Mrs. Walton and you to let me come here, Mr. Walton, to clean your own boots and shoes! Oh, my! and this beautiful house all your own. Oh, my!”

The letter from Jessie to her sister, mentioning her marriage, had been a wonderful letter of surprise. To Abraham, the news that Walton,

now a man of middle age, was the youth, who had so much attached himself to him, whilst he acted as superintendent of the building of the Oaklands, was a very curious incident. He perfectly remembered him now. Then the invitation to Morton and Mrs. Williams to accompany Janie was so kindly put, that he saw no way of refusal. The fine weather, the short distance to drive, and the probability of strength enough, made him accept the invitation to visit where he knew he was to be as comfortable as at home.

ANOTHER DIGRESSION.

WELL, reader, I fancy you will be more engrossed with my story of Jessie and Walton than with the philosophy of the pages you have before you, or that of any of the records of the club. I daresay this book, as other books of this sort, may have accidentally got into your hands on a Sunday as a leisure day. I know that in penning this little passage on a Sunday I am doing a thing which formerly I should have thought of doing on the sly. Had I as a boy read a book like this that I am writing, it would have been much objected to by those who overlooked my actions as Sabbath breaking. I am writing a book to suit everybody, and so, perhaps, please nobody; and I am so placing the parts of it, that if your character for decorum

is excessive, and it does not seem suitable reading on a Sunday in the eyes of your friends, you can go at once to some of its slower pages, turn them over, and begin remarking to any one of the young people who may see you with the book in your hands, on the slower part of the book as though you had never read a tale in your life. You can say, "a thoughtful subject this, but should be dealt with by a cleverer pen." However, your youthful observers quickly leave you, and you can quietly resume the story which interests you, with the self-complacent hypocrisy, of saying all the while to yourself that you must not injure young people's minds with a bad example, for Sunday is Sunday after all. In the training of the old Puritan days there was a great deal of this sort of thing to be done. The parsons of those days had the covert design to fill their chapels, and it could only be done by citing the importance of making it a matter of conscience in Christian people to assemble themselves together, too frequently to hear whatever twaddle any pulpiteer might choose to deliver himself of. And as for opening museums on a Sunday, as is now proposed, that was a thing out of the question; it would not do, though you might accept the proffered services of Jewish attendants, who had their Sunday on Saturday, and have bishops to cicerone and explain to the visitors what they saw. It would be profanity itself to visit on this

leisure day museums or places of instruction. It was quite forgotten that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. Is there no other way of spending a Sunday properly but by going to church? Just think, reader, whether there is one atom of matter in nature which has not to accept its conditions of existence, as you have from your Maker, and which, if interrogated of what it knows of God, is not itself a sermon preaching of Him the Great Cause? My only object in writing these pages has been to give pleasure to readers in as many diverse ways as I can; and I hold that no man has lived in vain, so far as relates to himself, who has written a book with the endeavour to make it amusing, instructive, and elevating in its sentiments. Good suggestive reading for a Sunday as well as for a week day, inciting the young to work in all directions for a perfect culture that will lift their moral nature as high as it is capable of being elevated, is of no little benefit to all of us, and is far superior to many of the sermons one is compelled to hear from very idle, unqualified, and ignorant preachers.

THE DRIVE TO OAKLANDS.

WALTON'S carriage was placed at the service of Abraham. His drive to the Oaklands was very satisfactorily made, and he got there much better than he expected.

The day was fine, warm, and sunshiny, and the brightness imparted cheerfulness and good spirits. The country drive reminded Seaton of the many things which had passed since he had last seen the neighbourhood. Years ago he had resided there many a month, and to his memory it had always appeared a delightful spot. He passed the small house where he lodged whilst the building of the house and the church was going on. He wondered who were the tenants now. A middle aged woman, standing at the gate nursing a baby, he thought he recognized by the face, though, as it appeared afterwards, he had not seen it from childhood. He asked the driver to stop.

"Are you," said he, "Mary Meadows?" With a blush she said, "I was once, sir; but you have the advantage of me. I do not know you."

"I should expect that you would not know me, Mary. You were only a very little girl when I knew you."

"Oh, sir, are you Mr. Seaton?" asked Mary.

"Yes." "How glad I am to see you, sir."

"Well, poor mother, before she died, gave me a book, which she had kept for years to give you," and away she ran to fetch it, and, returning with it,

"I was to give you this if ever you turned up. I am very glad that you have, and that

I can give it you now; you left it when you went to another place to reside, my mother never knew where. It had fallen, so mother said, behind a cupboard, and, when cleaning, she found it.

"Well, there is nothing like hope. She always said 'You will see him, my dear, some day.' Here you are and here is your book."

Abraham took the little French Testament, which had been given to him whilst he was learning French, gave Mary a shilling for baby's money-box, if she had one, and drove on.

The finding and returning of the book awakened such a train of thoughts that it excited him a good deal. It had been the gift of Annie Moulder, when in America, and had been much valued by him. It was like finding an old friend. There in the first page stood in her neatly written characters—"To my friend, A.S., with my kind regards. All my life I have been reminded painfully, That which we get, we often don't want. That which we want we often don't get. I hope such disappointments will not be your lot. I am your sincere well-wisher—ANNIE MOULDER."

It may be well to name here that the father of Walton, on finding Abraham so good a sculptor and so much a man of taste and judgment, and also a member of the same club, had employed him in embellishing the house

and in planning and building a church. The church, which stood among the trees, not more than a few hundred yards from the house, was a beautiful object. It was small, but a perfect gem of the kind. They had to pass it, and many were the memories that it stirred up in Seaton's mind. His last occupation of completing it seemed almost present before him.

The interview between Walton and his guest was very affecting. The tables were now turned, Abraham was the sick, weak man, Walton the strong and healthy man. When they last met, Walton was the weakly lad, and Abraham as strong as a Greek athlete, capable of throwing his quoit with unerring dexterity, running his mile as few could do, and jumping with or without a pole the widest ditches; nothing delighted him more than a contest in which he came off usually the successful victor.

But now Abraham's powers were gradually leaving him; whilst not suffering from paralysis exactly, there was yet a gradual deadness of sensation, which scarcely gave him power enough to move his limbs. When placed in any position, he could not move without assistance. Janie had to assist him, but singularly, to-day, the excitement of seeing Walton had given him unwonted and unnatural energy. He got out of the carriage by himself, walked into the house, and knowing every part of it, soon

found himself in the apartments which Walton had told him that he had prepared for him. Walton could not at first believe that Abraham was in such a serious condition; but in a few hours a reaction set in, and he was again the helpless invalid. Walton's assistance had made him very comfortable. A wheeled chair had been provided for him, and he could get readily from one room to another. At the end of a few days, he thought his visit had been long enough; but Walton's persuasive efforts extended the time till he saw there was little chance of his ever returning home. Everything that could be done for him by Jessie and Janie, assisted by Walton, was done.

WALTON'S PARENTAGE.

WALTON's father had been a rich man. He had been a tobacco manufacturer, and had retired from business to settle down, as he hoped, for some years in his new house, which he had built and completed, as we have said, by the aid of Abraham. He had accumulated a large property, and, though a very decent man, had some little qualms of conscience, and very needless ones, that he had not paid as much duty to the Government as he ought to have done, and that all his accumulations had not been secured quite as they should have been. The old proverb, he thought, in a small degree, was likely enough

to be of truth in his case :—"Blessed is the son whose father is gone to the devil;" but as Mr. Walton, senior, did not want any more of the acquaintance of this gentleman than he could help, he thought that he might try and cut it as far as possible, and, like others, he thought he saw a panacea for an uneasy conscience in building on the grounds near his house a beautiful little church for the worship of Almighty God. It was a matchless structure of the kind. There had been in the older Walton more poetry and imagination in his worldly nature than any one would have given him credit for or possibly supposed, from his mere exterior. Few would have thought the book he would take most delight in was Pope's "Essay on Man." It was his veritable Sunday book always in hand, except those times when he was overtaken by drowsiness, then it would drop on the floor and restore him again to a wakeful condition, when he would, very probably, repeat to himself three or four lines that were fixed in his memory years ago.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.

* * * * *

Never elated whilst one man's oppressed,
Never dejected while another's blessed."

Nothing would serve him but he must have three or four bells fixed in the belfry of the little

church, as nearly similar in tone to the old church bells, which he used to hear in his boyhood. Hearing these bells, made old Walton to feel almost young again.

“Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.”

The hearing of these bells produced more readily than anything else a memory of those past days that cheered him when nothing else would. His sexton, the husband of Hannah, his housekeeper, came from his native village where he had been the amateur ringer of the parish, and whose chiming of the bells was so attractive and pleasant to his hearers and to himself when a boy. Allen Newman, as he was called, almost displaced the old ringers, by his ability to manage the chiming of three at once. The ordinary procedure with the bells of the little church was to do according to the custom of the old parish church: night and morning to summon the villagers to prepare for bed and rising, and to chime away on the Sunday for worship. As we have said, it had been left to Abraham to work out and plan all the beautiful details of the church and fix the elevation of the masonry on a suitable basis, admitting a few steps to be raised by which to enter the interior. He proposed placing the windows so low, saying to

himself:—"If the sense of hearing cannot get its full gratification, as is so often the case, by reason of poor preaching—"preaching which wants *light*, quite as much as heat,' another sense, the sight, shall have the means of being used;" and sure enough, as far as a beautiful landscape could do it, he did it most effectively. The large plate-glass windows ran nearly to the ground. The windows were so placed that no person within the building could fail to see the abundant beauties of nature around him. From Walton's seat in the church he could get a view of the tomb of his mother and father. It was a simple tomb, placed in a dell, the favourite walk of his father, for quiet meditation, since his mother's death. The few lines of verse had been placed on the stone after a little time by his father.

These lines which he had taken from an old song, and used as an epitaph, he thought suitable for both of them, when he should have to follow his loved one. They were certainly more truthfully appropriate to the couple than is generally the lot of tombstones to secure and record:—

"We have lived and loved together,
Through many a changing year;
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wiped each other's tear;—
We both could speak of one love,
Which time could never change."

The church was surrounded with flowers of the season, diffusing sweetness around the pathway, making it very agreeable as one walked to the church. The flower beds perhaps to many beholders would be very good suggesters of innocent thoughts. It is true that the beds were a little stiff and precise to look at, but the stiffness seemed rather to add to the scene, and give an appearance of quiet and repose, which, to the jaded mind, especially at certain seasons, so delightfully shuts out from remembrance the cares and troubles of this world. The flowers emblematically represented Nature's growth which toiled not nor laboured for the meat that perisheth.

Walton had been very delicate as a youth. At the time that he made the acquaintance, and indeed, close friendship of Abraham his medical man feared consumption. The intensity of his grief at the loss of his mother was also feared as a depressing influence and a cause for producing further disease.

A visit to Egypt was thought of. He took it, and extended it into those parts of Arabia and Syria where he got amongst the Bedouin Arabs, adapted himself to their habits, picked up their language, and became fond of their wandering, unconventional life and simple fare.

Two or three years were whiled away in seeing the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, and the

various temple remains of Palmyra and Baalbec, and other places that had been of surpassing splendour, but are now only places of solitude and desolation. He returned to find only a sick, indeed a dying father. He, the only son, by the decease of his father, soon after became owner and sole occupant of Oaklands.

Again, in deep grief, he felt his desolate condition so greatly that after a short time he broke up the establishment, but left in it old Hannah and Allen, her husband, to take charge. Travelling about for some time he thought he would try a somewhat more settled life. He took lodgings in London for the benefit of getting that scientific and literary instruction and amusement which he so much liked.

One evening Walton visited an acrobatic establishment, saw Jessie as "Puss in Boots," and became enamoured of her. He lost sight of her for some months, but again saw her in her new character of "Queen of Day." He attended the theatre frequently when she was acting. He followed her, and on her account became acquainted with the manager of the theatre, Mr. Napson. Walton heard from him her story, and thought with Mr. Napson that her profession was dangerous, and what was more, Walton thought it was especially a dangerous profession from which to take a wife, however much he might desire to do so. Mr. Napson's account showed that

Jessie's life had been one of great trial, having had to do much in support of her father and mother. This induced pity in Walton's breast—pity, that mother of love. He found out Jessie's residence, and never after lost sight of her. He made arrangements to assist her without her knowing who rendered the help; from this source her costly studies and guinea lessons were obtained.

To know still more about her, Walton determined to become her fellow-lodger, if it were possible. This, after a little time, he managed to do.

Our reader has now seen how the acquaintance was begun, continued, and brought to the consummation of a marriage between them.

One of the very first things Walton wished to do was to get Abraham some day to visit the little church. He knew the gratification would be great, if the invalid had only the strength to pay the visit. Walton one fine day hearing the chimes, got Abraham to accompany him. Abraham was charmed with the appearance of all around him.

Walton had just placed a picture that he had got painted—an altar piece—by an Italian artist in Rome, who had for some time been employed in painting his Arab sketches from his own drawings in the desert. He would like Abraham to see the picture as it was. Walton thought it was the very thing that had added a

finish to the whole church and made it complete as a work of art both in symmetry, simplicity, and beauty. Chairs took the place of fixed seats when the church was used. Nothing at the moment of the visit interfered with the appearance of the shape of the beautiful floor of polished black and white marble squares which gave a greater idea of size than there really existed.

The picture was the interior of a Jewish Synagogue. On one of its walls was represented another picture—a picture within a picture—of Solomon in all his glory receiving the Queen of Sheba as his guest. The Lord Jesus Christ was seated in the synagogue with many bystanders around him, and pointing to the picture; a pretty, innocent-looking little girl was holding to Him a lilly of the valley. Her happy face showing, by its asking nature, her desire for Him to take it as her gift of childish love and trust in Him.

Abraham's pleasure in his visit to the church was great. Seldom had he ever had such a spring tide of elevated emotions as he had whilst hearing the organ pealing through the aisles of the church as it were bidding the master spirit of its creation a holy welcome, and it was much enhanced by the pleasure he saw beaming from Walton's face.

It seemed to say, Now have I not surpassed myself in pleasing you, old friend, by this work

of art? It might have been otherwise. Few minds are large enough to like interference with their completed conceptions.

On the other hand Abraham had always valued the suggestions of others—though, like Faraday, he found that they were generally worth little; but certainly, almost for the first time in his life, he felt that he had too much overlooked the part that the sense of colour played in association with sculpture and architecture, and he was not surprised that the coldness of Grecian form under a Grecian sky was relieved in some of the buildings of Olympia by colour, especially those of the Doric order, whose *metopes* were largely coloured with blue and red. I am told that among recent discoveries is a head of Hercules, with hair and eyes still bearing a trace of colour. "Colour was not confined to sculpture, but extended to architectural decorations." It is misjudging Greek sculpture and architecture to consider it cold and colourless.

MR. BANWARD'S SHADOWY NOTIONS.

OUR readers will remember that the president of the club left with Seaton, on one of his visits, a letter that he had received from Mr. Banward, accompanied by a few sheets of neatly written paper, on which he had penned, as he called them, his "Shadowy Notions." The following extract from his letter will, perhaps, be of

momentary interest before dealing with his fragmentary thoughts. He begins:—

“Dear President, I have sent you a small parcel of some of my ‘Thoughts,’ or ‘Shadowy Notions,’ as I call them, thinking that they might prove of interest, if they were read at some one of the meetings of the club; and if not of sufficient importance to be so read, they could still be so far minuted as to stand among some of the imperishable records of the past.

“Would you kindly tell Holkham that I have not forgotten his request to let him have some of my ‘Life Story;’ nor have I forgotten to give little Johnny Trott the bag of marbles. He was much pleased. He grows a very nice intelligent boy. Our dear friend R., so kind to others, is pretty well; he has been suffering from a cold, but says he is better. He has had recourse to his old remedy, of which you may have heard. He says that he takes a glass of hot brandy and water, and has only to think of his debts when he gets into such a perspiration immediately, that he loses his cold before morning. This treatment usually puts him in good condition for the work and duties of the next day.”

* * * * *

The following are some of Mr. Banward's “Shadowy Notions,” to which we have referred, emerging through the chinks in the walls of the vaults of “Castle Knowthysel,” as he calls

it, in which they had been imprisoned from his childhood, fifty or sixty years ago.

Abraham diligently took in hand the work of reading these "Shadowy Notions" at such times as he found himself well enough. The occupation gave him amusement, as the tones of thought given to the subjects occasionally touched him. He did not feel well enough to go very deeply into anything which might be of a controversial nature. A simple pencil mark was all that he placed against anything doubtful in sentiment or morals, or which might be improved in sense or style.

CONSTANTS OF LIFE.

THERE are some things so fixed by nature for man to do—from the king or queen to the peasant—that there appears to be no chance of avoiding them or lessening the labour which they daily or hourly entail. They must be done by the race so long as the world stands. Every day this labour goes on, and an amount of time is always used up in these given occupations, and which I term "Constants of Life." No improvements can be effected in the manner of doing them. Dressing and eating, washing and sleeping, are of this kind; teaching children letters, reading, and writing, are duties stamped on man's life to be done by him from one generation to another—for ever and ever. They are much as

a sentence imposed and carried out on a felon, which he is obliged to work out.

These occupations, as "Constants of Life," in relation to all else that is variable, are themselves the occasion of employment, which are almost, in their turn, "Constants of Life." Dressing the outward man gives occupation to manufacturers and merchants, tailors and drapers; eating needs agricultural employments and a multitude of other workers. In fact all the existing activity of trades only becomes the exponent of man's wants that require to be gratified to secure pleasurable existence. Some employments are susceptible of change, and so have variety; others, like teaching children their A B C, are not. The only change being to teach different departments of knowledge, but these are taught daily. Everybody gets pretty well satisfied with this routine, and bears his burden, which one can well believe might easily become perfect slavery. Burke says: "They are only free who think themselves free." What are the compensations for all the labour that secure this satisfaction is a subject worthy of more investigation than I have yet seen given to it.

INSIDE THOUGHTS *v.* OUTSIDE SPEECH.

THERE is so much we never care to let others know of our passing thoughts, that I take it Nature never intended more intrusion on each

other's privacy than what our outside character gives by our speech and actions. These are to be accepted as ourselves, and nothing more. But to my mind there is a mournful sadness in the fact that we know so little of one another or of the vastness of silence within us that is inexplorable, or of the life of thought running on wholly unknown to each other. It is humiliating to our intelligence to think and feel that we know nothing of our own nearest and dearest ties, but what our own nearest and dearest tell us by word or manner or inference. Nature leaves us to conjectures, and they are as likely to be wrong as right. Thought with all of us only conveys an expression to be told by the outside of one to the outside of another. It was a large hearted action in our jurisprudence to accept the single words of "Guilty" or "not guilty" from a man's lips without further inquisition of his thoughts.

MONEY.

MONEY buys everything, from a nurse and a doctor who bring you into the world, to the doctor and nurse who take you out of it; from the parson that marries you to the undertaker who buries you—all for payment.

Nay, you say that it cannot buy affection; no, but it buys the semblance of it, and how are you to tell the real from the counterfeit? Can

you tell it on the stage ; then why are you more likely off it ? Unless you are stripped of your position, you can never tell how much your position has to do with this affection. Don't you know you are not yourself without your clothes, and clothes are only one part of yourself ? Your very dog would cut you without your clothes. No, your surroundings are in your character, and your character in your surroundings.

If these get lost, look out, it is all up. You are not the man that you were. You will soon be shown and told of your follies and your selfishness, and a multitude of other faults of which perhaps you did not know. Your very family would not spare you.

Then some one asks, Do you confess that you would do to those without money as you expect those with money would do to you if you were without it ? Is it a rule without an exception ?

No, I answer, not exactly. For almost every evil propensity has its antidote in some predominant instinct of unlike tendency. Character and the moral nature of a man modify much. I asked an American friend to stop here at my house to be nursed, as he was very ill, when he expressed himself thus : "That everywhere money secured him attention that could not be improved upon." Money buys everything, so says England, France,

America, and the world. Solomon says: "Money answereth all things. Money is a defence." Then do not be extravagant, make money your defence, and always keep a reserve of this power in your own hands if you can; do not assess the motives of others too keenly. You will then secure the best uses of money, for you will always be able to bless by giving far more than by receiving. Remember, "Money is a good servant but a bad master."

"BOZZY."

I SUSPECT there are many men whose minds are of the order of Boswell's, but are destitute of money and opportunity and veneration to do for another what he has done for Johnson. Many persons keep diaries who have just as much of a disposition to note good things as Bozzy had. He cannot have been a man of low powers to have secured so much of the *point* of what Johnson said. Supposing he manufactured the *point* himself, he must have been in intellect higher still. I cannot, at present, make out where I place him. I should expect to find him a man of better powers than his own opinion of himself expresses. Bozzy often gives from other hearers quotations of Johnson, which show that they played a similar part, in a smaller way, to that which Bozzy played.

CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.

THIS law I suspect is only that wherever a liquid touches a surface, however oblique, or even perpendicular, there will remain so much as the pressure of the atmosphere will sustain. Hence, spots of water remain on glass through this pressure. The law of gravity, however, steps in and makes drops slide down the glass; *i.e.*, when their size over-weighs the atmospheric pressure. This law of union of particles through atmospheric pressure is universal, and is certainly of the next importance to gravity, if not gravity itself. Rain would only be mist but for this, and there would be no vision in mist.

But how is it that a lump of sugar wetted from the bottom becomes quickly wet to the top? You can see the tea rise in the lump, discolouring it as it rises, as water rises *in vacuo* in a pump.

OBSERVATIONS *on my* COMPANIONSHIP.

ONE-HALF of my companions have died earlier than they need to have died.

Of the remaining half, one-half, or one-fourth of the whole have died at an earlier age than that at which their parents died; one-quarter lived longer, or as long.

No opinion of the causes of death can be safely formed from the type of character of the father alone, the mother has to be included.

All who have lived over seventy I call old.

I have noticed of a certain family that the girls have all died young, whilst the boys have lived, and are alive now. The most probable cause that I have been able to discover is that the family have neglected the suggestions of "Poor Law" literature, which compel "Three hundred cubic feet of space to be given in every bedroom of a workhouse for every inmate." This condition was wholly neglected in the case of the girls; nor had they outside exercise; but the boys, who were frequently taken away from home by out-side employment, managed to secure a better state of things.

SPIRITUALISTS.

I CONGRATULATED one who said that he had heard from his late wife, that it would save him, if such were his pleasure, taking another to vex her.

GENTLENESS.

A TRAIT of character I observed in one of the great merchants of Manchester, of the present day, that shows remarkably the power of gentleness and forbearance as an element of success. I was sitting a few minutes with him after dinner in his office, when the boys of the warehouse were playing and making a great row. He was seated for his forty winks on the couch. I was

looking at the newspaper. I opened the door gently, and in a whisper tried to check the noise. How was a man to sleep with such a row? "Oh," said he, "what have you done? I have never done that in my life. I never interfere with the boys' play-hour. I would never have them checked on any account."

VENTRILOQUISM.

I AM surprised that so few people know that much of the power of the ventriloquist is no other than that which is derived from the use of the falsetto voice.

TIME OF ACTION.

If you can choose your own time for any new undertaking, choose the time after you have been successful in conquering some other difficulties.

Energy is greatly aroused and assisted by success.

WICKEDNESS.

It is clear to my mind that David's notions and definitions of wickedness are not the same of those of modern times. His plurality of wives never stopped a psalm. The psalms, when speaking of wicked men, leave out this subject altogether. Indeed David's wives were given to

him by God. The gift is mentioned as a special instance of the Divine goodness to him. See 2 Samuel, xii. chap. 18 verse. Nowhere is a man stigmatized as wicked for his many wives, which is now a crime against society, and is regarded as deserving of punishment.

HABITS.

It is a mercy to man that he does so many things from habit. Hundreds of things are done by habit, which we never think about in doing. Indeed these things are done whilst we are thinking of something else. This is the only duality of existence in the action of conscious life of which I know: to be thinking one thing and doing another. Two currents of mind-power are at work at one and the same time with our present capacity. It would greatly increase man's labour, and be a sort of slavery always to be using the reasoning faculties in order to begin and continue things and do them. A man, in order to break one habit and substitute another, said that he required at least six weeks. The habit he wanted to acquire was to be able to remove a ring from one little finger to the other. About the same time was required to change the putting of a thing in one pocket to another more convenient. When beginning to wear spectacles, he saw the importance of the habit of using only one pocket for his spectacles, and always

putting them in this pocket, and of never suffering himself, intentionally, to lay them down. He did this to prevent the inconvenience that he had so frequently seen in those who had never made the matter one of habit. This habit has answered admirably.

But even in becoming the user of habits, perhaps one may become too much the slave of them. From habit I have known persons narrowly escape accidents.—A mended step altered a little in its height I have seen throw a man down.

LABOURERS' COTTAGES.

I KNOW few things that give me so much indignation as the imperfect iron, brass, and lead fittings, used in working men's and labourers' cottages. These getting constantly out of repair want the money-cost of constantly being attended to, and the poor people, who as tenants—as all of us know—have nothing to spare from their weekly wages, have to go without having the repairs done.

I am sure that the temper, morals, and habits, of the working people of England are greatly affected by good or bad workmanship.

I hope every Birmingham manufacturer who has invented and palmed an inferior article on the public, will, in another world, have to use up all his old dishonest thoughts which invented

and contrived such rubbish. I should like his employment to be one of endless and perpetual effort to try and make the articles go.

My friend James Breeze, who wrote in the "Penny Cyclopædia" the article on horology—a clock maker himself—told me that the cost of a good old eight-day clock made it cheaper by far than any American or German clock. The one needed for years little repair and little attention. The other was seldom in good repair, however frequently mended, and required much attention. Any person building should keep such facts in view when buying his materials, that there is something beside cheapness to be thought of. There is one condition only in which common things may be reasonably used—when, like the Russian peasantry, you cannot get any better. They are certainly better than nothing.

TRADES' UNIONS.

THE principle of obtaining advanced prices by trade unionism is bad. I have a notion that all enhanced prices produced by unionism work to the disadvantage of working men themselves. They are such large consumers of everything enhanced in price by "trade unionism," that whatever they gain in wages by united action they lose as consumers; and therefore the principle is vicious. I admit that the societies making *one* wage for both clever and inferior workmen show

an abnegation of self on the part of the clever, not hitherto practised on a large scale by human beings. A willingness to allow inequalities of labour on a large scale, each receiving "his penny," and confidence continuing between man and man, are new features. I have always felt that confidence displayed between masses is the only real power that will, in time, overturn despotism; but this confidence requires the growth of a great deal of self-denial. The army life-guards of a tyrannical despot could, with confidence existing between each soldier, put an end, in a moment, as in the Roman Empire, to tyranny, but without having recourse to murder, as was the custom frequently of the Roman soldiery.

Let us look at some items affected by advance in prices:—

LODGING.—Unionism in the building trade raises the price of houses; every workman pays an advance in rental when he wants a house.

CLOTHING.—Unionism of workmen raises prices; and every workman pays an advance in price for what clothing he wears.

FUEL.—Unionism raises prices of coal; but every workman has to pay an advance for it.

FOOD.—Bakers, butchers, and farm labourers, all will raise prices of their commodities as they each have opportunity, because prices have been, by unionism, advanced on them.

Seeing these workmen pay so much towards the advance of all manufactured material, do they really get a surplus, after returning so much back to others? Is it possible to get it out of a class that has *no* power of reprisal? Is there such a class in relation to the workmen's union that cannot advance? Then again there are those working men of saving habits who may be themselves capitalists. They suffer by having to accept lower rates of interest in funds and building societies and bank deposits. Other investments of working men also suffer. The professions, as they are called—divided into law, physic, and divinity—wanting more, demand more, and often succeed in such demands.

I think it will be found that the surplus obtained by the increased value of stocks of trade ultimately falls to the share of the capitalist, and not the workman. Those only suffer who, like annuitants, depend on fixed incomes; many of these are the widows and the orphans of working men!

As far as I can see, every class manages to advance prices quite as fast as the workman's union assists him to increase his income. So with public servants; high prices induced by unionism make them ask for increase of salaries, which are paid out of taxes. No class that I can see pays taxes on a larger scale than the workman.

THREE-CORNERED VOTING.

I do not like this mode of voting, which is proposed to become law, to replace three votes by two—two votes for three members. It puts everybody to the trouble of selecting two of three, all of whom he may equally approve. He has, as it were invidiously, to leave out the third. I cannot think it a true philosophy directly to produce a crop of unpleasant feelings. It is widely different from a man discursively selecting a wife from many women.

FEELINGS.

I SAY, after years of using *pros* and *cons.*, that the world is governed by feeling much more than by reason. I see that so little turns the scale of one's judgment in many things. The weights of *pros* and *cons.* are often so nearly alike that there is scarcely any difference between them. It is *feeling* more than anything else, which generally determines any action. It is very remarkable to have to conclude that the world is constituted to be governed more by feeling than by reason, yet I suppose this power of action produced by feeling, however strange, is stronger, and things get done more with a will than they otherwise would. A man who wants the *feeling* of appetite would starve merely from indifference.

INJUSTICE.

It is curious to see how Nature works out the effects of injustice in ways not expected. I submit to an injustice. The person perpetrating the injustice thinks he has made a profit by his act. It, however, turns out that others, seeing the success of his injustice, are so envious, that they try and circumvent him by all means at their disposal to get his success away from him; like dogs running after another dog with a bone.

It is curious how bystanders are thus brought to interfere. By a law of nature this injustice is then checked, so the world gets kept sweet by its competitors.

PREJUDICES.

A MAN'S prejudices are his defences for the orbit in which he moves. I mean by prejudices his likings or dislikings, whether based on reason or not. They keep him where he is in social life.

DESPOTISM FOUNDED IN NATURE.

DESPOTISM is founded in nature, and society is held together by it; this is seen by fathers and mothers having children to rule, direct, govern, and punish. Cannot a father emigrate to any country, take his children by any vessel, and no dislike on the part of the children prevents the emigration, or the selection of the ship?

RIGHT KNOWLEDGE.

I SUSPECT that it is very immaterial in life how a knowledge of right is obtained, so long as we do the right and think the right. Right knowledge must always be, in a thousand minds, in the dogmatic form, just as the results of the nautical almanac are in use by sailors who know nothing of the way to make the calculations for such a book. This right action or knowledge gives the progress, though the process by which it is arrived at may be unknown to him who uses the right; I therefore consider that progress does not depend on any great amount of axiomatic knowledge in the mind, but faith on results in that already in use.

How else are we to have advancement that shall not be too cumbrous for humanity?

KNOWLEDGE.

ON every essential increase of knowledge produced by discovery or invention, conscience may be possibly influenced in its use and direction. Every increase of knowledge made by modern discoverers demands back investigation.

SPECULATIVE KNOWLEDGE.

THERE is, I suspect, a much higher speculative knowledge afloat than what is reduced to writing; nearly every man is really greater in his thoughts often as they run from his lips, than as found in the books he has written.

PROGRESS.

ALMOST all good and original thoughts go into a very small compass. All that sends the species forward in civilization would, if the verbiage were compressed, go every year into a very small book of transactions.

RETRIBUTION.

OUR vices and imperfections lash us most heavily when we have them reproduced in our children, and have to correct them.

BIRTHS.

WHAT proportion of mankind would have been born had it been left to themselves, seeing that death closes a life of action?

I believe the majority of human beings would never have existed, if they had been consulted about the matter.

"COMMUNION OF SAINTS."

MY friend H. agrees with me, that if a man wants to be a quiet, humble Christian, he had better keep out of membership of most so-called Christian churches.

CONGESTION.

CONGESTION is only the remains of that blood which has been once used in life, and of which

there has not been action enough or force sufficient to clear away, and so there is a stoppage of action in the veins and arteries, and disease follows.

RELATIONS WITH THE WORLD.

OUR relations, as a kingdom, with all the world make our commodities almost always in great demand; even when strikes and advance of wages put up prices. No other country gets, on a sudden advance, such a large profit in prices as ours. Other countries have no sufficient plant to compete with us, but only their own productions to sell us, which being offered to us usually in large quantities, and money being urgently required by them, they cannot secure proportionately advanced prices to our own. Hence, at such times, this country grows enormously rich by the advantages it can take of high prices. The result is that the workmen cannot keep their wages from Beer and Co., who will kindly keep and invest them. The surplus becomes so much additional wealth in the country; no trade yields such a large residuum of profit. This accumulation of capital is ready for England's use at one time or another.

ACCIDENTS.

THE rational duty of every man is to try and assist to find out remedies for everything that is pernicious to the welfare and happy condition

of the world. Accidents and sickness of all kinds are open to many reductions by looking into their causes. Each accident and each case of sickness want their remedies and an improved method of treatment to alter their lower conditions. Contrivances, and experiments, and thought, will continually reduce the number of cases and lessen the intensity of preventable accidents and diseases exceedingly. I never see a cart with a broken axle or broken wheel, or touch the broken cords of a window blind, without feeling that such accidents need not occur in any large number, as a very reasonable prediction ought to be made that so many turns of the wheel, or so many pulls of the cord will be sure to break it, which means so many hours of use. I notice that the wheels of railway carriages and the chains of collieries do get periodically overhauled, and so accidents are frequently prevented. Why should not this principle of examination be widely extended, and so prevent accidents occurring?

PREDILECTIONS.

KNOWING a man's past, a person may so state truths to him as to make him admire the person exceedingly for his wisdom. They are only his own views that have been told to him, and which his self-esteem flatters him as being

the perfection of wisdom. This is what is often called taking the measure of a man's foot, or flattering him.

HUMAN MERIT.

WHEN men are in positions to do wrong with impunity, they frequently impute their not doing so to their own merit.

This sentiment is planted in the human breast as an element of satisfaction to the individual, and is a benefit to mankind generally. I know a pawnbroker who had much satisfaction in feeling his life to be one of good works to those on whom he might have practised extortion, but did not. I fancy he thought he was his own Saviour.

BANKERS' OVER-DRAFTS.

To which would a man be likely to give an extended credit, to one who answered his inquiries very openly, or to another who simply answered what was asked of him, and no more?

If a man can say of himself only that which is true and good, he cannot say very much more than he may prudently say, as his hearer is necessarily interested in knowing what is told. Communicativeness removes suspicion—often clears up a point wanting an answer, and gives a distinct conception of parts, which united,

make a whole complete, and give a satisfactory impression of the condition of a man's affairs. On nothing less than this openness can the mind repose itself. It saves further private inquiries, and the mind is at rest.

AN ABSURDITY.

ONE of the greatest possible absurdities would be that a colony should delay all other business to make a currency.

CLEVERNESS.

WHEN one says of another that he is clever, it is very desirable to bear in mind the character for cleverness of the person saying of another that he is clever. The appreciation of this quality is seldom much beyond the standard of the speaker's own cleverness.

EPITAPH.

ADDISON was struck with the following from a man on himself:—

“What I spent I wasted,
What I left I lost,
What I gave I have.”

TEMPTATIONS.

A MERCIFUL provision in providence is that your tempters so often don't know your weak side, and so do not immediately commence their attacks ; but knowing only your reputation they dare not attempt, and you are preserved.

COMPLETENESS OR ENTIRETY.

IN any work how much this quality of completeness disposes a man to place confidence and dependence on it! This is seen very much in the dictionaries of *Johnson* and *Webster*.

ABILITY.

A MAN cannot bear to have his ability attacked; he can endure the blame for neglect, improvidence, imprudence, and even vice, as long as mental incapacity is not made the excuse. To be told we are poor weak things, with no strength in our bodies, is as nothing as to try and wrest from a man his self-estimation by depreciating his mental powers. Hence, it is a very difficult thing to have to tell a man that his judgment is weak, or his indiscretion is great, without a probability of severe recrimination.

A POPULAR OVERSIGHT AS TO
A UNIT.

A PERSON entering on the study of mathematics is liable to overlook the right conception that he should have of unity. The ordinary multiplication table of common arithmetic, expresses clearly enough that a quantity is to be *taken so many times*, and the total produced is always of the same description of *quantity*, however many times it is taken. But in mathematical

notation, it may be quite different. Thus, *a unit of length* is very different in conception to a *unit of space*; unity multiplied by unity is considered $1 \times 1 = 1$, and the unit is never thought of as anything more than a unit taken once. Now, this unity multiplied by unity is really a square unit $= 1^2$, as $1 \times 1 \times 1$ is $=$ a cubic unit $= 1^3$. Hence, we may often have really a unit of infinite dimensions 1^∞ . The consideration of this quantity I hand over to the transcendentalists to tell others what it is.

AGENTS A MAN EMPLOYS.

IN most cases of failure the date is anterior to that which is usually assigned. Immediately an agent or servant is engaged success or unsucccess begins, so far as he is concerned, in what he has to do for you.

Nothing in business-life is more important to a master than to secure, as far as possible, the faculty of penetration of character, so as to make a discreet choice of those he employs, and as discreetly to place them in the sphere of activity best suited for using their abilities. Many you employ do well in sight, many do badly out of it. Many resist one kind of temptation only to fall into another.

SPECTACLES.

KEEP the first pair you use. They will in a year or two be the very pair you require to use in

looking at distant objects. Few people know the comfort they are in reading the numbers and names affixed to catalogues in exhibitions, or in looking at distant objects.

ACCIDENTS TO ONLY SONS.

I HAVE observed in my life that there seems to be a greater fatality attending the bringing up of only sons than in bringing up several sons. Of course there are many exceptions to the rule, still facts stand thus in my life observations :—

I. R. C. L. had an only son killed when riding a pony. His foot got into the stirrup and he was kicked to death.

II. Mrs. B. had an only son living next door to R. C. L. He was killed when riding a pony. The pony rushed with him on its back into its stable, and knocked the head of the poor lad against a beam.

III. Admiral S., who lived in the same crescent, not many doors off, had an only son who was lost in a boat that was upset with three youths in it. The other two, sons of a doctor, were saved.

IV. S. G., a solicitor in the same small town of 10,000 inhabitants, had an' only son who was drowned when boating on one of the Cumberland lakes.

V. B. W. had an only son, who was riding, when his horse shied and threw him into the river running through the town, and was drowned.

EDUCATION OF ONLY SONS.

THE education of only sons is often deficient in many directions which might teach and secure self-control, hardness, and energy. Self-will grows up in an only son more than is usual in a family of sons. A namby-pamby spirit is often engendered; faint-heartedness to meet difficulties, or a selfishness which annoys.

STRIKES.

WHAT a pity it is that there should be so much angry feeling mixed up with strikes. Strikes take place for higher wages, or at least, to prevent lower. The capital-stock of the strikers—their savings—are the funds from which those striking obtain their maintenance; so long as it lasts there is no necessity for the strikers to work.

Now, by reason of *no* work stocks become reduced in quantity, and indeed from scarcity of production, prices of these stocks of manufactures advance. If the market had been overstocked, the advantage in having a strike would be great to the manufacturer as all production would cease. Production going on when not required entails loss of interest, and by *competitive sales* a loss of profit, *i.e.*, more loss still.

Now, strikers do exactly the thing which is wanted, and not at all at the cost of the capitalist manufacturer, but at the cost of the working

men capitalists. When all funds of the strikers are exhausted, the probabilities are that stocks will be exhausted and sold off, generally without loss to the manufacturer, indeed sometimes securing as much interest as pays for the amount invested in machinery as if it had been working.

As I have said non-production means ultimate scarcity, and rather higher prices than lower prices. It is the strike only which does this. I am looking at strikes *per se*. I am supposing that the articles produced have no other description of fabrics or diverse manufactures to contend with or supersede them. If they have to compete with new substitutes, another element of disturbance enters into consideration. Quills were displaced which had formerly the command of pen-making—hands struck for higher wages, and the quill-pen was displaced by the metal-pen. But I may add that no trade seems ultimately displaced, unless by an actual and permanent improvement in the articles manufactured in the stead of those displaced—at least this has been my observation.

I presume that we see that the workman's capital is made by his savings at a time of good wages. This capital I have shown becomes an element of strength and usefulness to the manufacturers in keeping up prices. When the strike is brought to an end, it is either by stocks running short or the workmen's funds being

exhausted; and, if the last be the case, we deduce that there are too many workers in this branch of manufacture, and some will have to leave it for another occupation.

The truth of this deduction is seen in the case of farm labourers striking. The farmers, a few years since, got in their harvest without the assistance of the strikers, thus showing labourers to be too plentiful in England. They might learn from this that their better chance is to emigrate, and carry their labour to a market less overstocked than in this their own country.

DRINK.

Assuming that everything in nature exists for a purpose, and, under certain limitations, that the purpose is always good—very vices becoming very virtues—where may we place the vice of excessive drinking?

I. There is, no doubt, an increased strength and vigour produced by drink, through the increased circulation.

II. The increased circulation gives activity to the brain, and so gives elevation—that term used for cheerfulness and hilarity.

III. Any excess beyond this action of intoxicants must be bad to persons in health; drink being injurious, when taken in excess, to the system of circulation—to the tissue—and to the stomach, and in fact to the respiratory system.

IV. In certain conditions of mental or physical pain, insensibility or deadness of feeling may be for a time useful; but by drink cannot, as a remedy, remain a permanent condition without dangerous injury following. Chloroform, chloral, ether, and opium, are useful for the purpose of allaying pains. As we have an educated class in our medical men to observe our condition and direct us to health, it cannot be better than to put every kind of stimulant into their hands to prescribe.

V. Under the elevating tendency of moderate drinking certain things are often attempted and done for the benefit of the world, which I think would otherwise scarcely be done:

I suspect that the condition of moderate elevation is numerically of infinitely greater benefit to humanity, than the injury of the greater excesses of maudlin drunkenness. I think that ninety-nine per cent. of those who may be called elevated are better tempered, freer from cares, more open in speech, and sincerer as friends than those who take nothing on the one hand, and those who take to excess on the other. Of course there are those on whom "drink sits badly;" and no man ought to take it if he finds himself made morose, or feels gloominess and bad temper, as the consequences of his excess. He may be sure that these feelings at this stage are warnings that at a maximum he is in for *delirium tremens*.

I am of opinion further that the diseases accompanying drunkenness are brought on very much by the kind of stimulants taken. I think from what I see that the drunkenness from good beer is not so bad in its consequences as the drunkenness from spirits. For this reason, as it is human for many to seek elevation, I take it that the best and simplest stimulant is that which should be encouraged, and this leads to the probable good effects of taking off the Malt-Tax; a good beer is better for the nourishment of the body than an inferior. It is the wine taken by the middle classes which is their present "elevator;" and I think it will be found that from this drink you seldom have the same excess of crime as you have from fiery spirits and heady beer. Hence, he who adulterates his beer is little less than a murderer. Tea and tobacco have stimulating or sedative influences, according to the constitution of the user, and like drink-giving grains command a large acreage of the world. One would almost fancy that if tobacco had never been made, or grown, or smoked, no loss to the world would have taken place; but the Most High God has thought otherwise, and a closer investigation of nature might wholly alter our first fancy. The securing agreeable consciousness, which is about all that I see of benefit in tobacco, is to assist those people to do nothing who have nothing to do; to do nothing no doubt is as necessary to an

ever-active brain at times as activity. Laziness without injury is perhaps secured by tobacco more than by anything else. Smoking may help to secure a minimum of injury to body, mind, and estate, and as some physiologists think, perhaps helps to reduce births, if it does not burials.

There are few absurdities so great as to plead for teetotalism, on the ground of danger of excess. Dangers accompany life everywhere : dangers in travelling—then stop at home ; dangers in shooting—do not shoot ; dangers in cricket, then do not play ; dangers in bathing—then do not bathe.

MISFORTUNES.

It is said, I believe by Rochefoucauld, that we have all of us a little secret satisfaction at the misfortunes of others, which, if admitted as true, only shows that nature has prepared in the mind of onlookers a self-complacency which may delight to render assistance. Irreconcilable hatreds are often broken up ; generosity is often developed from the one who is now superior to the other, and the unfortunate are often willing to accept more than they would otherwise have done at this their time of misfortune.

FINGER NAILS.

THE growth of the finger nails is remarkable for showing the effect of vital force at work at different times according to a person's health. When I

was recovering from rheumatic fever my finger nails grew in ridges or even lumps from the base upward. I could almost determine the time when the system took its extra quantity of food. Since that time I have often noticed that the growth of the nails marks the condition of the health. It takes about four months to grow a nail from the base to the cutting point.

WORKMEN'S POSITION.

THE natural tendency of the present condition of a workman and his surroundings is to require of him less work than ever, to secure all that he needs to be equal in circumstances to workmen of former generations. Coal, iron, steam, and gas are his domestic servants. Trade of necessity will be often dull because so much is produced and to spare. Our production is in advance of the wants of our customers. Our resources of machinery are doing this, and doing it more and more with every increase or improvement. Machinery may stand idle, but workers cannot, without starvation before them. But happily, even with dull trade, the world is well enough off, and nobody is dying of starvation.

LYING.

WHEN discussing this question with friends or acquaintances whether a lie is ever justifiable, you seldom, if ever, get the discussion properly

closed. Nobody likes to have fixed to his character that he is an advocate or authority for lying, and so no real opinion is given. The very question gets dismissed by dissimulation. Most people think as Paley, that any one deserting truth in trifles is seldom to be trusted in matters of importance. Paley thought some lies not criminal when no one was deceived by them; nor did he think it was criminal to deceive a person who has no right to know from you the truth. I suspect Paley's character, in the minds of his friends, was not improved by his avowal in this part of his moral philosophy—a self-sacrifice his noble nature was willing to accept in the cause of Truth.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

As one grows old one forgets *names* and *persons*. By reason of this the young have to make their approaches to the older, whose distant manners are only apparent, not real. This is one of nature's modes of giving an aristocracy of her own, that the young have to pay apparent deference to the older age.

WILL MAKING.

A MAN should remember in making his will his weaker children more than his stronger. The weakness of the first may be through himself. A word to the wise is sufficient for them.

PEOPLE OF OVER-ESTIMATED WEALTH.

THEY get offers they would not get but for their supposed wealth. Get society they would not get. Get places they would not get. Get more envy than they need have. Get thought meaner than they really are. The balance is in favour of not appearing richer or better than we really are, and of being in all respects and always of a truthful character.

PLEASURE TO ALL.

SEND out a report of your successes, you please your friends; send out a report of your losses and misfortunes, your pretended friends and enemies will be delighted.

FAILURES IN BUSINESS.

THOSE who think better of their position than it is, and who do not keep careful accounts, are among the over-sanguine. It is, therefore, this kind of people who fail most frequently. You find few people failing who are for ever fearing that they shall fail. They work to avert it. These doubters are the secure ones. The self-confident are people to be trusted very cautiously. They are usually very dogmatic, and are too careless to inquire and probe things to the bottom.

BIOGRAPHIES.

THE profounder parts of all are left unwritten and out of sight. The secret history is truly secret and never penned.

GIVING FRIENDS A LIFT.

FRIENDS can give a man an enormous amount of assistance and never cost themselves a penny. Few like giving money; but many can give or impart a portion of their moral and mental force, so that a man may be sustained and advanced by it. Men falling in worldly circumstance complain often of a hollow world because these forces of friendship no longer exist for them; friends cannot, even if they would, do for them what they did formerly—conditions have altered so much.

LUCK.

My hat blew off at the top of Benrhydding, and a man who was coming up caught it and brought it up with him. This will illustrate that verse in Ecclesiastes, that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong—time and chance happeneth to them all. My life, up to this time, has been singularly full of favourable times and chances like these. Others I have known have been as unfavourably dealt with. The following case illustrates the unfavourable chances attending two generations. Mr. P. was asked by a neighbour of his

to let him sail by a new vessel just completed and ready for sea. The vessel was to sail from Prince Edward's Island to England. The vessel was lost and all on board. Twenty years afterwards Mr. P. was requested by the son of the poor man who had been lost to let him also sail to England in a new vessel just completed. Mr. P. again consented. That vessel was lost, and not a soul on board was ever heard of again. Mr. P. had never lost a vessel between losing the first and losing the last named. There seems law enough discoverable in the averages of statistics, but nothing on which to rely in single or separate cases. I lost a vessel once, and thought that having lost it the chances were much in my favour that I should not lose another. But I did lose another. I scarcely know the man who lost two together as I did. Popular comments on accidents have often a show of reason in the saying that they seldom come singly.

CAMPBELL, LYNDHURST, AND BROUGHAM.

I CONSIDER that more bitterness is in Campbell's lives of the "Lord Chancellors," relating to Lyndhurst and Brougham, than there would have been had the three not been alive together when the works were written.

The grave secures sympathies in favour of the dead, which the living never get.

TENDENCIES.

A FRIEND says that the head of the first generation of a celebrated banking firm, which he knew, made business his pleasure, the second generation made business their business, and the third made pleasure their business. The usual consequences on character have followed, from not making business, as it always should be made, a pleasure.

THE FACE AND ITS EXPRESSION.

KEMBLE told Gibson, the sculptor, "Genius is expressed by the eye, feeling by the large dilating nostril, and temper by the mouth." "I observed," said Gibson, "that Kemble's own countenance illustrated this as he spoke."

RACE.

It is Mr. Scargill who is made to say in Crabb Robinson's Diary that an Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman never at home but when he is abroad; and an Irishman only at peace when he is fighting.

CIVILIZATION

CONSISTS of a state of society in which no repressing laws are required, but every member walks by an enlightened intelligence which secures the highest good to himself and others.

AXIOMATIC KNOWLEDGE.

ADVANCED knowledge requiring much reasoning (to work out) becomes with the masses axiomatic knowledge, and is received by succeeding generations without the refined subtilties of demonstration. If it were otherwise mankind could hardly hope ever to make progress. It would be a heavy task to master all by going through all. Every one accepts the laws of Newton as true, but few can follow in detail his reasonings on gravity.

HOUSE DRAINAGE

House drainage answers only for a short time, because the drains are new and are clear, but they soon become choked up unless they are attended to, and we have all the results of bad health as formerly.

ANTAGONISMS.

By inspecting and investigating all natural phenomena we are taught how all consequences have been anticipated, measured, and arranged for. The same holds good in all conditions of mental phenomena. Within certain and fixed limits all mind-workings go on. Every mind in relation to other minds is a separate force, and at a moment acts in one direction, for or against some other mind. All these antagonisms have been toned down into harmony enough to

make the world as orderly passable a world as it is—the good passable world it is for the millions at this moment existing on it.

FRIENDSHIPS.

You may know how close they are by the liberties often taken with them.

LOST THINGS.

Lost things are troublesome, but hunting for them helps to keep everything in order, and often discovers others that have been lost.

WEEDING.

To keep a business efficient there is a constant need to throw off all appendages not up to the mark, or, when up to the mark, of too great cost: advances of expenditure may all be calculated to come off profits. But this weeding has to be done with much prudence, for cheapness may only mean inefficiency, though dearness may quite as likely prove so.

ACTS AND MOTIVES.

How soon the best acts that a man does are put down in the minds of many to mercenary motives. The minds of all of us like to get quit

of obligations to others, and this disposition somewhat assists it. There seems to be always at work, in the minds of even a man's best friends, a gradual sapping away from the character of a man's best actions, substituting lower motives for the higher, which had produced them.

SHARP PRACTICE AND VILLAINY.

THESE often succeed. Why? Napoleon III., his villainy succeeded. Many men of sharp practice I have seen are in no worse worldly positions for broken promises or broken engagements. Indeed I have seen many secure better social positions through treachery and villainy. A general impression is that there is a retribution, but I have not seen it where villainy does not go too far. The world likes a certain amount of cleverness, praises it, and sees only its success. Nature in sanctioning, or rather allowing, this conduct, seems to have given every chance for force of character to develop itself and assure its own individuality. Nature, to give freedom of will and action to mankind, permits a little wrong-doing to be successful on the presumption that if one side has power the other side must have weakness, and requires a means of eluding its effects. To ward off tyranny duplicity is often allowed to succeed till it again in turn works tyranny that gets displaced.

DOING.

WHAT sort of a man would he be who really did all on the certainty that what he did he perfectly understood?

COMMON SENSE.

No one who hears common sense expressed seldom fails to discover that it is common sense and what is just wanted in that particular discourse. This general appreciation of common sense is an evidence of its special province in the world, When once delivered its very naturalness prevents its subsequent banishment from the world of thought. Its simplicity is that which carries conviction to its hearers.

FINERY.

WHY is the love of finery implanted in us? We accumulate means to provide for it and disperse the means to possess it. Benevolence gets displaced, having less motive force, by this lower principle operating on man and woman from the cradle to the grave. The love of finery becomes a competitive principle which prevents miserly habits, and really helps to take the place of a poor fund in maintaining those who would otherwise find no employment.

MEASURES OF CONSUMPTION.

MANKIND want posting up as to the consumption of articles. By beginning to add together what

each individual requires, and adding up the total requirements and comparing them with the totals of production, mankind ought to obtain some data on which they might act without clogging every market by over-production. There ought to be far more truthful data at command than there now are for anyone beginning new manufactures or trades. At the present time it does not do to wait till you are apparently wanted, but you must push in for a business somewhere at a greater risk than there need be.

FUSION OF SOCIETY.

THOSE failing in life or falling in worldly circumstances carry to a class below that in which they formerly moved the habits they had in use prior to failure, and so help to mix and fuse thoughts and classes and interests together.

Domestic servants also carry into the houses of their relations or into their own married life, the thoughts and feelings acquired under the roofs of their masters and mistresses, which greatly influence the future of their surroundings.

CUNNING.

THE antidote of cunning in nature seems to be for the cunning man to love to boast of it. A very cunning trick I heard a man tell of himself, which, by reason of its cleverness, made him fond of telling it, forgetful of the effects it

produced as to his character in the minds of the bystanders. A doe in a park, he told us, came up to him in a very friendly manner; he rubbed its head. It liked it so much that when he left off rubbing it butted at him for more, and would not let him go. There was no way of getting out of it. He saw a man coming, and so he kept on rubbing its head. As soon as the man got up to him, he said to the man, look here; is this not singular? and the man began very unconsciously and unsuspectingly rubbing the doe's head, where-upon, as he told us, he moved off!

"The last I saw of the man was his dancing round a tree, the doe every now and then getting a butt at him." This tale influenced the stranger who heard it to beware of dealing with a man who would so readily get another into a scrape in order that he might get out of it himself.

FÆCAL MATTER.

THIS morning I had rather an illustration contrary to my previous observations. I have all along noticed that fœcal matter held in the bowels beyond one day *floats* in water whilst that which is only of some few hours *sinks*. This morning's, I should have said, had not been longer in the bowels than the day, and ought to have sunk. The only use I make of this fact is to remark that *bilious* subjects may often account for their disease by a slowness in the action of the bowels.

This fœcal matter drying into a hardened form tells of absorption into the blood of the fluid which it contained, and so injures the purity of it.

WEIGHT *versus* FORCE.

It is an exceedingly difficult problem correctly to conceive the difference between *weight* and *force*. Weight to be made force and force to be made weight. I use a boiler not very large nor very heavy, for a crane to work up to, say fifty-pounds steam. The boiler has its fires lighted, and with no more weight than its water I so fix it that I can make it lift weights many times more than its own weight.

AMERICANISM.*

As a nation we are becoming, in several conditions, Americanized. Progress is going on apace. We see over the water only Great Britain with new institutions, new impulses, new aspirations, and new inventions. Shall we, as a nation, be wiser to accept these facts as worthy of consideration and so amend and alter, or shall we be content to go on in the old course till our progress takes the form of compulsion.

I do not think any of us want to destroy the hereditary conditions of *royalty*. We are all satisfied that this mode works the least injury

* This was written prior to Goldwin Smith's article in *The Fortnightly Review*, "Aim of Reform," which would do away with lords. These few remarks, I think, may prove a good introduction to it.

to us as a nation, especially as little is really left for royalty to do beyond those things which are very mechanical and periodical and mere matters of routine.

It matters little who presides at the head so long as a good character exists in the person on the throne. But with regard to *rank*, as it now exists, are we equally satisfied that a little of the American element would not be better infused into English life as early as possible? There rank is done without very greatly, and so far as hereditary rank is concerned is done without entirely, and that at no loss whatever to the development of American well-being.

I think in our country we should be the better without any *peerage* or *baronetcy* being of longer duration than one life, and then given only to mark excellency of character. I have no objection to those worthy of honour having the honour; but I am of opinion that much injury is done to the morals of the country by having a class of men taking high place wholly unworthy of such place.

The middle classes who come in contact with this illegitimate or adventitious kind of excellence are greatly injured by it. They are induced to toady to rank, and be obsequious and believe a lord to be a superior kind of being to themselves. Irreligion and immorality are over-looked

so long as the aggressor on good morals and social order only bears a title. The injury to the middle classes is excessive. Out of all the peerage considerably more than two-thirds are men of inferior qualifications, destitute of energy and incapable of getting a living in the competitions of life without patronage or association with the properties of the middle classes by marriage. Unfortunately, nearly all the literature of the middle classes tends to help to preserve hereditary rank. Novels are not readable unless they have a Sir Charles or a Lord George to grace their pages. The standard of hero worship is miserably low in these novels.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

I CONSIDER as Adam Smith, Mason, and others do, that self-knowledge is greatly obtained by observing the actions and manners of others and then bringing such observations home to ourselves. There is of necessity a large number of actions that many of us do which we have not observed others doing, and so have not made a comparison of ourselves with them.

Hence, our accidental errors of good taste often go uncorrected, and, in the eyes of others who have such knowledge, we are looked upon as ignorant of conventionalities.

Verily, the occupations of life generally seem only like the occupations of wood-turners taking

pieces of wood and turning them into round balls. The pieces to begin with are full of angles, knots, and bark, which the turner manages with his gouge and his chisel to turn into shapely forms and make into polished billiard balls.

The life and intercourse of others are the tools that come in contact with the angles of all our characters and cuts us all pretty smooth by the end of our days. But some of us have many a knot that requires much difficulty in handling to work into roundness.

THE BIBLE.

I HAVE been pondering on the subject of a Bible from which had been eliminated all the miraculous. What sort of a thing would it be? It is quite certain that a large class of philosophical minds do not believe in the marvellous, and certainly not in anything miraculous. Well, then, they should have a Bible to themselves. They feel all past history has been utterly defiled by untruthfulness, story-telling, and credulity. They feel truth so important that it would be better to exclude at all cost the doubtful.

They are willing to accept their own surroundings and knowledge of the world's phenomena as the measure of their belief, but in much beyond this they dare not in the interests of truth put their trust. Well, with these conditions, what kind of a thing would be their

Bible? Pushing on this thought to its limit, I almost came to the feeling that a world under the influence of such a Bible would be a world without any conscience in it. How could we get at the minds of children to teach them right from wrong? What is the power that can be made to take the place of conscience in restraining evil and in encouraging to do right? Universal despotism or universal anarchy would result from such a state of things. Would the principle of doing to others as you would have others do to you stand its ground, and be sufficient for the wants of society? Could love to God and love to man, cleared of all their surroundings, be sufficient for the world's guidance? Modern philosophy wants no prayers; it uses none. The Sabbath being made for man would be accepted as a day for man's recreation, pleasure, and amusement. It would stand on no conscientious basis.

Yet the progress of modern thought is this-ward. I have, since I wrote this, read an article in a magazine on *Religion as a fine Art*, which is about as sceptical concerning the miraculous as any that could be written.

"GOD IS LIFE."

WE are prone to forget that the line that we use in measuring God's works is that which He has given and made for us as the author

SHADOWY NOTIONS.

fe. Our minds with which we accept
te His truths are His property and
and contrivance and mode of application. The
measuring line is at best limited and finite,
and therefore is a feeble measure in man's
hands to apply to the infinity of God's life.
It is generally admitted that the thoughts of
men are only a single and continuous stream
of one thought at a time: no two thoughts at
once. Accepting the fact that God knows the
thoughts of each individual, we see His infinity in
the millions of living beings whose thoughts are every
instant accumulating separately and distinctly as
His property. Thought is but the product of
physical force converted into the spiritual and the
spiritual into the physical—all, without confusion,
returning to Him to use and direct in His
government of nature.

What can we think, then, of the life of that
great Being possessing so much order in all His
arrangements, from the commencement to the
end of time, and holding all things under perfect
control in their smallest and most minute parts,
as well as in one universal whole! Do we not feel
astounded at the vast experience, and the infinite
memory which has to grasp and grapple with the
finite and the infinite? Surely to this great God
of everlasting life belongs the sublimest heights
of our praise and adoration as far as we poor
beings of a day can give.

"GOD IS LIGHT."

IT WOULD be a good opportunity for a minister of the Gospel when speaking on John's statements that God is life, God is love, and God is light, and "in Him is no darkness at all" of showing that God being light those of His creatures who most searched out His ways were quite the nearest to Him and the best examples of what He would have man to be. The Christian philosopher searching and walking by this "Light of God" is by far the highest specimen of man to be found on the globe. I especially say walking by the light, for in every day life so many know what is the highest wisdom to do, who do not walk by their knowledge.

As God is light and all the sciences are cultivated only to discover this light, whoever has the most knowledge of science generally, ought to have the most light of God dwelling in him, whether he walks by it or not. Prayer to be successful is spoken of as the asking in accordance with His will, and he only is the man who knows most of science and truth, and has searched out His ways the most that is likely to get what he asks, because he only can be said by his diligence to put his life in parallelism with God's light. I have no hesitation in saying that the next generation, from the effect of modern discoveries, as a whole, will rise higher in truthful prayer than those gone before it. And many there will

be surprised that with a God of light to direct, there were ever such dark and grovelling wishes put up as prayers at all to "The Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

"GOD IS LOVE."

A FULL, free, and hearty belief by mankind that "God is love," would deliver and free the world from superstitious will-worship, severe penances, and the miserable feelings of trying to propitiate a hard hearted father as God appears to the minds of many educated Christians. God is life, God is light, God is love. God is life, for in Him we live and move and have our being. God is light in imparting the way and the truth. God is love causing His sun to shine on the evil and the good.

SYMPATHY.

To make things somewhat better for man and his creatures in this world I think that the human heart has been overloaded with more sympathy than that found in the general government of God in nature. I do the more think this from the fact that the Deity appears to have less sympathy than man—which we know is not really the case, seeing He is the contriver and maker of all created things. By this means He leaves men to do from

sympathy much for one another. These feelings of sympathy, sensitiveness, kindness, mercy, and good will, being a little in excess of what is really wanted in man or used in nature check accidents, cruelty, and unkindness, and the world becomes a shade better for this excess, which is an antidote, and is often made to regulate and direct our ignorance in channels of usefulness. I suppose civilization is the great cause of development and further increase of the sympathetic virtues. No doubt the most savage nations have them or there could be no chance of permanent improvement, or social existence whatever, in their condition.

Civilization is for ever in its progress removing the responsibility of God to man, because man owes obedience to his sympathies and progressive intelligence. The hard and invariable rule of natural law is left for man to soften, modify, and work out to make a progressive world.

CURRENCY.

To have large amounts of gold collected in bank-cellars for currency purposes is only indicative of the low moral character of a people. Higher morals would allow much of the gold to remain, without the labour of finding it, where God had placed it. If man had higher morals his paper obligations might be more depended on.

RESPONSIBILITIES.

A DISPOSITION to shirk responsibilities and put them on others seems almost a law of nature. Ease, ease, seems the one object of active life; secure this, and life becomes a thing worth having. At a railway station I had a rug to carry. When I was called away to the other side, I left it in charge of the oldest boy. Whilst talking, I could see what was going on. The oldest gave it to the next and he to the next, till the youngest—a poor little fellow—was made the carrier, and he was hardly able to get his little arms round the rug.

CHRIST'S TEACHING.

IN the teaching of Christ I do not find any sentiment, function, or emotion of the mind absolutely ignored, nor instinct absolutely repressed; nothing that warrants one to feel that the mental and nervous nature of man has been overlooked in its construction.

His teaching is only that which limits conduct and directs conduct into certain channels, like as the banks of a river keep a stream from overflowing the country.

FINAL PUNISHMENTS.

IT is very difficult to conceive how grief shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven. A sainted mother to have no grief at the condition of a

wicked son in the pains of hell, and for her to know it, is irreconcilable to reason. It would be no heaven to her with the grief she had to bear.

COLIC.

BEASTS affected with colic are sometimes punctured to relieve them of the pressure of the accumulated gas within, produced by the rapid decomposition of the green food. The veterinary surgeon telling me this, said the gas was inflammable, and that he had seen it produce a flame of several inches in length.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

I SCARCELY know of a more singular circumstance than once occurred to me as to mistaken identity. I was walking on the Blisworth platform waiting for a train to take me to Peterborough, when a London train came up. There being a few minutes to spare, many of the passengers got out. I stood at the further end of the train, as I often do, looking at the passengers, when I saw a man with a most singular spot on his face, so singular as to make me intently mark its position and nature. I walked on to the top of the train, when who should I find but the self-same man. How could you get there before me? I asked myself. However, he was there, and I walked back, but

only to find the man there before me. Well, this was inexplicable. I hurried back, and sure enough I learned that there might be two men so alike, even to the extent of this malformation on the face.

I would have every one be very cautious in swearing to the identity of any person.

GOLD.

WHEN gold was found in increased quantities its purchasing power was reduced; commodities, were greatly increased in price, now, conversely as gold is not found so extensively as it was formerly, we are bound to accept lower prices for goods. From those parts of the world where gold is the scarcest should imports be of the best value to us. Fixed incomes are now getting the advantage in the purchasing power of gold.

FREE TRADE.

ENGLAND keeps calling herself a free trader, yet receives from tea, say, 4 millions, spirits 5½ millions, tobacco 8 millions, wine 1½ millions, in all about 20 millions; but only for purposes of revenue, she calls it.

RELIGIOUS BASIS.

THERE is a strong argument for a man not to change his dogmatic views of religion, which are only the fringes and ornaments of his moral

character, because it would want twenty years of close investigation to determine what is truth, and then, probably, certainty would not be attained. I told one who was a Baptist to keep a Baptist. His faith will be as *true to him* as anything else he is likely to get. A wise old friend of mine once remarked to me that he never knew a man better in changing from one sect to another.

FREE AGENCY.

LIMIT the powers of God and you have man a free agent. Extend with your limited capacity the powers of God without limit, and you have man the victim of predestination; neither conditions meet the case; therefore by faith in the unlimited power of the Creator believe that He can make a man a perfectly free agent, and yet have no limitation in omniscience or omnipresence.

BAD TIMES.

TIMES that are bad in the commercial world are good for lawyers, accountants, auctioneers, printers and newspapers, annuitants and labourers. In fact to any body that has to buy. Times are also better for doctors, parsons, grocers, drapers, druggists, iron-mongers, and traders generally when labour is cheap, and money is cheap, and houses are cheap.

MUSIC AND DINNERS.

THE worst spent money I know of in household affairs is not unfrequently money spent in having your children taught music, for which so few have aptitude, and fussy attempts at giving good dinners with bad management, for which few cooks understand simplicity. The one is constantly committing a breach of the peace on your ears, or inflicting a misdemeanour on that of the ears of your friends. The other is as constantly violating good taste by leaving naturalness to aim at that to which few servants are equal. Another simple thing which could be better attended to, and the neglect of which I have seen very often produce a monstrous amount of discomfort in a family: carving-knives being properly and periodically sharpened.

TEMPTATIONS.

I THINK it well worth an inquiry which do the most injury to society, gin-shops or drapers' shops; *i.e.*, those selling dress and finery, and displayed purposely to attract in the fine-plate glass windows of modern shops. There are, I should think, as many who spend more than they can afford in finery as there are who take too much drink: a reformation in both classes of consumers might well be urged as a Christian duty. Many a man's future is destroyed by the extravagance promoted at a draper's shop—

beginning with the wife and descending to each daughter grown up to womanhood, the man has one growing and increasing expenditure to deal with. Gin-shops are a sort of provocation of private sins, nobody likes to be thought to drink. The dress affairs are producers of a sort of public sin, in which one woman's competition is put against that of another; each trying to beat the other. One class hides its habit as a candle under a bushel. The other blazons its extravagance, as a candle on a bushel.

CHURCH AND CHAPEL BUILDING.

It is not only needful to consider how to raise funds when you build a church or a chapel, but also how a minister is to be maintained in perpetuity for that church or chapel. Nor is it very foolish to inquire what is to become of the money in case the building becomes unsuitable, and has to be sold.

Already there are too many churches and chapels which have ministers who are incompetent and not worth maintaining, being wholly unsuitable for their calling. However needful piety, purity, and philanthropy are for a good citizen they are by no means sufficient qualifications for a preacher. This is often overlooked, and people get into pulpits to preach who are about as much fitted for it as an ignorant man turning captain who had never been to sea, used a sextant, or seen a chart.

THE NEW CONSCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

I THINK much that Buckle has written on history, inductively and deductively, may be considered in about two propositions, so that one might start afresh in writing a book suitable for modern thought and advancement in civilization.

I. The world has been lying under the dominion of superstition and ignorance which have regulated and directed for past generations that which we call conscience or moral sense, or even religious sense. These have produced governing principles on man by the operation of *fear*.

II. The world is now growing out of this stage of existence. Superstition and ignorance are declining, and man is getting under the dominion of physical, ethical, and intellectual truths, the result of a scepticism that invigorates and tries to ascertain what is truth. The knowledge of the serious consequences of violating physical and ethical law is being tried to take the place of superstition as the future directing influence on conscience. The physical and intellectual laws being thought by some to be against the belief of the miraculous of all kinds leaves the Bible denuded of its force on the conscience as formerly, and we have in the place of this force the new one, telling man of the serious consequences of violating the intellectual, organic, and physical law in any shape whatever! Will this force ever act with sufficient strength to be a conscience to *direct*?

PREACHERS.

THE statements of ignorant preachers of one generation become the stock in trade of the next for attack and for correction.

MAN'S FEEBLE COMPREHENSION.

I AM at a loss to know what answer to give to my own questions regarding the Providence of God. A man who looked on and saw a murder or a crime committed would be held to be guilty of murder or crime, if he had not tried, to the uttermost, to prevent it. He would be accessory to the crime. Christians present their petitions to God for assistance, deliverance, succour, and aid, with all the certainty that such aid can, and will be given. But not being given, do they not make God, even in a higher degree, guilty of that which he himself condemns? All that our dialectics do in this matter does not help us, with our limited views of the infinite, out of the domain of inexorable law.

DREAMING.

THE mental phenomenon of dreams is a wonderful contrivance in nature. I have noticed that wherever there is any doubt or hesitation in a person's mind as to the line of duty he ought to pursue, dreams frequently come to his aid to help his determination one way or another—no apter illustration could be found than that of Joseph,

who, being warned of God in a dream, went with the child and his mother to Egypt. Everyone, at times, may have their salutary warnings from the apparent *reflex* action of the brain. I have gone to bed with a strong determination one way which a dream has greatly altered. Some friends have appeared on the scene who have reproved me, giving me pointed reasons that no friend, in my waking moments would dare to give to me, and insisting strongly that the course I wished to take could not be the wisest or safest. I think there is more of this kind of mental operation going on in each others mind than we know of. Consulting our pillows is a phrase often used which may underly this expression—this influence of dreams. Many persons feel that they do not dream. This is disputed; they only forget their dreams.

Nature has been very good to man in this respect, that dreams are of a lighter texture than the thoughts of our waking moments, and so seldom long remembered, many only for a few minutes. This lighter texture of dreams has also its other uses. How often is the severity of pain, in our waking moments, assuaged by the sleep and the dream moving the mind to scenes I allow very disagreeable to the sufferer, but not by any means so intensely painful as the waking condition of the patient in anguish and distress? I apprehend that if dreams were equally powerful

we should find ourselves often sadly interfered with by the mixture of dreams and reality in our thoughts and memories that would have the sad tendency of putting us in asylums for the treatment of hallucinations and other mental diseases.

I may further add that tragedy and comedy are natural in dreams. The representations of tragedy and comedy are founded in nature, and are especially seen in our dreams. All are pictures and representations of the mind dealing with the outer world, and are supplied with thought and action by the mind itself. All pictures of persons raised up in our dreaming state conform their speech most naturally to what we know of them, just as if the persons actually were present with us.

The striking fact is that the separate speakers, though all speaking from one mind, speak according to their separate characters. Were we offered large sums to try and reproduce, in our waking moments, the characters and dialogues of our dreams, so clearly as we produce them in our sleep, we should find it impossible, and our imitations would be generally failures. This marks the great division of the powers of the mind belonging to the waking and the sleeping brain.

OLD AGE.

MANY I have known who, though dying in fullness of years, might apparently have lived longer but for some indiscretion or imprudence or accident.

THE INSOLUBLE.

FROM the time of man's birth to his death he is surrounded by insoluble enigmas and puzzles. These are purposely worked into his nature. He cannot tell how his health is to be secured, nor whether remedies for ill health are sure to answer. Only on general principles, often very empirical, can he hope to keep himself sound in health.

LIMITS OF MIND.

OUR prejudices and professions of faith are like the sea shore, they keep the mind within certain bounds and limits. Faraday's mind was kept in its limits by his strongly-marked prejudice against mixing things sacred, as religion and nature ; one subject to faith, the other to experiment.

PAGAN AUTHORS.

It is quite right for people to value themselves for the labour that they have taken to learn foreign languages correctly ; such as Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and I do not wonder that they speak of the beauties of such languages in egotistic terms after the labour they have given to acquire them. Still so long as it is only by a translation that we are taught to learn the way to Heaven, I am quite willing to employ my time in other directions, such as pursuing natural science, and to forego the labour of translating any of

the works of Pagan authors. And further, I am quite willing to accept any well-received good translations as superior to my own attempts, and as giving me as full information as I could secure from the original sources.

COLDS.

MANY cases of consumption would be avoided were people to have rooms of no higher temperature in the winter months than 62° to 64°. People leaving an overheated room and coming in contact with the cold of winter get colds which lay the foundation of all kinds of bronchial affections and rheumatic disease.*

CHANCE.

To the omnipotent mind there can be no such thing as chance. The maximum of chance is the maximum of ignorance.

No effect is without a cause, and who knows most of tracing causes knows most how to avoid chance, hence, put down in your reasoning all you can think *pro* and *con*.

ADVICE.

PEOPLE are often surprised that the advice they have asked for, received, and acted by, turns out wrong. They too frequently forget they have suppressed certain important factors in their

* See "Essays and Tales" for further details.

statements: thus, Should I begin business, I know it well. "Yes," says the adviser, "I think, that though young, yet with caution you may succeed."

"But I have no money." This has been suppressed. Had the adviser been told this he would have said *no*. "But, a friend will credit me without interest," the adviser would then say *yes*. "Only he says I can't have it for more than a year." The adviser would then say *no*; and so with each new term of information, the adviser is made to play a very humble part indeed.

DISCOMFORTS OF LIFE.

I AM persuaded the best way to get rid of them is to note their occurrence when there is an appearance of permanence, which wants altering. Watch the variation, and note what is the probable cause of it. It is as needful to watch improvements as deteriorations.

THE TABLEAUX.

ONE evening Walton and Jessie were sitting with Abraham, when, seeing that he had somewhat revived, and was better than usual, Walton proposed, what he had always meant to do on the first opportunity, and for which he had made preparations, that he and his wife and other inmates, friends, and domestics should all go and visit Walton's library. Walton was very

particular to give domestics a chance to enjoy the amusements of the house as well as its religious and spiritual exercises. The library was a very large room, used quite as much for a workshop as for books.

The visitors found that Walton had fixed at the end of the room a stage. It had a nicely painted drop-scene. It had everything complete that belonged to a small theatre. The seats were so placed that Janie was on one side of Jessie and Walton on the other. Abraham was brought in his wheeled chair, and placed in such a position that he could see and hear all that passed. Soon after they were seated, the gas had been lighted and turned down and all seemed in perfect readiness. Walton leaving his seat had only to go to one of the attendants to have the place lighted by turning up the gas to its full height. He went, but remained so long away from his party that his continued absence surprised Jessie exceedingly. Something had gone wrong, she supposed, and as she well-knew by experience what kind of management a theatre required, she felt that something had occurred which wanted perhaps his sole attention.

No. I.

The bell rang, the drop-scene was drawn up, and exhibited another scene—a view of a street—the street in which Mrs. Bemrose lived; she appeared at the window. A cabman was knocking

at the door. The old fellow was dressed in his many-caped drab coat ready for the night—a wintery night. But his rosy face gave no sign that cold or rain or snow would in any way injure him.

Jessie exclaimed, “Why, that is the dear old cabby who always drove me himself, and called to take me back home from the theatre; like a father to me; all weather was alike to him—good old fellow!”

Whilst this discourse was running on, little Kate’s “Oh, my!” made itself just audible. “Why, that’s my old mistress’ house. Oh, my! That scraper and door-step is not cleaned so well as I used to do it, I can see.

The drop-scene had gently fallen.

No. II.

The bell rang again. The drop-scene was drawn up. A nice, well-dressed footman was seen knocking at the door.

“Why, dear me,” said Jessie, “there is my old servant, cabby’s nephew, who used to attend me, when anything prevented the old boy from coming. I see the street; I know it. Why, it is Mr. Napson’s house. How real. . . . Why is not Walton here? How I should like him to see it; he will miss all the best of it.”

No. III.

The bell again rang and the curtain rose. There was a crowd about a theatre: the theatre

in which Jessie used to act. A young lady had been robbed of some jewellery; an active young man, a policeman, came to her assistance.

"How in the world did Walton secure these scenes of my life and I not to know? Here is the very policeman who saved me the annoyance of a police court, got me my jewels, and disappeared even without my giving him thanks. How singular!"

"How vexatious, is it not Governor," addressing Abraham, "for Walton, to be away just as these pleasant scenes of my life are recalled so powerfully."

The curtain was again drawn up. Walton appeared on the stage, and briefly said:—

"This, the entertainment, now is ended,
All it shows how by love was defended
A lady whose success both true and brave,
Had carried with it the power to save
A father and a mother!"

These few words uttered, the scene closed, the curtain dropped, and Walton was by the side of Jessie.

Jessie, rather in a mortified, disappointed tone, asked Walton why he had been away from her whilst those past scenes of her life had been so vividly repeating themselves in the tableaux. "Do let me," she said, "see all those old friends of the past. How kind of you to get me them together."

Walton burst into a laugh. He could restrain himself no longer. "Jessie," said he, "how can I get you them together? The characters submitted to you were all one, performed by one, and I am that one."

"You dear wretch, you don't mean to say that you have played all those parts and been about me for the last year or two as these men have been?"

She now saw it all.

"Yes, dearest," returned Walton. "Look at me. Don't I look like old cabby; don't I look like John; don't I look a policeman; and did I not play their parts as I played them for your dear sake."

In every scene that you saw to-night were you not attended by me, your very true hearted lover?

Was I not crazed by you the very first day I saw you? In all your characters did I not think you the most charming woman I had ever seen?

I have always watched over you, seen that my friend, Mr. Napson, should put you forward, regardless of all expense, and as a willing pupil you have achieved that success which has added to my own, the pleasurable existence that I now have in having you Jessie as my companion for life. You see many waters will not quench tender love.

"You dear old wretch, to use me in that way. I see it all now!" Whereupon Jessie gave him such a kiss?

"ODD MINUTES."

I now pass from my story to add a few pages of abstract from the minute books of the society. The reader can readily suppose that there were other minutes with which we scarcely find ourselves able to deal in the limits of our pages, but which might display the thought of that day and be of interest in showing how modern science had benefited by the labours of past generations.

What becomes of old thoughts had been much discussed. Mr. Brewin viewed thought as so much gas, and every one knew that gas given off only finds itself in some other condition. It might take the form of a coal or a lime formation. As there is no such thing as absolute annihilation of anything in this world, why should thought be the exception? "I have a notion," said he, "that these old thoughts, like gas, find their way and become accumulated in space, and probably form the stuff of which a new heaven and earth may be made. Good thoughts may possibly find their way to one pole, and bad ones to another."

Mr. Lilley said he was rather inclined to think a large mass of old thoughts, based on ignorance and superstition, would make one con-

glomeration that would be no improvement whatever combination they might enter into on the old world just as at this time. He feared that the sceptical ideas of men would mass together thoughts, which would ultimately dominate over the conscience, and be more powerful in wrong directions than superstition had ever been, &c., &c.

A very good paper proceeded from our hatter, on hats, as affording a correct idea of the "Size and Measurement of Heads." He had lived in town and country. The proportion of large hats he sold in towns was considerably more than that of those required in the country. What clearer evidence could there be that activity of brain was a great cause of its growth and strength and capability?

A paper was read also which produced effects in the society scarcely to be calculated upon. The paper was on the "Singing of Birds." The writer thought it was delightful to have it in perfection. This could be effected by having different varieties of birds in different cages. One of the members had told him what was the best training to be successful when the birds were in cages. The beautiful plumage of the birds and their sweet notes were calculated to give correcter views to the inquirer concerning Arabian customs,

as described in the many tales of the "Arabian Nights Entertainment." The speaker said that one of their members had succeeded in having a splendid aviary of singing birds. He had found that putting out the eyes of some birds made them, when caged, better songsters than they were with sight. A red-hot knitting needle soon accomplished the job.

On hearing of this treatment of the poor little confined songsters in detail, a great uproar took place. A member whose philanthropic tenderness and humane feelings were well-known, observed that such barbarity should be denounced by the society at once, and such a member expelled. He would ask his name. The President thought, that perhaps, on the whole, the name was better not given; but he fully agreed that if this member persisted in such barbarous conduct, he should ask him, according to the custom of the society, to leave it. He was utterly shocked at the cruelty of that man's nature who could treat those dear little favourites of our walks in such a barbarous fashion.

Mr. White said how much he approved of the humane and noble sentiments of the Chairman. Life to him, from the highest to the lowest of God's creatures, was amongst the most awful mysteries by which we were surrounded, and whether in a mite or a man, it was the same. Why, he did not like to kill even a flea. Bite as the flea might he certainly bore it till he could stand

it no longer, and then his conscience stepped in to regulate his cruelty by the fatalism that if he was to be caught and killed he would be, and he found he had as hard a heart, by nature, as anybody else. Somehow the fleas generally managed to escape, and he fancied that their longevity was very little interfered with by all the efforts of the individual to kill them, who had such troublesome customers to deal with.

The President remarked that he was not surprised at what Mr. White said. The only cruelty that he seemed to have any sort of liking to see was the way in which two cocks manifested their civility to each other. He confessed that he had often stopped to witness their antagonistic behaviour. He could not really understand what Nature was about. He accepted the fact as illustrating another condition of delight. It is quite evident the cocks would not fight if they did not like it. What made them like it? He supposed that some atoms of matter would be found in their blood, the same as those in an Irishman.

A paper on "Education" had in it a novel thought, which Cripples said was about the only good thing in it.

"In training children," said the writer, "I would strongly urge that they should be taught to have as much gratitude for favours

refused them by their parents as for those conferred on them." What was more annoying to a parent than to see his refusals based, as they generally were, on the principles of prudence, treated with rudeness. Did children know what was the best for them?

Had not parents, as a rule, feelings of great regret at not being able to comply with the wishes of their children?

Should not children, instead of going on teasing their parents as they too frequently did, feel as grateful in having withheld from them what would be injurious, as in having an injurious thing given them because they imagined they wanted it? Such training needed to be begun early. What had made the philosophy of Zeno and the Stoics so successful but a training of this description?

Another paper was also put in and had been read on the "Natural History of the Wire Worm." Mr. Climenson, the author, began by observing that it is a pity that more of the farming profession do not make natural history their study and amusement; he had always a fondness for it. His knowledge he knew was only a slender acquaintance by the side of the real student of natural history, but his knowledge, slender as it was, had served him admirably. Crops were often

spoiled by the wire worm. Why? Because the fly lays its eggs on pieces of twitch or stubble left sticking up on the land after it had been supposed to be satisfactorily and finally dealt with. To leave the land in this way, was, to his mind, but slovenly farming, but many do it who know no better. Now, he said, I employ a few of those poor women engaged in farm labour, who may be had for a small remuneration, to go over my land to pick up these loose pieces of twitch or stubble that would act as an inducement for the fly to lay its eggs on my land. This care has answered admirably. My crops have seldom been injured by the wire worm.

There was not a destructive insect to the crops of the farmer whose life-history ought not to be studied. It was this knowledge that could help the farmer to ward off the effects of disasters and loss better than anything else. I do not consider, said he, any farmer up to the mark whose life has been passed without having given many hours to the study of the habits of his enemies. I have known that the ignorance of the kind of food of birds has led to the destruction of some of the best friends that the farmer could have had. Crows have been destroyed as injuring the seed sown for a crop, when, in truth, the poor birds were the friends of the farmer in destroying a worm at the roots of the seed. So were sparrows considered as destructive

whose only crime was to devour the insects at work to spoil the labours of the husbandman. Ignorance we see continually is a very costly element.

DEATH OF ABRAHAM SEATON.

ON a bright Sunday afternoon in November, the family had gone to church—Walton, Jessie, Mrs. Williams, and a servant or two, leaving Janie and Hannah at home to attend the sick man, as they were wont to do.

Mr. Thompson, the chaplain of the club, who had been for a visit of a day or two at Walton's, officiated. He had very feelingly prayed for the recovery of Seaton, made a short address in simple and affecting language on the pilgrimage of life, which, at its best, he said, was only a short term, and was full of cares, troubles, and evils. He thought most men arrived pretty nearly at the same views as Solomon of much that took place in the world; Vanity of vanities—all is vanity.

Mr. Thompson, in closing his discourse, told his hearers how much he had been impressed recently with the instability of all earthly things; he had been lately on a visit to his native place, and had called on an old bachelor friend. The call proved to be to a sick man's bed-side. Boyce, his friend, had been once in great affluence, but by reason of the villainy of his manager and agent, and much

neglect and carelessness on his own part, he had nearly come to poverty. The anxiety and trouble that he had suffered broke him down. He left his splendid residence of "Liberty Hall," as it was called in the neighbourhood, for comparatively humble lodgings. His affluent worldly-minded friends now shunned him, or often coldly passed him by, if they could do so at all decently without seeing him; and when he, the preacher, saw him his mind was wandering in his half-dreaming condition to the past. The past seemed to him one bitter mortification. He called a day or two afterwards to hear from the nurse how he was, and was told of his death. On his lips, she said, could be heard to the last gasp: "Hollow world! hollow world!—all hollow!—hollow!" "Such was the end of my poor friend Boyce. In his case more than usually falls to the lot of man, all was vanity of vanities—all was vanity."

"Nothing but leaves! the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Nothing but leaves, no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain."

He had gone on a little longer than usual, in this almost conversational tone without observing that the sun had set, and the congregation were almost depending for their light on the brightness of the full moon. Concluding his address, the gas was partly turned up, the choir, under the guidance of

Curry, added additional solemnity to the few and weighty words of earnestness that dropped from Mr. Thompson in that short service.

Curry's impressive delivery of "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" followed by "But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory," prepared the hearers for the glorious chorus of "Worthy the Lamb," which Holkham,—who, with Curry, generally attended the Sunday afternoon services—played on this occasion, on the organ, with a most impassioned effect and earnestness. This service, conducted by Mr. Thompson, unconsciously made the finale, as it proved to be of Seaton's earthly life.

Abraham had been pretty well, and apparently had enjoyed his view of the winter sunset and his peep at the moon, the little church lying in shadow, as he lay on the sofa in the drawing-room. The calm solemnity which reigned around him, heightened the scene so soon to close to him for ever. Janie and Hannah, as attendants, had never seen him more thoughtful of giving them trouble, or more loving; not a word of repining had dropped from his lips all through his illness.

Morton was expected, now Dr. Morton Melville, professionally, to see him. Seaton had been, to himself, wandering a little in the scenes of the past, and just as Morton had entered the room, he had repeated, to himself, in scarcely audible tones,

as Janie heard it, a verse or two of Addison's beautiful hymn:—

“When all thy mercies, oh my God!

My rising soul surveys,

Transported with the view, I'm lost

In wonder, love, and praise.

* * * *

Through all eternity to thee

A joyful song I'll raise;

But oh! eternity's too short—

To utter all thy praise.”

Suddenly his lips ceased to move, a fit of exhaustion came on, then fainting followed; restoratives were applied without effect. His pulse gradually became slower and slower. His eyes were observed to be losing their brightness.

Morton asked him how he felt.

“Capital,” he replied.

Seaton asked Janie for one last kiss.

“I am going to leave you, Janie.”

Walton, Jessie, and Mrs. Williams were just in time to receive the cold, clammy, earnest, death-grip of Seaton—Curry and Holkham stood at the door.

Mr. Thompson was following when Curry whispered to him that Seaton had suddenly turned ill, in fact was dying. He stood back, and in thought, meditated on the good fight—the crown—and now the rest his friend Seaton was about to attain.

Morton saw the end of his dear governor was rapidly approaching. The shadow of death like the cloud seen passing the moon passed over Abraham swiftly, soon after his eyes closed and his lips moved. He suddenly exclaimed, in a strong voice of excitement, with much mental emotion: "Oh God, I must try and save that woman and child! My trust is in Thee! Thank God it is done! They are saved!" His face relaxed its strong muscular contractions. The old benevolent smile resumed its place, and Abraham seemed to gather up his feet as one of the patriarchs of old, and breathed his last breath in the solemn dignity of a death as calm as his life had been simple and faithful and courageous.

The old dell had been the place selected for his tomb. This had been fixed by the elder Walton in his lifetime if Abraham liked it. The attendance of the club at the burial had been large. The burial service had been simply read by Mr. Thompson with holy and becoming reverence, and without affectation—the grief of those who knew Seaton was excessive. When the bystanders saw all that was left of Seaton—the mortal remains—enclosed in the tomb which he had worked with his own hands, in silent mournfulness, they separated each for their own houses.

The quiet corner of the dell seemed the very place for his repose.

MORTON THE MISSIONARY.

Just after the death of the Governor, as poor Seaton had always been called by his family, Morton sadly began his arrangements for starting on his missionary labours; he resigned his secretaryship of the club, severed his connection with his friend Dr. Turner, and in all matters prepared himself for the missionary work which he proposed should occupy much of the future of his life. He felt himself kindly dealt with by Providence; he had sufficient means of his own to be independent of any dictation from person or party. It is hard to tell how the conviction, that it was his duty to undertake such an office arose in his mind. But it did arise, and he followed it. His own sectarianism covered by its broadness the sectarianism of others, and his quiet manners and intelligent nature made him friends everywhere. He fixed on the Western Coast of Africa as a part of the world which he would like to visit. On board the vessel he had engaged himself as a surgeon working out his passage, he made acquaintance with a missionary and his wife. The missionary was taking the place of one who was returning through illness. Morton, on his arrival, was the very man to be useful; through his services the sick man improved, and Morton got a better insight, and much more quickly than he might otherwise have obtained into savage life. He soon saw that it was vain

to attempt to evangelize until the savage had been raised to the condition of a natural man free to think and act. It was almost an impossibility for him to believe that man, in his most savage condition, could do such acts to his fellow man, as he was obliged to witness. On one occasion, a human sacrifice was offered as some kind of atonement for the dead. On another occasion he was called to see a slave burned alive that his ashes might be mingled with drink to be used to ratify a treaty made by one barbarous king with another. But happily the price in money which he offered to give for the boy saved him, and he became his faithful servant for many a long day.

Morton's career may have been considered successful. Janie became the correspondent of Morton—"his dear sister." Janie preferred living in the house which Abraham had left her as her own to living with the Waltons. She had for companions Mrs. Williams and her own widowed mother. Things were kept as much as possible as Abraham had kept them. The old black box which contained the letter to Morton was never touched. Seaton's loving soul dwelt in the past amidst their unaltered associations. Curry's attention to the inmates was as great as usual. In him they found a faithful friend and adviser. Janie's last letter from Morton was very short, but told a great deal :—

"MY DEAR SISTER JANIE,—I am nearly settled on my new estate. I have my house and school completed, my hospital in working order, and my land growing all that I am likely to require. I pay for my labour just as I should in England. A disease of a new type to me makes me very busy. Poor things, these savages, how glad they are to have my services. The worst cases of sickness I have in my hospital. The youth, whose life I saved from burning is my chief nurse: what I should do without him I do not know. He reads my face as a book, and attends the sick nearly as well as I can. It seems to me from my great occupation that no missionary station should be without its medical mission staff. I can tell you, dear Janie, it is a pleasure to feel I have not been born into the world for nothing."

A SMALL ADVENTURE.

SOON after the death of Seaton, the quiet, good-humoured old President of the Club had wished Mr. Banward to visit him for a few days. Mr. Banward accepted the invitation, and they made it one of their first duties to give a call at Oaklands. Returning from this call they were now off to a dinner of the club. On the journey Mr. Banward and he got talking. They scarcely observed that they had a lady companion with them in the first-class carriage they occupied.

She appeared to be a nice, pleasant-looking, middle-aged lady, a little over polite, a little timid, and a little deferring. They were coming to a deep stone cutting, and the road was gloomy, when B. said: "Well, President, how are you getting on with that plan of murder of yours?"

P.—"Hush! say nothing about it."

The lady looked at the speaker.

B.—"You'll do it, I expect; you can't get the property into the right hands without it?"
The lady, fidgeted.

P.—"I have got it all planned. The family carving-knife will do the deed best and simplest: strong means for strong measures. But drop the subject for another time."

Lady, (aside, timidly): "Good God!—somebody's life in danger. What bad men!"

B.—"Well, all I have to say is do it quickly, if you decide on doing it."

P.—"Yes, I am inclined to do so, look out for it next month."

"Oh! what shall I do?" said the alarmed lady.
"Guard! guard!"—train drawing up. "I want to get out; I must, I must!" said the lady.

GUARD.—"I hope ma'am you are not ill?"

"Oh, guard! I am in a carriage with those two men, who are talking over a murder they have planned.—That's the one that's going to do it!"

GUARD.—"What! that good-natured, pleasant-looking, old fellow?"

LADY.—“Yes; it is him. They have got it all arranged. He said it himself: ‘We’ll do it this very month.’ Oh, dear me!”

GUARD.—“Well, ma’am, are you going on? Train is off in a few minutes; I cannot wait.”

LADY.—“Oh, dear me! I feel faint; I feel ill.”

Guard goes to the President and said: “Do you know, sir, what that lady wishes me to do?”

P.—“Certainly not; never did in my life know what a lady wants long together,”—with a good hearty laugh. “Well, what does she want?”

GUARD.—“Why, she wants me to arrest you and this gent for an intended murder: she says she is sure you are going to do it; she heard you say so—heard you confess it, and heard you say the weapon is a carving-knife, and that it would be done before this time next month!”

The President and Mr. Banward burst out in a laugh. “She is quite right,” said Mr. Banward. “This gentleman is going to do all this, but he is going to do it in the new sensational story that he is now writing.”

The guard took the lady aside. Said a word or two. Mr. Banward saw how ashamed she looked at having been listening to that which did not belong to her, subsequently he saw her give the guard a sixpence to remove her luggage, marked in large letters, “Miss Cricket, Passenger;”

he fixing her in another carriage, whereupon the President and Mr. Banward had the carriage to themselves till they got to their destination.

The story of Miss Cricket enlivened the club dinner all the more as the President, holding the carving-knife in his hand somewhat grotesquely, earnestly asked if anybody would think he was a man capable of murdering another!

After the dinner John Rowland's decanters were put in requisition; filled from the old vintages, and the customary toasts drank. Mr. Banward's health was drank as the visitor of the evening. The President then called on him for a paper, when the following was given, which now duly appears on the minute-book of the club—almost the last entry that Morton made as Secretary of the Eccentric Club.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS: PLACES FOR DUNCES.

MR. BANWARD commenced by saying that he had received the accompanying letter from a well-known name in his part of the world, which, by leave of the audience, he would read to them. The case of the writer he felt would be the case of many others, and he could not but feel that it was very important not to put too great a value on the mere acquirements of book-work, but let the human mind be free to act in as many directions as possible, according to its own genius.

His notions of what education should be were that "It should secure and train the minds of all to have a large, and accurate, and exact, as well as a quick perception. A youth would then be able by himself to obtain any kind of knowledge he might require, and be better able to govern and control himself in his studies. Of course there are many minds with different powers; and if you will have a classification of society it really is that there are born into the world the strong and the weak. These classes belong to the top and the middle and the bottom of society. They each have their strong and weak.

The real truth is, that of these two divisions the strong want little or no help, so that all the nation has to do is to educate its weakest and largest class by providing suitable instruction.

"I often feel disposed," said the writer, "to write to the newspapers to try and get them to speak a word or two in favour of those people, the young dunces who are likely to have no place given them in society. All now must rise into notoriety by examinations, boys' schools, girls' schools, young men's civil service examinations, indeed nearly everything of an educational nature is brought under examination, so that those who are first in their classes are considered almost the only persons fit for advancement, and so have all the best places in social life. Now, I want to

know if the test of examination had been forced on me when I was a boy, where I should have been?

"When I went to school I was never at the top of a class long. I left school, and did not know my multiplication table. My father, to his horror, found out my ignorance, sent his old clerk to buy a table-card, and made me sit on a chair in the counting house to get it by heart. You may know what a dunce I was at school when I tell you that this old clerk of my father's, soon after I entered the office, and on more than one occasion would say: "Now, my lad, before you add up that column I will stir the fire, take a pinch of snuff, and drink a glass of gin," (which in those days was kept in a bottle on the mantle-piece of the counting house,) "and add up my column"—all of which he readily did whilst I was hammering at my addition. Yet at that time I knew all about casting from models in iron and brass. I had my tools as a carpenter and a moulder; and certainly could have earned my living in a foundry. There was not a steam-engine in my native town that I had not seen and known something about—'Partington on the steam-engine,' was my hand-book. So of organs. I knew their construction, and the different treatment required in tuning an organ to that of a piano. I learned to play the flute because I liked it, and so of many other things. In those

days of old hymn tunes I never rested satisfied till I played on my sister's piano those I most liked to sing. Electricity and electrical machines also were my hobbies. My machine I made out of a bottle with which I could perform nearly every experiment given in *The Encyclopædia Britannica* of that day. In fact I was fond of science of all kinds. Chemistry found me much amusement as well as knowledge. I was delighted at comprehending the atomic theory of Dalton. But I had no faculty for doing things forced on me at school. I acquired book-knowledge very slowly, and scarcely anything so accurately that would enable me to pass a Civil Service Examination, if such had existed at that day. For I then had no powers of mind by which to do a rule of three sum, and I was perpetually making mistakes in understanding how to do such sums till I saw the nature of the fourth proportional of Euclid and algebra. Then I knew the rule of three, that the product of the extremes must equal the product of the 'means.'

"Now, in most things I have been a successful man for my friends to look upon. I therefore would fain hope that a place will ever be found for those who are incapable of passing examinations, and that they may not have all their individuality driven out of them by the cut and dried system of uniformity.

"The object I have in view, especially at this moment, is that I want chances to be given

to those boys whose faculties are undeveloped in one direction to have an opportunity to be developed in another, and if so developed by self, slow-labour, to have a value placed upon them as they deserve. I understand a good many subjects, but they have been by my own patient application in the spare hours of an active youth and manhood. Whilst pursuing my studies I once fell on a misprint in my book of trigonometry. I had been working at a problem for three or four weeks. I could make nothing of it. I wrote to the author of the book with my proof. He said my proof had ingeniously caught him out in passing an error, whereupon I did not feel my time misspent in having from Professor Hall such a gracious acknowledgment as I received from him for my perseverance.

“I cannot tell why I could not do things as others did by regular processes of learning, but I could not. I was a dunce. When a child of five or six, for the mere love of the thing, I could learn a parable, say the ‘Beatitudes,’ tell of Christ walking on the sea, &c., and after learning all this go to ask an aged aunt to hear me; and I could learn in my father’s lexicon, at the age of seven or eight, the Greek alphabet, whilst he was writing, and I had to sit still and be quiet; yet I was not a successful scholar at school. I could catch fish for my school-master, for which I always got his thanks; he used to like tench. I could copy out music for his wife,

but I could not write a Latin exercise fit to be seen. I could 'cabbage,' as we called it, and play truant at the neighbouring iron-foundry. I was clever enough to keep out of scrapes, so clever that my old school-master said :—'Boy, I see in you that "still waters run deep." As you see I had in me the germs of a love of learning. I left school for business before I was fourteen. After the miserable plight I found myself in by ignorance of figures, I rose in the morning, and before I commenced business, taught myself fractions, tried at algebra, took to reading at fifteen Watt's 'Logic,' picked up for a few pence from an old book-stall, bought Mozley's 'Mechanics,' found I could do nothing with it without geometry, so I took to Euclid, read the six books, and then fastened on Professor Hall's 'Analytical Trigonometry,' to which I have referred. I attempted French, rubbing up a little Greek and Latin, which I had crammed into me at school, and took to reading at breakfast, Knight's 'Pictorial History of England,' just then coming out. I had excessively long hours at business, from seven in the morning till nine at night. This was the custom of the times, for half an hour, if even so long a time to be taken for each meal. These efforts at obtaining knowledge and other desultory snatches of reading for self-improvement, carried me over an apprenticeship of six years. Yet with all this labour to improve my mind I do positively

believe that I could never have done creditably any examination paper. What I have acquired has enabled me to write occasional newspaper articles, write a book or two, give a few lectures, and *succeed* in business. I therefore earnestly hope that we may in all efforts to secure for the next generation good culture, not make such culture of too stereotyped a character, but find suitable places for those who have been the dunces of the school-master's drill, and whose slowness of learning may unfit them for passing examinations yet not unfit them to be respectable and useful members of the social body."

On the motion of Mr. Lilly the discussion on the paper was adjourned to the next meeting of the club, to admit of Dr. Turner's short paper being read, which he had prepared for this occasion.

ANOINTING.

DOCTOR TURNER, the physician to the club, gave the following minute for entering on the Books of the Club. "I wish," said he, "to put on record that a young patient of mine was apparently saved from the jaws of death when attacked by scarlet fever by being anointed with salad oil. After I had given the lad up, and told the father I did not consider he could live for more than an hour or two, to my great

surprise when I called, and expected him to be dead, I found him alive and the worst symptoms abating. The father told me that seeing I had given the child up he thought he would try the New Testament prescription of anointing with oil. It succeeded : and, so far as I can learn, the quantity absorbed by the body was exceedingly large. It seems to have been the only way of getting any nutriment into the system. I now record this remedy as one that should be used in all severe cases of scarlet fever where anything like great exhaustion seems to be coming on. He, Dr. Turner, might also take the opportunity to recommend to young people of a consumptive tendency to rub themselves with a small quantity of oil after their sponge bath. They would find much good to be derived from it, so would people troubled with face-ache. His attention, he said, was drawn to this as a remedy from the fact named by Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh, that he found those people working in factories which used a great deal of Gallipoli oil, had few or no cases of consumption. Facts which he believed were continually verified. It is well-known that at the time of the great plague the greasy tallow-chandlers were the most exempt of any class from that fatal disease.

Dr. O'Donnell said that he thanked Dr. Turner for his remarks. As an old practitioner he had never heard of the use of oil, but certainly if

any cases of the malignant type of fever, to which Dr. Turner had referred, came before him for treatment, he should try the oil remedy. In the Southern States of America the earlier settlers used for a type of disease similar to that of scarlet fever a cut of raw fat bacon, which was put round the throat of the patient; it was said to diminish the soreness. He might further add as to the treatment of fevers generally, that when he was a young man studying at Edinburgh, there were two parties acting on different principles, which, in relation to the treatment of fevers, it might not be uninteresting to name to the meeting. There was much discussion at that time that nearly got to be angry discussion in the medical schools how fevers should be treated—one party said, use stimulants, the other said do not use them. He, as a young man, looked to the result of both treatments, and singularly both seemed to have similar averages of success in the number cured. This led him to adopt, when he commenced practice, a line of treatment which had answered, he thought, better than any other that he had known during his long career as a physician. He had made it his business to use his common sense in combining both kinds of treatment—not to be wedded to the one treatment more than the other. But in every separate case he used his own judgment and discretion as to which treatment was more suitable.

From what he had observed for many years past he thought he had secured a higher average of recoveries than fell to the lot of most physicians. With these few remarks he thanked Dr. Turner on the part of the profession generally, for his communications now made to the club.

Dr. Kay also availed himself of the present opportunity to thank Dr. Turner for his paper on anointing, and said: "It is not often that we get at our meeting of the club the opportunity of discussing quite so freely as we ought matters relating to the medical profession. I think I may, therefore, with propriety, name a little circumstance for the consideration of that profession that came to my knowledge some few months since. An old American medical practitioner hazarded the following statement: That he considered whilst the profession cured many, still he fancied their treatment killed as many as it cured, so that at the end of a long life like that with which he had been blessed, he had to say that he did not know but things would have been about the same had they been left to natural law, and if he had never given a dose of medicine in his life. Dr. Kay would observe that his American friend did not say this in any way to disparage the profession of medicine, of which he was exceedingly proud to be a member; far from it, but merely to show that the 'encasement' of the contents of the body was full of great

enigmas that science had left still untouched. I do not think my medical friend is right, so far as the profession is concerned in England. Many rapid strides had been made within the last two or three generations. But you may like to know the opinion of a worthy and intelligent member, reviewing the active scenes of a very useful life." With these remarks the meeting of the club closed.

MR. BREWIN'S SARAH.

OUR married readers we are sure will peruse the accompanying as a most novel and eccentric piece of information of what will occasionally take place in married life; without any approach to scandal we may tell them as they may like to know that our good friend John Brewin, and his wife Sarah, had several serious discussions—not in the most harmonious strain—as to the Unhappy Husbands' Club:—

"John, you have no business ever to enter your foot into that room! You know going into such a place seems to sanction all that is done and said there. You cannot pretend to being an unhappy husband I am sure! Do you not get your food and washing and clothing and mending done for you under my superintendence? Do I not get good, staid, sober servants to please you, none of the dressy showy sort that are a disgrace to the mistress of a respectable house, and

temptations to wrong doing? When did you put on clean things not properly aired? Have you not that nice little room in the back-yard for your experiments? Do I not supply you liberally with your pocket-money? Do you not buy oranges and fruit—nay, forbidden fruit in abundance—which you like so much when in season? Do I not get you every other good thing, vegetable or animal, even if I do not myself sometimes see it cooked; do I not see them well-cooked for you? You may not get them when they first come in season; but you know I do not like under-bred or under-grown things, I like them in maturity, full-grown, and full size.”

“Oh, Sarah, Sarah! that tongue of yours is the root of all bitterness between us; you talk and talk and excuse yourself, promise amendment, and crack up virtues as belonging to you that I never see you possess;—you say you will do better next time, when I find fault—oh, Sarah, Sarah!—and there is not a fault you have ever mended. Well, get up a club of your own; call it the ‘Women’s Unhappy Club.’ I shall be agreeable so long as it costs nothing and I am not called to be president.”

“I will John. I will stand no more, and tamely let you have your own way in everything; you know you think I am selfish, and sometimes you say it plump out; you know you

ought not to feel so—does not that make a woman unhappy? The wife of your bosom is a precious gem to you! Oh, John, when I am gone what will you do; no one to put out your shirts; no one to try the buttons; no one to see after your stockings. You will then be sorry that you have used me in the way you have done!—John, you will, you will.”

John Brewin did not care to reply, as he knew it would provoke another and another rejoinder; all that he said was muttered in his usual manner of silent companionship with himself: “Well John, my boy, what do you think of that? Do I not often say John that all society is only fireworks: squibs, rockets, wheels, Roman candles, crackers, &c. Have not I got a cracker! Is not poor John to be pitied? Such is nature! Aye, my kitten is a cat now!”

Like the good old soul John Brewin was, he put his head a little on one side and fell into one of his reveries, which acted at all times as a solace to his argumentative discomfitures with his wife. His thought, on the present occasion was that he would like to hear some theological discourse on the right and wrong conduct of the various creatures God had made: man, woman, and animals—all of them. Young life alone was innocent, as innocent as a kitten in its gambols with its own tail. He fancied somehow the propensities of God's creatures got mixed by

mistake. The life of almost all the animal world he thought worked under different nervous laws and with different secretive apparatus. Their conduct was the result of their creation, and their creation was but the development of nerve power fitted for their organization. Was the right conduct of these separate animals the right conduct of the great moral Being and Governor of all? If it was, the sentiments of this Being were very elastic, and right and wrong covered a large ground in His management of the world of life that He had created! Those laws by which the conduct of man was regulated we called moral law. What must we call the laws under which the wolf, fox, and other wild beasts were dominated as they grew up by evil propensities? How came the innate viciousness in the mass of these creatures to be so toned down as to make their propensities harmonize, however evil, as to work on the whole so happily, into the affairs of the world—even as women did with men? Now, if the appetites and propensities of these living beings were co-ordinated, what a curious thing must right and wrong, good and evil, be in the sight of Him who knoweth all things. How wonderful! he ejaculated.

“There, John,” said his wife, “you stand like a fool. Is that the way you answer your wife? ‘How wonderful!’ You have been thinking

some rubbish I know, like the books you have written, and I cannot understand. Can you not find something better than that to say for yourself: 'How wonderful?'"

As for John, still in silent companionship with himself, all he could say was:—

"Oh, I see my patient nature does not do. It is read everywhere! That impudent boy at the book-stall saw it in my face!—Thrusting under my very nose those disagreeable 'Caudle's Curtain Lectures.' 'Buy sir!—buy sir!—Cheap! Oh, I see you don't want them! You get 'em at home for nothing,' and the rascally boy, after this speech of his, and as though he knew all my affairs, marched off to attend to another and better customer."

"Aye, its a poor business John for you is married life! Your kitten's a cat now John!"

"Ah, me! I only feel to be a mouse—a mere plaything for Sarah! her dear little Martyr, as she calls me when I complain! Look how she served me the other day with that stuffed fox that I bought at Mr. Pain's auction. I liked it as an ornament; she did not. I put it on the table in the hall. She put it upstairs. I put it a flight higher. Then she put it in the attic—all so quietly I never observed her tricks. And then to make myself such a fool as to buy it again at old Begson's auction, take it home, and tell her that I had bought another fox to match

the one we had. And then that child Mary of ours calling to her sisters as she did : 'Come, come here ; come and look ! Father has bought, as he thinks, another old fox because it is such a good match to ours. He did not know mother had sent it to the auction to sell because she could not bear the sight of it, and father has bought it again. Is it not funny.' Yes, Sarah can be quiet sometimes, but it is when she is determined to do as she pleases, and so gets in mischief. Oh, Sarah, Sarah ! How cat-like are her propensities. Both watch for an opportunity. Both are contented to wait, wait, wait ; both spring on their prey. Both like to play with it. I am sore tried. Why ! I have known Sarah wait for months till she saw her opportunity to move that which I did not wish her to remove."

"Oh, John, if you had kept an old bachelor, he continued soliloquizing, as were Newton, Locke, Leibnitz, Hobbes, Hume, Gibbon, and Adam Smith, all old bachelors, why, you might have done something worth being remembered by posterity. But, John, you have done nothing. However, I don't think I should have known so much about *want* being the origin of knowledge had not Sarah given me the baby many a night to nurse and get to sleep. Aye, there is good even out of evil."

I may just name that Mrs. Brewin achieved a good deal of success in obtaining members for her

new club among her lady friends ; but from the fact that she overlooked that a portion of her life, however strong minded she was, had to be spent in the silent retirement of a bedroom, it was not a success. This visitation, which she might have known would overtake her in a few months, occurred at a time that she had overlooked, and so rendered all her efforts abortive : so abortive that she would have had to begin again in trying to get up her antithetical " Womans' Unhappy Club," as she called it, but she did not ; her hands were full, and she thought better of it.

CONCLUSION.

SINCE the death of so many of the members, the outside membership of the club has gradually dropped. The municipal borough has so greatly enlarged its variety and shades of character, so far as candidates and members of the corporation are concerned, that the club thought it unnecessary to continue the Bust Gallery of the outside members. The club thought the corporation itself might be considered to produce quite sufficient of the same representatives of the class of old—the outside members—and so the corporation, with some of its visitors, has been used as that body, marking many of the eccentricities of an outer world. Pre-eminent among these eccentricities is the plan that every member has the opportunity

of a training in its school of sobriety—its town-hall—in cookery and vintages at the expense of the pockets of the wealthy and the indigent ratepayers. This is a thing that cannot be needlessly scorned, being a great advantage in training the stomach to approach repletion as nearly as possible without being repletion itself. It is said, but this is perhaps untrue, that three empty bottles for each member proves that it is not an unusual quantity of the vintages which is consumed on festive occasions, all of which is taken without the least chance of any one being summoned to the police court. The imperfect training given by the eighteen or nineteen miles of public houses of the city, that is if placed all in a line, afford no such amount of self-control as every day witnesses in the class of drunkenness brought before the police courts. Hence, from this body, or its dinner-associates, is generally taken its magistrates.

George does now what busts are required. The club generally have two or three on hand which they wish to have in companionship with those of the past worthies. George generally makes them good, but not such as they were from the chisel of Abraham.

Holkham is some day to be elected organist of Walton's church ; he has grown a nice pleasant fellow. The loss of Morton and the closing up of the friendship by the death of Seaton, has made

a blank in Holkham's life hard to be filled. Curry, however, remains his friend and adviser, as he had been of Morton.

It has been a matter of regret to the members that circumstances have prevented the removal to new premises up to the present time. The death of the poor painter had prevented the hall of the club being adorned by his brush as the committee intended it should be.

However interesting it might be to me to add further pages, I think my readers will see the propriety of my closing the annals of the past of the club before they shall become in danger of being wearied by my pen, and to others I must leave their continuance. This I now do. I close this page and put down my pen, with the hope that the reader and the writer are as good friends now as when they began their acquaintanceship, as they did in the commencing pages of the humble story of the Eccentric Club.

One other word of our friend of the Double Bass.

Our friend A.S.S. is married. This fact my reader will like doubtless to know. Old Jane, his housekeeper, had a very nice little girl for a niece, whom she brought up since the death of her father and mother, from the time that she was eight or nine years old.

In great wonderment at the big fiddle, old Jane took the fancy of getting a little fiddle for little

Midge to learn to play. A workman lodged in the house with her, playing very well, took to teaching her; she kept the thing up all through the time of learning to become a schoolmistress, and became a proficient.

Midge visited her aunt frequently, and A.S.S. finding Midge so good a player, enjoyed his occasional practice with her so much that, after a time, they so managed matters that the little fiddle and the big fiddle took to residing in one house, and have managed, I am told, to make a tenor between them.

I am informed that the marriage has been a very happy one.



FINIS.





